

POEMS FOR CHILDREN



One Thousand Poems for Children

A Choice of the Best Verse Old and New

Edited by

ROGER INGPEN



PHILADELPHIA

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PREFATORY NOTE.

As perhaps nothing leaves a more lasting impression on the memory than the poems one learns in childhood, it is important that children should be provided with poetry that is both pleasant to read and profitable to remember, and it is to meet these two needs that the present volume has been prepared.

In compiling the work, the two objects which have primarily been kept in mind are the claim of poetry and the demand of the children ; but, since the collection is intended chiefly for the pleasure of our boys and girls, the demand of the children has been considered first. For this reason, most of the old favorites which, because of their very familiarity, deserve a place in all collections of children's verse, have been selected, together with a generous quantity of nursery rhymes ; but it has been deemed wise also to include the most desirable specimens of recent juvenile poetry. The form of verse that first appeals to the young is that of a mere pleasing repetition of sound and rhythm without regard to meaning ; but this soon gives way to the little story, quite simple and simply told, it is true, but which nevertheless conveys an idea. The story continues to hold its place in the affection of the child until the period of youth is reached, when abstract subjects in poetry begin to offer attraction, and a child cannot be said really to care for poetry in the true sense until this time arrives.

The sections into which the book are divided do not seem to demand much explanation, as it can be seen at a glance that

the volume embraces poems for children of all ages, from the very little tot to the average child of fifteen years. The first part, of course, is intended for young children ; the second part for older boys and girls who have reached an age at which they can appreciate such material as is included therein. The sections entitled " Ballads," " Girlhood," and " Miscellaneous," contain most of the real poetry in the volume, the earlier divisions being intended to lead up to these later groups. It is believed that every single piece in the book has some special merit, and that the volume will be of particular value to parents and teachers.

The editor desires to express his indebtedness to those authors and publishers who have kindly granted him permission to use such copyright matter as is contained in this collection.

One Thousand Poems for Children.

PART I.



RHYMES FOR LITTLE ONES.

EARLY RISING.

GET up, little sister: the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening: the dew's on the flower:
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please;
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing
To get honey from every flower of the Spring;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay Spring is begun;
For Spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up; for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

Lady Flora Hastings.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day:

And all things said to the beautiful sun,
 "Good morning, good-morning! our
 work is begun."

Lord Houghton.

INFANT JOY.

I HAVE no name,
 I am but two days old.
 What shall I call thee?
 I happy am,
 Joy is my name—
 Sweet joy befall thee.

Pretty joy!
 Sweet joy but two days old;
 Sweet joy I call thee.
 Thou dost smile,
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee!

William Blake.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother, darling boy,
 You are very dear to me!
 I am happy—full of joy,
 When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
 And could know the words I say!
 Pretty stories I would seek
 To amuse you every day,—

All about the honey-bees,
 Flying past us in the sun;
 Birds that sing among the trees,
 Lambs that in the meadows run.

Shake your rattle—here it is—
 Listen to its merry noise;
 And, when you are tired of this,
 I will bring you other toys.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.
 When the nursing woman brought her
 To papa, his infant daughter,
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
 She will shortly be to christen;
 And papa has made the offer,
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
 Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
 Ann and Mary, they're too common;
 Joan's too formal for a woman;
 Jane's a prettier name beside;
 But we had a Jane that died.
 They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
 That she was a little Quaker.
 Edith's pretty, but that looks
 Better in old English books;
 Ellen's left off long ago;
 Blanche is out of fashion now.
 None that I have named as yet
 Are so good as Margaret.
 Emily is neat and fine,
 What do you think of Caroline?
 How I'm puzzled and perplex
 What to choose or think of next!
 I am in a little fever
 Lest the name that I shall give her
 Should disgrace her or defame her;
 I will leave papa to name her.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I HAVE a little sister,
 She is only two years old;
 But to us at home, who love her,
 She is worth her weight in gold.

We often play together;
 And I begin to find,
 That to make my sister happy,
 I must be very kind;

And always very gentle
 When we run about and play,
 Nor ever take her playthings
 Or little toys away.

I must not vex or tease her,
 Nor ever angry be
 With the darling little sister
 That God has given me.

NURSING.

O HUSH, my little baby brother;
 Sleep, my love, upon my knee.
 What though, dear child, we've lost our
 mother;
 That can never trouble thee.

You are but ten weeks old to-morrow;
What can you know of our loss?
The house is full enough of sorrow.
Little baby, don't be cross.

Peace, cry not so, my dearest love;
Hush, my baby-bird, lie still.
He's quiet now, he does not move.
Fast asleep is little Will.

My only solace, only joy,
Since the sad day I lost my mother,
Is nursing her own Willy boy,
My little orphan brother.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed:
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick
She nursed me night and day;
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see;
For should she go away or die,
What would become of me?

Mrs. Sigourney.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheeks sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushaby
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me *pretty* how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother.

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God Who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise
 My Mother.

Ann Taylor.

THE GREAT GRANDFATHER.

My father's grandfather lives still,
 His age is fourscore years and ten;
 He looks a monument of time,
 The agedest of aged men.

Though years lie on him like a load,
 A happier man you will not see
 Than he, whenever he can get
 His great-grandchildren on his knee.

When we our parents have displeased,
 He stands between us as a screen;
 By him our good deeds in the sun,
 Our bad ones in the shade are seen.

His love's a line that's long drawn out,
 Yet lasteth firm unto the end;
 His heart is oak, yet unto us
 It like the gentlest reed can bend.

A fighting soldier he has been—
 Yet by his manners you would guess,
 That he his whole long life had spent
 In scenes of country quietness.

His talk is all of things long past,
 For modern facts no pleasure yield—
 Of the far-famed year of forty-five,
 Of William, and Culloden's field.

The deeds of this eventful age,
 Which princes from their thrones
 have hurled,
 Can no more interest wake in him
 Than stories of another world.

When I his length of days revoke,
 How like a strong tree he hath stood,
 It brings into my mind almost
 Those patriarchs old before the flood.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

SISTER.

THROUGH the house what busy joy,
 Just because the infant boy
 Has a tiny tooth to show.
 I have got a double row,
 All as white, and all as small;
 Yet no one cares for mine at all.
 He can say but half a word,
 Yet that single sound's preferred
 To all the words that I can say
 In the longest summer day.
 He cannot walk; yet if he put
 With mimic motion out his foot
 As if he thought he were advancing,
 It's prized more than my best dancing.

BROTHER.

Sister, I know you jesting are;
 Yet O! of jealousy beware.
 If the smallest seed should be
 In your mind of jealousy,
 It will spring, and it will shoot,
 Till it bear the baneful fruit.
 I remember you, my dear,
 Young as is this infant here.
 There was not a tooth of those
 Your pretty even ivory rows,
 But as anxiously was watched,
 Till it burst its shell new hatched,
 As if it a Phoenix were,
 Or some other wonder rare.
 So when you began to walk—
 So when you began to talk—
 As now, the same encomiums past.
 'Tis not fitting this should last
 Longer than our infant days;
 A child is fed with milk and praise.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE CRUST OF BREAD.

I MUST not throw upon the floor
 The crust I cannot eat;
 For many little hungry ones
 Would think it quite a treat.

My parents labour very hard
 To get me wholesome food;
 Then I must never waste a bit
 That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
Oh! how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away!

Come here, my pretty lambkin, come,
And lick my hand—now do!
How silly to be so afraid—
Indeed, I won't hurt you.

Just put your hand upon its back,
Mamma—how nice and warm;
There, pretty lamb, you see I don't
Intend to do you harm.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY.

I LOVE little pussy.
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her her food,
And she'll like me because
I am gentle and good.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

MAMMA, let's go and see the lambs;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.

Ah, there they are! You pretty
things,
Now don't you run away;
I'm come on purpose with mamma,
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,
And such good-natured eyes;
And ruff of wool all round your necks,
How nicely curl'd it lies.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little Cowslip
Should hang its golden cup
And say, "I'm such a little flower
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening Dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away!"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little Breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to
cool
The traveller on his way:
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were acting so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

THE LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle little star.
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world, so bright,
Like a diamond in the night.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not tell which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle little star.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
The eldest heard with steady glee;
Silent he stood: then laughed amain,—
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near;
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!
Your tender mother cannot hear!"

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel
through;

He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast;
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs, without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn
spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And "all since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

But, see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart:
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

—'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run upstairs in gamesome race:
I, too, infected by their mood,—
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and O, the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently!—It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow,—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again!

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God His Father, too.

Now Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

Isaac Watts.

THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane Taylor.

COME HERE LITTLE ROBIN.

COME here, little Robin, and don't be
afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here, little Robin, and pick up
some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor
little thing.
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and put down your
wing,
And pick up the crumbs, and don't
mind me!

Cold Winter is come, but it will not last
long,
And Summer we soon shall be
greeting;

Then remember, sweet Robin, to sing
me a song,
In return for the breakfast you're
eating!

SUMMER SONG.

PRETTY bee, pray tell me why,
Thus from flower to flower ye fly,
Culling sweets the live-long day,
Never leaving off to play?

Little child, I'll tell you why
Thus from flower to flower I fly;
Let the cause thy thoughts engage,
From thy youth, to riper age.

Summer flowers will soon be o'er,
Winter comes—they bloom no more;
Finest days will soon be past,
Brightest suns will set at last.

Little child, come, learn of me,
Let thy youth thy seed-time be;
So, when wintry age shall come,
Shalt thou bear thy harvest home.

THE ANT OR EMMET.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in
our eyes!
We tread them to dust and a troop of
them dies,
Without our regard or concern;
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to
their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a
fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in
sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their
store:
They manage their work in such
regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the
frost and the storms,
And so brought their food within
doors.

But I have less sense than a poor
creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things
I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.
When death or old age shall stare in
my face,
What a wretch shall I be at the end
of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime.

Now, now, while my strength and my
youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when
sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven;
Let me read in good books and believe
and obey,
That when death turns me out of this
cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

Isaac Watts.

PUSSY-CAT.

PUSSY-CAT lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and purr:
The little mice live in a crack in the
wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir.

For whenever they think of taking the
air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy-cat says, "Come out if you
dare;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble! went all
the little mice.
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The pussy-cat said, "It smells very
nice,
Now do come out if you please."

"Squeak!" said the little mouse.
"Squeak, squeak, squeak!"
Said all the young ones too,
"We never creep out when cats are
about,
Because we're afraid of you."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a
mat,
By the fire in the servants' hall.

"If the little mice peep they'll think
I'm asleep";
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak!" said the little mouse, we'll
creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble! went all the
little mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up
from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

THE LAMB.

Come pretty lamb, do stay with me,
You look so very mild;
I'll love you very much—now see!
He's scampered off quite wild.

And do you think I'd hurt you, dear?
You run away so quick;
I only want to feed you here,
And nurse you when you're sick.

I must not fret that you will go,
And run away from me;
I love my own mamma, I know,
And you love yours, I see.

Then keep in sight, do, pretty lamb,
And crop the meadows gay,
Or gambol near your sober dam,
That I may see you play.

THE FLOWERS.

Pretty flowers, tell me why
All your leaves do open wide,
Every morning, when on high
The noble sun begins to ride?

This is why, my lady fair,
If you would the reason know;
For betimes the pleasant air
Very cheerfully does blow;

And the birds on every tree
Sing a very merry tune,
And the little honey bee
Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This is all the reason why
I my little leaves undo;
Lady, lady, wake and try
If I have not told you true.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
No colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!"

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shinning in the sky),
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-bye,
When mamma says, "Do this," or
"That,"

She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
 She'd be a better child by far
 If she would say, "I'll try."

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

CRUMBS TO THE BIRDS.

A BIRD appears a thoughtless thing,
 He's ever living on the wing,
 And keeps up such a carolling,
 That little else to do but sing
 A man would guess had he.

No doubt he has his little cares,
 And very hard he often fares,
 The which so patiently he bears,
 That listening to those cheerful airs,
 Who knows but he may be

In want of his next meal of seeds?
 I think for *that* his sweet song pleads.
 If so, his pretty art succeeds,
 I'll scatter there among the weeds
 All the small crumbs I have.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

ELIZA and Anne were extremely distressed

To see an old bird fly away from her nest,

And leave her poor young ones alone;

The pitiful chirping they heard from the tree

Made them think it as cruel as cruel could be,

Not knowing for what she had flown.

But, when with a worm in her bill she return'd,

They smil'd on each other, soon having discern'd

She had not forsaken her brood!

But like their dear mother was careful and kind,

Still thinking of them, though she left them behind

To seek for them suitable food.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me *why*
 In the grassy fields you lie,
 Eating grass and daisies white,
 From the morning till the night?
 Every thing can something do,
 But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
 Do not serve me so, I pray;
 Don't you see the wool that grows
 On my back to make you clothes?
 Cold, and very cold you'd get,
 If I did not give you it.

Sure it seems a pleasant thing
 To nip the daisies in the spring,
 But many chilly nights I pass
 On the cold and dewy grass,
 Or pick a scanty dinner where
 All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
 When the merry spring is past,
 And cuts my woolly coat away
 To warm you in the winter's day;
 Little master, this is why
 In the grassy fields I lie.

Ann Taylor.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied

A snow-white mountain-lamb, with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,

And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she
said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into
my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a
child of beauty rare!

I watched them with delight, they were
a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden
turned away:

But ere ten yards were gone her foot-
steps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked:
and from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings
of her face;

If Nature to her tongue could mea-
sured numbers bring.

Thus, thought I, to her lamb the little
Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young One, what?
Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for
bed and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as
grass can be:

Rest, little young One, rest; what
is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What
is wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And
beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass: these flowers
they have no peers:

And that green corn is all day rustling
in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but
stretch thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert
thou canst gain;

For rain and mountain-storms! the
like thou needst not fear,

The rain and storm are things that
scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little One, rest; thou hast for-
got the day

When my father found thee first, in
places far away:

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou
wert owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for
evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity
brought thee home;

A blessed day for thee! Then whither
wouldst thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast: the dam
that did thee yearn

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder
could have been.

"Thou know'st that thrice a day I have
brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear
as ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground
is wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm
milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as
stout as they are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a
pony in the plough;

My playmate shalt thou be; and when
the wind is cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest! Poor
creature, can it be

That 'tis thy mother's heart which is
working so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to
thee are dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst
neither see nor hear.

"Alas! the mountain-tops that look
so green and fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and dark-
ness that come there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime
and all play,

When they are angry, roar like lions for
their prey.

"Here thou needst not dread the raven
in the sky;

Night and day thou art safe,—our cot-
tage is hard by

Why bleat so after me? why pull so
at thy chain?

Sleep—and at break of day I will come
to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes
repeat;

And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad
line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one
half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat
the song,
"Nay," said I, "more than half to
the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and
she spoke with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into
my own."

William Wordsworth.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo," said the turtle dove;
"Coo," said she;
"Oh, I love thee," said the turtle dove;
"And I love *thee*."
In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery!

The young turtle doves
Never quarrelled in the nest;
For they dearly loved each other.
Though they loved their mother best
"Coo," said the little doves,
"Coo," said she;
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar.
But why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

"We must not dare," the waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bond
The waters from the land;

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule;
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school."

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

TO A MONKEY.*

O LIVELY, O most charming pug,
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug!
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
You're a great buck, you're a great
beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.

Marjorie Fleming.

* The little author of this poem died at the age of eight years.

THE NEST.

ARTHUR, to Robert, made a sign
That cheek'd his merry tongue;
And whispered, "See, what luck is
mine,
A blackbird and its young.

"Look through the bush; see, there's
the nest,
The mother, brood, and all;
You shall have her—I'll take the rest,
But, hold me, lest I fall."

"Stay, Arthur, for a moment, stay,
And think upon the deed;
When you were young and helpless, say,
Did you a mother need?"

"If so, you soon may understand
How these poor birds will fare:
That *you* may *gain* your cruel end,
The *lose* a mother's care."

Mary Elliott.

BIRDIE.

BIRDIE, birdie, quickly come!
Come and take this little crumb;
Go and fetch your little brother,
And be kind to one another

Birdie, sing a song to me,
I will very quiet be;
Yes, my birdie—yes, I will
Be so quiet, and so still.

Oh! so still, you shall not hear me;
Fear not, birdie, to come near me;
Tell me, in your pleasant song,
What you're doing all day long.

How you pass the rainy days—
Tell me all about your plays.
Have you lessons, birdie? tell—
Did you learn to read and spell?

Or just fly from tree to tree,
Where you will, at liberty—
Far up in the clear blue sky
Very far, and very high?

Or in pleasant summer hours,
Do you play with pretty flowers?
Birdie, is this all you do?
Then I wish that I were you.

Eliza Lee Follen.

WHAT IS VEAL?

WHEN William asked, how veal was
made,
His little sister smil'd;
"It grew in foreign climes," she said,
And call'd him "silly child."

Eliza, laughing at them both,
Told, to their great surprise,
The meat just cook'd to make them
broth,
Once liv'd—had nose and eyes;

Nay, more, had legs, and walk'd about;
William in wonder stood;
He could not make the riddle out,
But begged his sister would.

Well, brother, I have had my laugh,
And you shall have yours now:
Veal, when alive, was called a calf;
It's mother was a cow.

Mary Elliott

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast,
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this I may a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As does this gaudy weed.

Jane Taylor.

THE YOUNG LINNETS.

DID you ever see the nest
Of chaffinch or of linnet,
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it?

Gaping wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat ?
Caterpillar, worm, or grub,
They reckon dainty meat.

When the mother bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them each by turns
A proper share of food.

She has hopped from spray to spray,
And peeped with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves
Where caterpillars lie.

She has searched among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats, and flies, to feed
Her little family.

I have seen the linnets chirp,
And shake their downy wings ;
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them look
Impatient for their food.
Somebody, at dinner time,
Is seldom quite so good.

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

COMMON THINGS.

THE sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lovely sea ;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops on the summer morn,
Sparkle upon the grass ;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns
More beautiful than they ;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage door ;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage-hearths
As those who sit on thrones !

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

THE GLOW-WORMS.

THE Glow-worm with his horny wings
Can fly about at will ;
And now he settles on the heath,
And now upon the hill.

The while his graceful little wife
And daught'rs stay at home ;
From sheltered nooks and quiet shades
They could not wish to roam.

The little lady Glow-worms seems
Most gentle little things,
And quite unlike their brothers bold,
For none of them have wings.

But each within her bosom bears
A tiny lamp that glows
With light as tender as the love
The purest spirit knows.

They would not fly away from home,
Nor leave it, if they could ;
For happy are the homes where all
Are loving, kind, and good.

But he, the little gentleman,
With shining horny wings,
On duty or on pleasure bent,
Forsook the little things.

"He must be weary now, or worn,"
The lady Glow-worm said ;
"And soon he will return again,
To rest his weary head."

"And we must kindle up the glow,
Like emeralds at night,
And try to beautify his home
With cheerfulness and light."

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE BROWN Owl sits in the ivy bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim, grey light it was all too
bright
For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny-Owlet, Jenny-Owlet," said a
merry little bird,
"They say you're wondrous wise;
But I don't think you see, though
you're looking at ME
With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale
white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great brown Owl flew away in
her cowl,
With her round, large, shining eyes.

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

OH! LOOK AT THE MOON.

OH! look at the moon,
She is shining up there;
Oh! mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I loved to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and may be
That small, twinkling star
Is your little baby.

Eliza Lee Follen.

DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE ON EDUCATION.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow;
Their little wings are short; their down
Is mottled grey and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their
leaves,
And water lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered
grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back;
"That's very rude," said old Dame
Duck,
"Get off! quack, quack, quack,
quack."

"'Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving
out
The egg-shells with her bill;
"Besides it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
"Now, children, look at me:
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d'ye see?"

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain:

"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do—try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on.
"That's better," said their mother;

"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight—one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row;

"Now to the pond," said old Dame
Duck—
Splash! splash, and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame
Duck,

"To this side, now to that;
There, snap at those great brown-
winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

"Now, when you reach the poultry-
yard

The hen-wife, Molly Head
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread;

"The hens will peck and fight, but
mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

"You'd better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small;
In that case I should use my foot
And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good
That, from that day, the other fowls
Got hardly any food.

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

THE CHINESE PIG.

OLD Madam Grumph the pig has got
A pig-stye of her own;
She is a most uncommon pig,
And likes to live alone.

A red-tiled roofing covers in
The one-half of her stye;
And half, surrounded by a wall,
Is open to the sky.

There stands the trough, they keep it
filled
With pig-wash and with parings;
And all the other pigs declare
Dame Grumph has dainty farings.

They like to see what she's about,
And poke their noses through
A great hole in the pig-stye door,
From whence they get a view.

The pigs that run about the yard
Are very lean and tall,
With long hind legs—but Madam
Grumph
Is round as any ball.

One autumn day when she awoke
('Twas very cold and raw),
She found a litter of young pigs
Half buried in the straw.

"Humph!" said the dame; "now let
me see
How many have I got."
She counted: "Six and four are ten—
Two dead ones in the lot.

"Eight—that's a nice round family:
A black one and two white;
The rest are spotted like myself,
With prick ears. That's all right.

"What's to be done with these dead
things?
They'd better be thrown out,"
Said she, and packed the litter round
The others with her snout.

"What's that, old Grumphy?" said a
pig,
Whose snout peeped through the
door;
"There's something moving in the
straw
I never saw before."

"I wish you'd mind your own affairs,"
Said she, and stepped between
The young pigs and the pig-stye door,
Not wishing to be seen.

"I hope you slept well," said the pig.
 "The wind was very high;
 You are most comfortable lodged—
 A most convenient sty."

"I thought I told you once before
 To mind your own affairs,"
 Said she, and bristling up her back,
 She bit the lean pig's ears.

"Squeak!" said the bitten pig,
 "sque—e—eak!"
 Old Grumph's biting hard;
 And all the lean pigs scampered up
 From all sides of the yard.

They grumbled and they grunted low,
 They squeaked in every key.
 At last another pig peeped through
 To see what he could see.

Dame Grumph was standing by her
 pigs,
 And looking very proud,
 And all the little piggy-wigs
 Were squeaking very loud.

"These lovely creatures," said Old
 Grumph,
 "These lovely pigs are mine;
 They're fat and pink, like human babes,
 Most promising young swine."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the peeping pig;
 "I never should have thought
 They were so very promising."
 Old Grumph gave a snort.

"They're of a most distinguished race:
 My mother and her brother
 Were both imported from Pekin—
 My pigs are like my mother.

"They never shall associate
 With long-legged pigs like you,"
 Said she, addressing the lean pig
 Whose snout was peeping through.

"Begging your pardon, Madam Grumph,
 I really think," said he,
 "The difference is not so great
 As it appears to be.

"If you and I were bacon, ma'am,
 The difference between
 An Irish and a Chinese pig
 Would hardly then be seen.

"Give me your comfortable sty,
 And, above all, your food,
 Our little families might prove
 Indifferently good."

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

A CAT TO HER KITTENS.

"LITTLE kittens, be quiet—be quiet, I
 say!
 You see I am not in the humour for
 play.
 I've watched a long time every crack
 in the house,
 Without being able to catch you a
 mouse.

"Now, Muff, I desire you will let my
 foot go;
 And, Prinny, how can you keep jump-
 ing, miss, so?

"Little Tiny, get up, and stand on your
 feet,
 And be, if you can, a little discreet!
 Am I to be worried and harass'd by
 you,
 Till I really don't know what to think
 or to do?

"But hush! hush! this minute! now
 don't mew and cry—
 My anger is cooling, and soon will pass
 by,
 So kiss me and come and sit down on
 the mat,
 And make your dear mother a nice
 happy cat."

Eliza Grove.

THE CHORUS OF FROGS.

"YAUP, yaup, yaup!"
 Said the croaking voice of a frog:
 "A rainy day
 In the month of May,
 And plenty of room in the bog."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
 Said the frog, as it hopped away:
 "The insects feed
 On the floating weed,
 And I'm hungry for dinner to-day."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frog as it splashed about:
"Good neighbours all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd that you do not come out."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frogs; "it is charming
weather;
We'll come and sup
When the moon is up,
And we'll all of us croak together."
Mrs. Hawkshawe.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, brilliant and
bright,
How very often I envy your flight!
I think I should like through the whole
summer day,
Like you, pretty insect, to flutter and
play.

Butterfly, butterfly, onward you fly,
Now skimming so lowly, now rising so
high,
First on the jessamine, then on the
rose,
Then you will visit the pinks, I sup-
pose?

Now you are resting, pray let me come
near:
I will not hurt you, nor touch you,
don't fear;
For mamma says my hand is too heavy
by far,
To touch such little creatures as butter-
flies are.

Now you are off again. Butterfly,
stay;
Don't fly away from me, butterfly,
pray:
Just let me look at your beautiful
wings;
Oh! it does not mind me, but upward
it springs.

Lady Flora Hastings.

THE CANARY.

MARY had a little bird,
With feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow!

Sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
Often when his cage was hung,
She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds
She carried to him daily:
Seeking for the early weeds,
She deck'd his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practise duly;
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THE MERRY FLY.

My merry little fly, play here,
And let me look at you;
I will not touch you, though you're
near,
As naughty children do.

I see you spread your pretty wings,
That sparkle in the sun;
I see your legs—what tiny things;
And yet how fast they run!

You walk along the ceiling now,
And down the upright wall:
I'll ask mamma to tell me how
You walk and do not fall.

'Twas God that taught you, little fly,
To walk above the ground,
And mount above my head so high,
And frolic round and round.

I'll near you stand to see you play;
But do not be afraid:
I would not lift my little hand
To hurt what God has made.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

THE CLOCKING HEN.

"Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife to-day?
There's barley in the barley-fields,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clocking hen;
 "I've something else to do;
 I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
 I cannot walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock,"
 Said the clocking hen;
 "My little chicks will soon be hatch'd,
 I'll think about it then."

The clocking hen sat on her nest,
 She made it in the hay;
 And warm and snug beneath her breast
 A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs;
 Out dropp'd the chickens small!
 "Clock," said the clocking hen,
 Now I have you all.

"Come along, my little chick,
 I'll take a walk with you."
 "Hallo!" said the barn-door cock,
 "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

SLEEPY HARRY.

GET up, little boy, you are sleeping
 too long,
 Your brother is dressed and singing a
 song,
 And you must be wakened,—oh! fie!

Come, come open the curtains, and let
 in the light,
 For children should only be sleepy at
 night,
 When stars may be seen in the sky.

THE WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful
 world,
 With the wonderful water round you
 curled,
 And the wonderful grass upon your
 breast—
 World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the
 tree,

It walks on the water and whirls the
 mills.
 And talks to itself on the tops of the
 hills.

You friendly Earth! how far you go,
 With the wheat-fields that nod and the
 rivers that flow,
 With cities and gardens, and cliffs and
 isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of
 miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so
 small,
 I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
 And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
 A whisper inside me seemed to say,
 "You are more than the Earth, though
 you are such a dot:
 You can love and think, and the Earth
 cannot!"

William Brighty Rands.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life and bid thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice
 Making all the vales rejoice;
 Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb:
 He is meek and He is mild,
 He became a little child
 I a child and thou a lamb,
 We are called by His name
 Little lamb, God bless thee,
 Little lamb, God bless thee.

William Blake.

THE LOST LAMB.

STORM upon the mountain,
 Night upon its throne!
 And the little snow-white lamb,
 Left alone, alone!

Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb,
Bleating, ever bleating !

Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar ;
Through the murky mist and cloud,
Shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone !

At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son ;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one :
Counts them full and fairly—
Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone !

Up the glen he races,
Breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain and leaves
Wood and wold behind ;—
Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne,—
There he finds the little lamb,
Left alone, alone !

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
Both his arms are wound ;
Soon within his bosom,
All its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb,
Left alone, alone !

Oh ! the happy faces,
By the shepherd's fire !
High without the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own—
In their midst the little lamb,
Left alone, alone !

Thomas Westwood.

THE GREEDY PIGGY THAT ATE TOO FAST.

"OH, Piggy, what was in your trough
That thus you raise your head and
cough ?

Was it a rough, a crooked bone,
That cookey in the pail had thrown ?
Speak, Piggy, speak ! and tell me plain
What 'tis that seems to cause you pain."

"Oh, thank you, sir ! I will speak out
As soon as I can clear my throat.
This morning, when I left my sty,
So eager for my food was I,
That I began my rich repast—
I blush to own it—rather fast ;
And, what with haste, sir, and ill-luck,
A something in my poor throat stuck,
Which I discover'd very soon
To be a silver table-spoon.
This, sir, is all—no other tale
Have I against the kitchen-pail."

"I hope it is ; but I must own
I'm sorry for my table-spoon ;
And scarcely can I overlook
The carelessness of Mistress Cook.
But, Piggy, profit by your pain,
And do not eat so fast again."

Eliza Grove.

A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE.

THERE was a little hobby-horse,
Whose name I do not know,—
An idle little hobby-horse,
That said he wouldn't go.

But his master said, "If it be so
That you will only play,
You idle rogue, you shall not eat
My nice sweet clover-hay !"

Then Hobby shook his saucy head,
And said, "If that's the case,
Rather than go without my hay,
I'll try and mend my pace."

Eliza Grove.

THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty
pond too,
About it white daisies and butter-
flowers grew ;
And dark weeping willows that stoop
to the ground,
Dipp'd in their long branches and
shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would
repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that
grew there :
Indeed, the assembly would frequently
meet,
To talk over affairs in this pleasant
retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were
wont to converse,
I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse ;
For though I've oft listened, in hopes
of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my
learning.

One day a young chicken that lived
thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass
in and out ;
Now standing tail upward, now diving
below ;
She thought of all things she should
like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to de-
clare,
"I've really a great mind to venture
in there ;
My mother oft tells me I must not go
nigh,
But then, for my part, I can never
tell why.

"Wings and feathers have ducks, and
so have I too ;
And my feet, what's the reason that
they will not do ?
Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their*
beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be
drowned ?

"So why should not I swim as well
as a duck ?
Suppose that I venture, and e'en try
my luck !
For," said she (spite of all that her
mother had taught her),
"I am so remarkably fond of the
water."

So in this poor ignorant creature flew,
But soon found her dear mother's
cautions were true ;

She splashed and she dashed and she
turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on
the ground.

But 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper
she went ;
And when every effort she vainly had
tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom
and died !

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to
quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating
dead on its back ;
And by their grave gestures and looks
'twas apparent
They discoursed on the sin of not
minding a parent.

Jane Taylor.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

In a dark little crack, half a yard from
the ground,
An honest old spider resided ;
So pleasant, and snug, and convenient
'twas found,
That his friends came to see it for
many miles round :
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses
of life,
This spider was thoroughly tired :
So, leaving those scenes of contention
and strife
(His children all settled), he came with
his wife,
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife
would consume
'Twould be easy for him to provide
her ;
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's
room,
Where came every morning a maid
and a broom,
Those pitiless foes to a spider !

For when (as sometimes it would
chance to befall),
Just when his neat web was completed,
Brush—came the great broom down
the side of the wall,
And, perhaps, carried with it, web,
spider, and all.
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was
empty and dry,
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner),
Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb
and try
If you can't find the leg or the wing
of a fly,
As a bit of a relish for dinner"

Directly he went, his long search to
resume
(For nothing he ever denied her),
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom,
Just then came the gentleman into his
room
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor fellow in search of
his pelf,
In the cobweb continued to linger,
The gentleman reached a long cane from
the shelf
(For *certain good reasons best known to
himself*,
Preferring his *stick* to his *finger*).

Then presently, poking him down to
the floor,
Nor stopping at all to consider,
With one horrid crash the whole busi-
ness was o'er,
The poor little spider was heard of no
more,
To the lasting distress of his widow!

Lane Taylor.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away
let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grass-
hopper's feast;
The trumpeter Gadfly has summon'd
the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting
for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the
side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has
stood,
See the children of earth, and the
tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together
repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind
and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on
his back;
And there was the Gnat, and the
Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange,
and blue.

And there came the Moth in his
plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow
and brown,
Who with him the Wasp his companion
did bring,
But they promised that evening to
lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out
of his hole,
And lead to the feast his blind brother
the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping
out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length
of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was
laid
A water dock leaf, with a table-cloth
made;
The viands were various, to each of
their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to
crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn
and wise
The Frog from a corner look'd up to
the skies;
And the Squirrel well-pleased such
diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a
tree.

Then out came the Spider, with fingers
so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight
line;

From one branch to another his cob-webs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !

From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell ;

Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,

Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,

Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,

Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the Snail did advance,

And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,

The watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light ;

Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,

For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

William Roscoe.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

Oh ye ! who so lately were blithesome and gay,

At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away ;

Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,

For the chief of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead !

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,

To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance,

For see his fine form o'er the favourite bend,

And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,

And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he !

And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave,

The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,

And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn ;

And the Moth, being grieved at the loss of a sister,

Bent over her body and silently kissed her.

The corpse was embalmed at the set of the sun,

And enclosed in a case which the Silk-worm had spun ;

By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid

On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,

And six of their number supported the pall ;

And the Spider came there in his mourning so black,

But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frightened him back.

The Grub left his nut-shell to join the sad throng,

And slowly led with him the Book-worm along,

Who wept for his neighbour's unfortunate doom,

And wrote these few lines, to be placed on his tomb :

EPIAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,

In sadness we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave :

'Twas here the last tribute to beauty
we paid,
As we wept o'er the mound where her
ashes are laid.

And here shall the daisy and violet
blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of
snow;
While under the leaves, in the even-
ings of spring,
Still mourning his friend, shall the
Grasshopper sing.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

'WILL you walk into my parlour?'
said the Spider to the Fly.

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that
ever you did spy;

The way into my parlour is up a wind-
ing stair,

And I have many curious things to
show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "to
ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair
can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?"
said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn
around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll
snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for
I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who
sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
"Dear friend, what can I do,

To prove the warm affection I've always
felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store
of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will
you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind
sir, that cannot be,

I've heard what's in your pantry, and
I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider,
"you're witty and you're wise,

How handsome are your gauzy wings,
how brilliant are your eyes;

I have a little looking-glass upon my
parlour shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you
shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now,
I call another day."

The Spider turned him round about,
and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly would
soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web in a little
corner sly,

And set his table ready to dine upon
the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again,
and merrily did sing,

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with
the pearl and silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple—
there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly
little Fly,

Hearing his wily, flattering words,
came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
then near and nearer drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and
green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—
poor foolish thing!—at last

Up jump'd the cunning Spider, and
fiercely held her fast.

He dragg'd her up his winding stair,
into his dismal den,

Within his little parlour—but she ne'er
came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may
this story read,

To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray
you ne'er give heed:

Unto an evil counsellor close heart and
ear and eye,

And take a lesson from this tale, of the
Spider and the Fly.

Mary Howitt.

OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin whose
temper and worth

Are too rare to be spurned on the
score of his birth.

He's a creature of trust, and what more
should we heed ?
'Tis deeds, and not blood, make the
man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on
the plain,
Where the thistle-burs clung to his
fetlocks and mane,
All ugly and rough, not a soul could
espy
The spark of good-nature that dwelt
in his eye.

The summer had waned and the
autumn months rolled
Into those of stern winter, all dreary
and cold ;
But the north wind might whistle, the
snowflake might dance,
The colt of the common was left to
his chance.

Half-starved and half-frozen, the hail-
storm would pelt
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs
that he felt ;
But we pitied the brute, and though
laughed at by all,
We filled him a manger and gave him
a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon
he became
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of
the dame ;
'Tis well that his market price cannot
be known ;
But we christened him Dobbin, and
called him our own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo !
what a change !
The knowing ones said it was " mor-
tally strange " ;
For the foal of the forest, the colt of
the waste
Attracted the notice of jockeys of
taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact,
But his paces were clever, his mould
was compact ;
And his shaggy thick coat now ap-
peared with a gloss,
Shining out like the gold that's been
purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely
he wore
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the
thralldom he bore ;
Each farm, it is known, must possess
an " odd " steed,
And Dobbin was ours, for all times
and all need.

He carried the master to barter his
grain,
And ever returned with him safely
again ;
There was merit in that, for—deny it
who may—
When the master could *not* Dobbin
could find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on
his back,
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust
with the pack ;
The team-horses jolted, the roadster
played pranks ;
So Dobbin alone had her faith and
her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by
his side ;
We might fearlessly mount him, and
daringly ride ;
We might creep through his legs, we
might plait his long tail,
But his temper and patience were ne'er
known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till
t'was free from a speck,
We kissed his brown muzzle, and
hugged his thick neck ;
Oh ! we prized him like life, and a
heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threatened to
sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up
the hill,
With the pigs to the market, the grist
to the mill ;
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in
trace,
He was staunch to his work, and con-
tent with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the
toil of the year,
He was sent to the reapers with ale
and good cheer ;

And none in the corn-field more welcome were seen
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers,
I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette?
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years;—
But, mercy! how's this? my eyes filling with tears!
Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart.

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my breast,
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave;
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

Eliza Cook.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

A MOUSE found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make;
'Twas heavy with citron, and fragrant with spice,
And cover'd with sugar all sparkling as ice.

"My stars!" said the Mouse, while his eye beamed with glee,
"Here's a treasure I've found; what a feast it will be!
But, hark! there's a noise; 'tis my brothers at play,
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

"Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat";
So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,
While his hungry young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill;
Yet he swallow'd it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groan'd with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah, me!" cried the Doctor, "adviee is too late,
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate;
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for the others.

"Had you shared it the treat had been wholesome enough;
But all eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff;
So prepare for the worst," and the word had scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was dead.

Now all little people the lesson may
take,
And *some* large ones may learn from
the mouse and the cake;
Not to be over selfish with what we
may gain,
Or the best of our pleasures may turn
into pain.

Eliza Cook.

THE DEATH OF MASTER TOMMY ROOK.

A PAIR of steady rooks
Chose the safest of all nooks
In the hollow of a tree to build their
home;
And while they kept within
They did not care a pin
For any roving sportsman who might
come.

Their family of five
Were all happy and alive,
And Mrs. Rook was careful as could be,
To never let them out
Till she looked all round about,
And saw that they might wander far
and free.

She had talked to every one
Of the dangers of a gun,
And fondly begged that none of them
would stir
To take a distant flight,
At morning, noon, or night,
Before they prudently asked leave of
her.

But one fine sunny day,
Toward the end of May,
Young Tommy Rook began to scorn her
power,
And said that he would fly
Into the field close by,
And walk among the daisies for an hour.

"Stop, stop!" she cried, alarmed,
"I see a man that's armed,
And he will shoot you, sure as you are
seen;
Wait till he goes, and then,
Secure from guns and men,
We all will have a ramble on the green."

But Master Tommy Rook,
With a very saucy look,
Perched on a twig and plumed his
jetty breast;
Still talking all the while
In a very pompous style,
Of doing just what he might like the
best.

"I don't care one bit," said he,
"For any gun you see;
I am tired of the cautions you bestow;
I mean to have my way,
Whatever you may say,
And shall not ask when I may stay
or go."

"But, my son," the Mother cried,
"I only wish to guide
Till you are wise and fit to go alone.
I have seen much more of life,
Of danger, woe, and strife
Than you, my child, can possibly have
known."

"Just wait ten minutes here,—
Let that man disappear;
I am sure he means to do some evil
thing;
I fear you may be shot
If you leave this sheltered spot,
So pray come back, and keep beside
my wing."

But Master Tommy Rook
Gave another saucy look,
And chattered out, "Don't care! don't
care! don't care!"
And off he flew with glee
From his brothers in the tree,
And lighted on the field so green and
fair.

He hopped about and found
All pleasant things around;
He strutted through the daisies,—but
alas!
A loud shot—bang!—was heard,
And the wounded, silly bird
Rolled over, faint and dying, on the
grass

"There, there! I told you so!"
Cried his mother in her woe;
"I warned you with a parent's thought-
ful truth;

And you see that I was right
When I tried to stop your flight,
And said you needed me to guide your
youth."

Poor Master Tommy Rook
Gave a melancholy look
And cried, just as he drew his latest
breath :
"Forgive me, mother dear,
And let my brothers hear
That disobedience caused my cruel
death."

Now, when his lot was told,
The rooks, both young and old,
All said he should have done as he was
bid,—
That he well deserved his fate ;
And I, who now relate
His hapless story, really think he did.

Eliza Cook.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOME for the Holidays, here we go !
Bless me ! the train is exceedingly
slow !
Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,
And let us be off with a puff and a
scream !
We have two long hours to travel, you
say ;
Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away !
Two hours more ! why the sun will be
down
Before we reach dear old London
Town !
And what a number of fathers and
mothers,
And uncles and aunts, and sisters and
brothers
Will be there to meet us—oh ! do make
haste,
For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no
time to waste !
Thank goodness we shan't have to
study and stammer
Over Latin, and sums, and that nasty
French grammar !
Lectures, and classes, and lessons are
done,
And now we'll have nothing but frolic
and fun

Home for the holidays, here we go !
But this Fast Train is exceedingly slow.
We shall have sport when Christmas
comes,
When "snap-dragon" burns our fingers
and thumbs !
We'll hang mistletoe over our dear
little cousins,
And pull them beneath it, and kiss
them by dozens ;
We shall have games at "blind-man's-
buff,"
And noise and laughter and romping
enough ;
We'll crown the plum-pudding with
bunches of bay,
And roast all the chestnuts that come
in our way ;
And when Twelfth Night falls, we'll
have such a cake
That as we stand round it the table
shall quake.
We'll draw "King and Queen," and
be happy together,
And dance old "Sir Roger" with
hearts like a feather.
Home for the holidays, here we go !
But this Fast Train is exceedingly
slow !

And we'll go and see Harlequin's won-
derful feats,
Changing by magic whatever he meets ;
And Columbine, too, with her beautiful
tripping,
And Clown with his tumbling, and
jumping, and slipping,
Cramming all things in his pockets so
big,
And letting off crackers in Pantaloon's
wig.
The horses that danced, too, last year
in the ring,
We remember the tune, it was sweet
"Tink-a-Ting,"
And their tails and their manes, and
their sleek coats so bright ;
Some cream and some piebald, some
black and some white ;
And how Mr. Merryman made us all
shout
When he fell from his horse, and went
rolling about ;
We'll be sure to go there—'tis such
capital fun,
And we won't stir an inch till it's
every bit done !

Mr Punch, we'll have him, too, our
famous old friend—
One might see him for ever, and laugh
to the end ;
With his little dog Toby, so clever and
wise,
And poor Mrs. Judy, with tears in her
eyes ;
With the constable taking him off to
the bar,
And the gentleman talking his " Shilla-
balla " ;
With the flourishing stick that knocks
all of them down,
For Punch's delight is breaking a
crown

Home for the holidays, here we go !
But really this train is exceedingly
slow ;
Yet, stay ! I declare here is London
at last !
The Park is right over the tunnel just
pass'd.
Huzza ! Huza ! I can see my papa !
I can see George's uncle, and Edward's
mamma !
And Fred, there's your brother ! Look !
look ! there he stands !
They see us ! they see us ! they're
waving their hands !
Why don't the train stop ? what are
they about ?
Now, now it is steady—oh ! pray let
us out !
A cheer for old London, a kiss for
mamma,
We're home for the holidays. Now,
huzza !

Eliza Cook.

INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the
young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of
their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large
open cage,
When they play all in love without
anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the
sight !

If we had been ducks we might dabble
in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended
in blood—
So foul and so fierce are their natures ;
But Thomas and William, and such
pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves
or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent crea-
tures.

Not a thing do we do, nor a word that
we say
Should hinder another in jesting or
play,
For he's still in earnest that's hurt ;
How rude are the boys that throw
pebbles and mire !
There's none but a madman will fling
about fire.
And tell you, " 'Tis all but in sport "

Isaac Watts.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see ;
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half-naked I behold ;
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can
tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early earn to swear,
And curse and lie and steal,
I, lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

Isaac Watts.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sists dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning
words
That are but noisy breath
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That as we grow to riper age
Our hearts may all be love.

Isaac Watts.

LOVING AND LIKING.

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

SAY not you love a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl,
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode,
Within the grassy garden wall,
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh ! mark the beauty of his eye
What wonders in that circle lie !

So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head !
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way,
A frog leaps out from bordering grass
Startling the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
To take the intruder into favour ;
Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love the strawberry
flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower :
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you love the delicate treat,
But like it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth ;
The crickets long have ceased their
mirth ;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse
Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with
rain :
Then, little Darling, sleep again,
And wake when it is day !

Dorothy Wordsworth.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

WHAT way does the Wind come ?
What way does he go ?
He rides over the water, and over the
snow,
Through wood, and through vale ; and
o'er rocky height,
While the goat cannot climb, takes his
sounding flight ;

He tosses about in every bare tree,
 As, if you look up, you plainly may see :
 But how he will come, and whither he
 goes,
 There's never a scholar in England
 knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning
 nook,
 And rings a sharp 'larum ; but, if you
 should look,
 There's nothing to see but a cushion
 of snow
 Round as a pillow, and whiter than
 milk,
 And softer than if it were covered with
 silk.
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a
 rock,
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard
 cock.

Yet seek him,—and what shall you
 find in his place ?
 Nothing but silence and empty space ;
 Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
 That he's left, for a bed, to beggars
 or thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow,
 with me
 You shall go to the orchard, and then
 you will see
 That he has been there, and made a
 great rout,
 And cracked the branches, and strewn
 them about :
 Heaven grant that he spare but that
 one upright twig
 That looked up at the sky so proud
 and big,
 All last summer, as well you know,
 Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

Hark ! ever the roof he makes a pause,
 And growls as if he would fix his claws
 Right in the slates, and with a huge
 rattle
 Drive them down, like men in a battle :
 But let him range round ; he does us
 no harm,
 We build up the fire, we're snug and
 warm ;
 Untouched by his breath, see the
 candle shines bright,
 And burns with a clear and steady
 light ;

Books have we to read,—but that half-
 stifled knell,
 Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock
 bell.

Come, now we'll to bed ! and when we
 are there
 He may work his own will, and what
 shall we care ?
 He may knock at the door,—we'll not
 let him in ;
 May drive at the windows,—we'll
 laugh at his din :
 Let him seek his own home, wherever
 it be ;
 Here's a cozy warm house for Edward
 and me.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

BIG AND LITTLE THINGS.

I CANNOT do the big things
 That I should like to do,
 To make the earth for ever fair,
 The sky for ever blue.
 But I can do the small things
 That help to make it sweet :
 Tho' clouds arise and fill the skies,
 And tempests beat.

I cannot stay the rain-drops
 That tumble from the skies ;
 But I can wipe the tears away
 From baby's pretty eyes.

I cannot make the sun shine,
 Or warm the winter bleak ;
 But I can make the summer come
 On sister's rosy cheek.

I cannot stay the storm clouds,
 Or drive them from their place ;
 But I can clear the clouds away
 From brother's troubled face.

I cannot make the corn grow,
 Or work upon the land ;
 But I can put new strength and will
 In father's busy hand.

I cannot stay the east wind,
 Or thaw its icy smart ;
 But I can keep a corner warm
 In mother's loving heart.

I cannot do the big things
 That I should like to do,
 To make the earth for ever fair,
 The sky for ever blue.
 But I can do the small things
 Tha' help to make it sweet ;
 Tho' clouds arise and fill the skies
 And tempests beat.

Alfred H. Miles.

THE SHADOWS.

MAMMA.

THE candles are lighted, the fire blazes
 bright,
 The curtains are drawn to keep out
 the cold air ;
 What makes you so grave, little dar-
 ling to-night ?
 And where is your smile, little quiet
 one, where ?

CHILD.

Mamma, I see something so dark on
 the wall,
 It moves up and down, and it looks
very strange ;
 Sometimes it is large, and sometimes
 it is small ;
 Pray, tell me what it is, and why
 does it change ?

MAMMA

It is mamma's shadow that puzzles you
 so,
 And there is your own, close beside
 it, my love ;
 Now run round the room, it will go
 where you go ;
 When you sit 'twill be still, when
 you rise it will move.

CHILD.

I don't like to see it ; do please let
 me ring
 For Betsy to take all the shadows
 away.

MAMMA.

No ; Betsy oft carries a heavier thing,
 But she could not lift this, should
 she try the whole day.

These wonderful shadows are caused
 by the light
 From fire, and from candles, upon
 us that falls ;
 Were we not sitting here, all that place
 would be bright,
 But the candle can't shine through
 us, you know, on the walls.

And, when you are out some fine day
 in the sun,
 I'll take you where shadows of apple-
 trees lie ;
 And houses and cottages too,—every
 one
 Casts a shadow when the sun's
 shining bright in the sky.

Now hold up your mouth and give me
 a sweet kiss ;
Our shadows kiss too ! don't you see
 it quite plain !

CHILD.

Oh, yes ! and I thank you for telling
 me this ;
 I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

ENVY.

THIS rose-tree is not made to bear
 The violet blue, nor lily fair,
 Nor the sweet mignonette.
 And if this tree were discontent,
 Or wished to change its natural bent,
 It all in vain would fret.

And should it fret, you would suppose
 It ne'er had seen its own red rose,
 Nor after gentle shower
 Had ever smelled its rose's scent,
 Or it could ne'er be discontent
 With its own pretty flower.

Like such a blind and senseless tree
 As I've imagined this to be,
 All envious persons are.
 With care and culture all may find
 Some pretty flower in their own mind,
 Some talent that is rare.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

ANGER.

ANGER in its time and place
 May assume a kind of grace.
 It must have some reason in it,
 And not last beyond a minute.
 If to further lengths it go,
 It does into malice grow.
 'Tis the difference that we see
 'Twixt the serpent and the bee.
 If the latter you provoke,
 It inflicts a hasty stroke,
 Puts you to some little pain,
 But it never *stings again*.
 Close in tufted bush or brake
 Lurks the poison-swelled snake
 Nursing up his cherished wrath;
 In the purlieus of his path,
 In the cold, or in the warm,
 Mean him good, or mean him harm,
 Wheresoever fate may bring you,
 The vile snake will *always sting you*.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of a sluggard; I heard
 him complain,
 "You have waked me too soon; I
 must slumber again";
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his
 bed
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and
 his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more
 slumber";
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his
 hours without number;
 And when he gets up he sits folding
 his hands
 Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling
 he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the
 wild brier
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader
 and higher;
 The clothes that hang on him are turn-
 ing to rags;
 And his money still wastes till he
 starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,
 That he took better care for improving
 his mind;
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eat-
 ing and drinking;
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never
 loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a
 lesson for me";
 That man's but a picture of what I
 might be;
 But thanks to my friends for their care
 in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love work-
 ing and reading.

Isaac Watts.

✓ **LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.**

OH! where do you come from
 You little drops of rain;
 Pitter patter, pitter patter
 Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
 And they won't let me play,
 And they won't let me go
 Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
 Because I broke them all.
 And they locked up all my bricks,
 And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
 Is that the way you play,
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
 But I've nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window;
 I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
 But "pitter, patter, pat."
 Means, "We can play on *this* side,
 Why can't you play on *that*?"

Mrs. Hawshawe.

TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
 Try again ;
 If at first you don't succeed,
 Try again ;
 Then your courage should appear,
 For if you will *persevere*,
 You will conquer, never fear,
 Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
 Try again ;
 If you would at last prevail,
 Try again ;
 If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
 Though we do not win the race ;
 What should we do in that case ?
 Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try again ;
 Time will bring you your reward,
 Try again ;
 All that other folk can do,
 Why, with patience, may not you ?
 Only keep this rule in view,
 Try again.

William Edward Hickson.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself
 down
 In a lonely mood to think ;
 'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a
 crown,
 But his heart was beginn'g to sink.
 For he had been trying to do a great
 deed,
 To make his people glad ;
 He had tried, and tried, but couldn't
 succeed ;
 And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
 As grieved as man could be ;
 And after a while as he pondered there,
 "I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider
 dropp'd
 With its silken cobweb clue ;
 And the king in the midst of his think-
 ing stopp'd
 To see what that spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
 And it hung by a rope so fine ;
 That how it would get to its cobweb
 home
 King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
 Straight up with strong endeavour ;
 But down it came with a slippery
 sprawl,
 As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stay'd
 To utter the least complaint ;
 Til it fell still lower, and there it laid,
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
 And travell'd a half-yard higher ;
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
 A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
 But again it quickly mounted ;
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish
 thing
 Will strive no more to climb ;
 When it toils so hard to reach and
 cling,
 And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
 Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute ;
 He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
 Oh, say will he lose or win it !

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch
 Higher and higher he got ;
 And a bold little run at the very last
 pinch
 Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo !" the King cried out,
 "All honour to those who *try* ;
 The spider up there defied despair ;
 He conquer'd, and why shouldn't I ?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried
before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing:
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King

Eliza Cook.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

Dr. Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.

THE LITTLE SISTER LEFT IN CHARGE.

SLEEP, little brother, you must not
awaken
Till mother comes back to her baby
again:
Weary, and long is the way she has
taken,
Over the common, and through the
green glen,

Up the steep hill by the path that is
nearest,
Thinking of you as she hurries along:
Sleep, then, and dream that she's
watching you, dearest,
Rocking your cradle, and singing her
song.

In the still room there's no sound to
disquiet,
Only the clock ticking even, and low.
Only the bird in his cage hanging by it,
Chirping a note as he hops to and fro.
Out in the sunlight the woodbine is
stirring,
Filling the air with its fragrance so
sweet,
On the low window seat pussy sits
purring,
Washing her face with her little white
feet.

Far down the lane merry voices are
ringing,
Comrades have beckoned me out to
their play.
Why did you start? it is I that am
singing:
Why did you frown? I'm not going
awa.
Could I forsake you for play, or for
pleasure,
Lying alone in your helplessness
here?
How could I leave you, my own little
treasure,
No one to rock you, and no one to
cheer?

In the room corners I watch the dark
shadows,
Deepening, and lengthening, as even-
ing comes on:
Soon will the mowers return from the
meadows;
Far to the westward the red sun is
gone.
By the green hedgerow I see her now
coming,
Where the last sunbeam is just on
her track;
Still I sit by you, love, drowsily hum-
ming.
Sleep, little baby, till mother comes
back.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

BESIDE a green meadow a stream used
to flow,
So clear, you might see the white
pebbles below.
To this cooling brook the warm cattle
would stray,
To stand in the shade, on a hot sum-
mer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of
the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had
done ;
And, standing quite still, stooping over
the stream,
Was musing, perhaps ; or perhaps she
might dream.

But soon a brown ass of respectable
look
Came trotting up also, to taste of the
brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and
grass :

"How d'ye do?" said the Cow.—
"How d'ye do?" said the Ass.

"Take a seat!" said the Cow, gently
waving her hand.

"By no means, dear Madam," said he,
"while you stand!"

Then, stooping to drink with a com-
plaisant bow,

"Ma'am, your health!" said the Ass.

"Thank you, Sir!" said the Cow.

When a few of these compliments more
had been passed,
They laid themselves down on the
herbage at last ;
And waiting politely—as gentlemen
must—

The ass held his tongue, that the cow
might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly
began :

"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are
injured by man ?

'Tis a subject which lies with a weight
on my mind :

We really are greatly oppressed by
mankind.

"Pray what is the reason—I see none
at all—

That I always must go when Suke
chooses to call ?

Whatever I'm doing—'tis certainly
hard !—

I'm forced to leave off to be milked
in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do
as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter
and cheese :

I've often a great mind to kick down
the pail,

Or give Suke a box on the ear with my
tail !"

"But, Ma'am," said the Ass, "not
presuming to teach—

Oh dear ! I beg pardon—pray finish
your speech :

I thought you had finished, indeed,"
said the Swain ;

"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you
again."

"Why, Sir, I was just then about to
observe,

I'm resolved that these tyrants no
longer I'll serve ;

But leave them for ever to do as they
please,

And look somewhere else for their
butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment to see if she'd
done,

And then, "Not presuming to teach,"
he begun,

"With submission, dear Madam, to
your better wit,

I own I am not quite convinced by
it yet.

"That you're of great service to them
is quite true,

But surely they are of some service to
you ;

'Tis their pleasant meadow in which
you regale,

They feed you in winter when grass
and weeds fail.

"And then a warm covert they always
provide,

Dear Madam, to shelter your delicate
hide.

For my own part, I know I receive much
from man,
And for him, in return, I do all I can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on
the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by
an ass ;
"Yet," thought she, "I'm determined
I'll benefit by 't ;
I really believe that the fellow is
right !"

Jane Taylor.

BEASTS, BIRDS AND FISHES.

THE Dog will come when he is called,
The Cat will walk away ;
The Monkey's cheek is very bald ;
The Goat is full of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says ;
The noble horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut ;
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree ;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he ?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes.
The Lion roars so very loud,
He'd ill you with surprise.
The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven-grey.
The Camel's hump is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise ;
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The useful Cow is meek ;
The Beaver builds with mud and
sticks ;
The Lap-wing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less ;
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican, she loves her young ;
The Stork, his father loves ;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeons feed on peas ;
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boil'd he's
red ;
The harmless Lamb must bleed ;
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk
The little Worm may thank ;
The rich man drinks the Ass's milk ;
The Weasel's long and lank
The Buck gives us a ven'son dish,
When hunted for the spoil ;
The Shark eats up the little fish ;
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest
night,
With lantern in his tail ;
The Turtle is the cit's delight—
It wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home ;
The Ant lays up a winter store ;
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Pheasant has orange spots ;
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak ;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not know these
things
May yet be called a dunce ;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE NEGRO.

Why should my darling quake with
fear,
Because she sees a negro here ?
God takes, my love, the same delight
In all His creatures, black or white.

Thousands in distant foreign lands,
Like him who now before you stands,
Are found as dark, and they would stare
To see a human being fair.

A black may yet be white within,
May have a conscience free from sin;
Nay, he may have, although a slave,
A heart that's faithful, kind, and brave.

I wish that all could boast the same,
Who his appearance fear, or blame;
For those who worth and virtue lack,
Though white without, within are black.

Mary Elliott.

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

THE cat's at the window, and Shock's
at the door;
The pussy-cat mews, and the little
dog barks;
For see! such a sight as I ne'er saw
before—
A boy with a cage full of linnets and
larks!

And pussy the way how to catch
them is seeking,
To kill them, and spoil all their
singing, poor things!
For singing to them is like little boys
speaking,
But fear makes them chirrup and
flutter their wings.

Do not fear, pretty birds! for puss
shall not eat you;
Go, go, naughty pussy! away out of
sight.
With crumbs of good bread, pretty
birds! we will treat you,
And give you fresh water both morn-
ing and night.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THE OAK.

OBSERVE, dear George, this nut so
small;
The Acorn is its name;
Would you suppose yon tree so tall
From such a trifle came?

The Acorn, buried in the earth,
When many years are past
Becomes the oak of matchless worth,
Whose strength will ages last.

In Summer, pleasant is its shade,
But greater far its use;
The wood which forms our ships for
trade
Its body can produce.

And many other things beside,
I cannot now explain;
For where its merits have been tried,
They were not tried in vain.

Mary Elliott.

THE CROCUS.

MATILDA, come hither, I pray.
There is something peeps out of the
snow;
It is yellow, and looks, I should say,
Like a bud that is ready to blow.

But surely, in weather so cold,
It could not survive half an hour;
Little bud, you must be very bold
To expect at this season to flower.

Yet this bold little bud which you see,
Though expos'd to the keen, frosty
air,
Will still keep its yellow head free,
And bloom without trouble or care.

To our thanks it has surely a claim;
I rejoice when I see it appear;
The kind CROCUS, for that is its name,
Announces that springtime is near.

Mary Elliott.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful
flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade
in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has a powerful virtue
to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves are all dead, and fine
colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will
yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty
of men,
Though they bloom and look gay
like the Rose ;
But all our fond care to preserve them
is vain ;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth
or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing
my duty ;
This will scent like a Rose when I'm
dead.

Isaac Watts.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

On the cheerful Village Green,
Scattered round with houses neat,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with busy feet.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain ;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball ;
High it rises in the air ;
Or against the cottage wall
Up and down it bounces there.

Or the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd ;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in clamours loud.

For among the rich or gay,
Fine, and grand, and decked in laces,
None appear more glad than they.
With happier hearts or happier faces.

Then, contented with my state,
Let me envy not the great,
Since true pleasure may be seen
On a cheerful Village Green.

Jane Taylor.

THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing
red,
While yet upon their wholesome bed
The sleeping labourers rest ;
And the pale moon and silver star
Grow paler still, and wandering far,
Sink slowly to the west.

And see behind the sloping hill,
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire ;
Slowly the sun with golden ray,
Breaks forth above the horizon grey,
And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,
The lark ascends the skies ;
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.

Then at the dairy's cool retreat,
The busy maids together meet ;
The careful mistress sees
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
While the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well-known cry, to call the cows,
Still sleeping on the plain :
They quickly rising, one and all,
Obedient to their daily call,
Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,
Seated beside the horned cow,
With milking stool and pail ;
The patient cow with dappled hide
Stands still, unless to lash her side
With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge),
Must all be fed and let at large,
To roam about again ;
Wide open swings the great barn-door,
And out the hungry creatures pour,
To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,
The sun-burnt labourer hastens now,
To guide with skilful arm ;
Thus all is industry around,
No idle hand is ever found
Within the busy farm.

Jane Taylor.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

ABJECT, stooping, old, and wan,
 See yon wretched beggar-man;
 Once a father's hopeful heir,
 Once a mother's tender care.
 When too young to understand,
 He but scorched his little hand
 By the candle's flaming light
 Attracted, dancing, spiral, bright,
 Claspings fond her darling round,
 A thousand kisses healed the wound.
 Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,
 No mother tends the beggar-man.

Then naught too good for him to wear,
 With cherub face and flaxen hair,
 In fancy's choicest gauds arrayed;
 Cap of lace, with rose to aid,
 Milk-white hat and feather blue,
 Shoes of red, and coral too,
 With silver bells to please his ear,
 And charm the frequent, ready tear.
 Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,
 Neglected is the beggar-man.

See the boy advance in age,
 And learning spreads her useful page;
 In vain! for giddy pleasure calls
 And shows the marbles, tops, and balls.
 What's learning to the charms of play?
 The indulgent tutor must give way.
 A heedless, wilful dunce, and wild,
 The parent's fondness spoiled the child;
 The youth in vagrant courses ran.
 Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,
 Their fondling is the beggar-man.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
 The farmer's rosy children sat;
 The fagot lent its blazing light;
 And jokes went round and careless
 chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear,
 Low tapping at the bolted door;
 And, thus to gain their willing ear,
 A feeble voice was heard to implore:

'Cold blows the blast across the moor;
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
 Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
 A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
 No road, no path, can I descry;
 And these poor rags ill stand the rage
 Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
 No more my feeble frame can bear;
 My sinking heart forgets to beat,
 And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
 And shield me from the biting blast;
 Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
 The weary moor that I have past!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
 And close beside the fire they place
 The poor half-frozen beggar man,
 With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
 And warmed his stiffening hands in
 theirs;
 And busily the good old dame
 A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping
 soul;
 And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
 The big round tear was seen to roll,
 And told the thanks he could not
 speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done before.

Lucy Aikin.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!
 Whose trembling limbs have borne
 him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the
 shortest space;
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will
 bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty be-
 speak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my
 lengthened years,
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn
 cheek
 Has been the channel to a stream
 of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from
 my road,
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and
 poor !)
 Here, craving for a morsel of their
 bread,
 A pampered menial forced me from
 the door,
 To seek a shelter in a humble shed.

Oh, take me to your hospitable home !
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing
 is the cold !
 Short is my passage to the friendly
 tomb,
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every
 grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touched your
 breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the
 kindly relief,
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should
 we repine ?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the
 state you see ;
 And your condition may be soon like
 mine,—
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed
 the morn ;
 But, ah ! oppression forced me from my
 cot ;
 My cattle died, and blighted was my
 corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my
 age,
 Lured by a villain from her native
 home,
 Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide
 stage,
 And doomed in scanty poverty to
 roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my
 care !
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern
 decree,

Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness
 and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
 Whose trembling limbs have borne
 him 'o your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the
 shortest span ;
 Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will
 bless your store.

Thomas Moss.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY what is that thing called Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless wo ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.

BLINDNESS.

IN a stage-coach where late I chanced
 to be,
 A little quiet girl my notice caught ;
 I saw she looked at nothing by the way,
 Her mind seemed busy on some
 childish thought.

I, with an old man's courtesy, addressed
 The child, and called her pretty,
 dark-eyed maid,
 And bid her turn those pretty eyes and
 see
 The wide extended prospect "Sir,"
 she said :

"I cannot see the prospect; I am blind."
 Never did tongue of child utter a sound
 So mournful, as her words fell on my ear.
 Her mother then related how she found

Her child was sightless. On a fine, bright day
 She saw her lay her needlework aside,
 And as on such occasions mothers will,
 For leaving off her work began to chide.

"I'll do it when 'tis daylight, if you please;
 I cannot work, mamma, now it is night."
 The sun shone bright upon her when she spoke,
 And yet her eyes received no ray of light.
Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

THE blind boy's been at play, mother;
 The merry games we had!
 We led him on his way, mother,
 And every step was glad.
 But when we found a starry flower,
 And praised its varied hue,
 A tear came trembling down his cheek,
 Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
 Where falling waters made
 A rainbow on the hills, mother,
 As golden sun-rays play'd;
 But when we shouted at the scene,
 And hail'd the clear blue sky,
 He stood quite still upon the bank,
 And breathed a long, long sigh.

We ask'd him why he wept, mother,
 Where'er we found the spots
 Where periwinkles crept, mother,
 O'er wild forget-me-nots.
 "Ah, me!" he said, while tears ran down
 As fast as summer showers,
 "It is because I cannot see
 The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh! that poor, sightless boy, mother,
 He taught me that I'm blest;
 For I can look with joy, mother,
 On all I love the best.
 And when I see the dancing stream,
 And daisies red and white,
 I kneel upon the meadow sod,
 And thank my God for sight.

Eliza Cook.

THE MUFFIN-MAN'S BELL.

"TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle": 'tis the muffin-man you see:
 "Tinkle, tinkle," says the muffin-man's bell;
 "Any crumpets, any muffins, any cakes for your tea:
 There are plenty here to sell.
 "Tinkle," says the little bell, clear and bright;
 "Tinkle, tinkle," says the muffin-man's bell;
 We have had bread and milk for supper to-night,
 And some nice plum-cake as well.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," says the little bell again,
 But it sounds quite far away;
 "If you don't buy my muffins and my cakes, it is plain
 I must take them home to-day."

Mrs. Hawshawe.

✓ THE LETTER:

WHEN Sarah's papa was from home a great way,
 She attempted to write him a letter one day,
 First ruling the paper—an excellent plan,
 In all proper order Miss Sarah began.
 She said she lamented sincerely to tell
 That her dearest mamma had been very unwell;
 That the story was long, but when he came back,
 He would hear of the shocking behaviour of Jack.

Though an error or two we by chance may detect,
 It was better than treating papa with neglect;

For Sarah, when older, we know will
learn better,
And write single I with a capital letter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock!
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks;
"Tick-tock—tick-tock!"
Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year;
"Tick-tock—tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock:
People say about the place,
Truth is written on my face;
"Tick-tock—tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock,
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock:
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two;
"Ding-ding!"—"tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

THE WILD WREATH.

ONLY look at this nosegay of pretty
wild flowers
We have pluck'd from the hedges
and banks;
The fields are so full, we could gather
for hours,
And still see no space in their ranks.

These Bluebells and Cowslips, how
pleasant they look!
And the Rose and the Violet, how
gay!
I think I must copy them into your
book,
For I'm sure you will like the wild
spray.

Here's the Hawthorn so sweet, the
Anemone too,
Which loves 'neath the Hazels to
grow;
The Orchis, the Woodbine, the Speed-
well so blue,
And Stitchwort as white as the snow.

This bright yellow Butter-cup add to
the wreath;
And the Daisy I'll place with the rest:
Not hide it, but let it just peep out
beneath,
With its pretty tipped white and
pink crest.

And now we will tie them up tight
with this string:
Or stay—for this ribbon is neater:
The pretty Wild Briar we've forgotten
to bring—
Now our nosegay we cannot make
sweeter.

THE DANCING LESSON.

"Now, Miss Clara, point your toe—
Look at me, and point it so.
You now, my dear, I learnt to dance
In that graceful country, France:
And having been so nicely taught,
I move, of course, as a lady ought.
And only think how grand 'twill be
To have it said you dance like me.
So now, Miss Clara, point your toe—
Look at me, and point it so."

Eliza Grove.

A SWINGING SONG.

MERRY it is on a summer's day,
All through the meadows to wend
away;
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing.
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Merry it is on a winter's night
 To listen to tales of elf and sprite,
 Of eaves and castles so dim and old—
 The dimmallest tales that ever were
 told ;
 And then to laugh, and then to sing,
 You may take my word is a merry
 thing—
 But 'tis merrier far to swing—to
 swing !

Down with the hoop upon the green ;
 Down with the ringing tambourine ;
 Little heed for this or for that ;
 Off with the bonnet, off with the hat !
 Away we go, like birds on the wing !
 Higher yet ! higher yet ! " Now for
 the King ! "
 This is the way we swing—we swing !

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so
 light—
 Mount up behind him—there, that is
 right !

Down bends the branch now ! swing
 him away ;
 Higher yet—higher yet—higher, I say !
 Oh, what a joy it is ! Now let us sing,
 " A pear for the Queen—an apple for
 the King ! "
 And shake the old tree as we swing—
 we swing !

Mary Howitt.

SILK WORMS.

JANE, do you see these little dots,
 Which on this paper lie ?
 They seem, just now, but trifling spots ;
 Yet they will live and die.

They shortly will begin to move,
 And silkworms is their name ;
 My gown, your bonnet, too, my love,
 From such small creatures came.

No doubt you think it very strange,
 And yet you know not all ;
 How often in their shape they change,
 That once look'd like a ball.

Plain as the outside may appear,
 How rich they are within !
 Who would suppose, to see them here,
 They such gay silk could spin ?

Mary Elliott.

SEE-SAW.

WHAT can James and George be doing ?
 Now up they rise, then down are
 going !

I wish that I could do the same ;
 Tell me, mamma, what is their game ?

That game, my dear, the see-saw call ;
 I hope they will not get a fall !
 For, though 'tis nice to go so high,
 Danger and mischief in it lie.

When I was young I liked it too,
 But now I leave these things to you ;
 I have escaped unhurt, you see,
 And wish you may as lucky be.

Some little boys whom I have seen,
 Have in and out of temper been ;
 Such see-saw whims are very wrong,
 Although they may not last them long.

Mary Elliott.

THE AMBITIOUS WEED.

OR, THE DANGER OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

AN idle weed that used to crawl
 Unseen behind the garden wall,
 (Its most becoming station,)
 At last, refreshed by sun and shower,
 Which nourish weeds as well as flowers
 Amused its solitary hours
 With thoughts of elevation.

These thoughts encouraged day by day,
 It shot forth many an upward spray,
 And many a tendril band ;
 But as it could not climb alone,
 It uttered off a lazy groan
 To moss and mortar, stick and stone,
 To lend a helping hand.

At length, by friendly arms sustained,
 The aspiring vegetable gained
 The object of its labours :
 That which had cost her many a sigh,
 And nothing else would satisfy—
 Which was not only being high,
 But higher than her neighbours.

And now this weed, though weak, and
 spent
 With climbing up the steep ascent,
 Admired her figure tall :

And then (for vanity ne'er ends
With that at which it first intends)
Began to laugh at those poor friends
Who helped her up the wall.

But by and by my lady spied
The garden on the other side :
And fallen was her crest,
To see, in neat array below,
A bed of all the flowers that blow—
Lily and rose—a goodly show,
In fairest colours drest.

Recovering from her first surprise,
She soon began to criticise :
“A dainty sight, indeed !
I'd be the meanest thing that blows
Rather than that affected rose ;
So much perfume offends my nose,”
Exclaimed the vulgar weed.

“Well, 'tis enough to make one chilly,
To see that pale consumptive Lily
Among these painted folks.
Miss Tulip, too, looks wondrous odd,
She's gaping like a dying cod ;—
What a queer stick is Golden-Rod !
And how the Violet pokes !

“Not for the gayest tint that lingers
On Honeysuckle's rosy fingers,
Would I with her exchange :
Since this, at least, is very clear,
Since they are there, and I am here
I occupy a higher sphere—
Enjoy a wider range.”

Alas ! poor envious weed !—for lo,
That instant came the gardener's hoe
And lopped her from her sphere :
But none lamented when she fell ;
No passing Zephyr sighed, “Farewell ;”
No friendly bee would hum her knell ;
No fairy dropt a tear ;—

While those sweet flowers of genuine
worth,
Inclining toward the modest earth,
Adorn the vale below ;
Content to hide in sylvan dells
Their rosy buds and purple bells ;
Though scarce a rising Zephyr tells
The secret where they grow.

Jane Taylor.

THE BEASTS IN THE TOWER.

WITHIN the precincts of this yard,
Each in his narrow confines barred,
Dwells every beast that can be found
On Afric or on Indian ground.
How different was the life they led
In those wild haunts where they were
bred,
To this tame servitude and fear !
Enslaved by man, they suffer here.

In that uneasy, close recess
Crouches a sleeping lioness ;
That next den holds a bear ; the next
A wolf, by hunger ever vext ;
There, fiercer from the keeper's lashes
His teeth the fell hyena gnashes ;
That creature on whose back abound
Black spots upon a yellow ground
A panther is, the fairest beast
That haunteth in the spacious East.
He, underneath a fair outside,
Does cruelty and treachery hide.

That cat-like beast that to and fro
Restless as fire does ever go,
As if his courage did resent
His limbs in such confinement pent,
That should their prey in forests take,
And make the Indian jungles quake
A tiger is. Observe how sleek
And glossy smooth his coat ; no streak
On satin ever matched the pride
Of that which marks his furry hide.
How strong his muscles ! he with ease
Upon the tallest man could seize,
In his large mouth away could bear
him,
And into thousand pieces tear him ;
Yet caged so securely here,
The smallest infant need not fear.

That lovely creature next to him
A lion is. Survey each limb.
Observe the texture of his claws,
The many thickness of those jaws :
His mane that sweeps the ground in
length,
Like Samson's locks betokening
strength.
In force and swiftness he excels
Each beast that in the forest dwells ;
The savage tribes him king confers
Throughout the howling wilderness.
Woe to the hapless neighbourhood
When he is pressed by want of food !

Of man, or child, or bull, or horse
 He makes his prey ; such is his force.
 A waste behind him he creates,
 Whole villages depopulates ;
 Yet here, within appointed lines,
 How small . grate his rage confines !

This place, methinks, resem'leth well
 The world itself in which we dwell.
 Perils and snares on every ground
 Like those wild beasts beset us round.
 But Providence their rage restrains ;
 Our heavenly Keeper sets them chains ;
 His goodness saveth every hour
 His darlings from the lion's power.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES.

"BUNCHES of grapes," says Timothy ;
 "Pomegranates pink," says Elaine ;
 "A junket of cream and a cranberry
 tart
 For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy ;
 "Pinks pale," says Elaine ;
 "A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
 For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy ;
 "Silvery wings," says Elaine ;
 "A bumpy ride in a waggon of hay
 For me," says Jane.

Walter Ramal.

THE BLUE BOY IN LONDON.

ALL in the morning early
 The Little Boy in Blue
 (The grass with rain is pearly)
 Has thought of something new.

He saddled dear old Dobbin ;
 He had but half a crown ;
 And joggin , cantering, bobbing,
 He came to London town.

The sheep were in the meadows,
 The cows were in the corn
 Beneath the city shadow
 At last he stood forlorn.

He stood beneath Bow steeple,
 That is in London town ;
 And tried to count the people
 As they went up and down.

Oh ! there was not a daisy,
 And not a buttercup ;
 The air was thick and hazy,
 And Blue Boy gave it up.

The houses, next, in London,
 He thought that he would count ;
 But still the sum was undon ,
 So great was the amount.

He could not think of robbing—
 He had but half a crown ;
 And so he mounted Dobbin,
 And rode back from the town.

The sheep were in the meadows,
 And the cows were in the corn ;
 Amid the evening shadows
 He stood where he was born.

William Brighty Ramsay.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green,
 The pretty English girl is seen
 Or, beside her cottage neat,
 Knitting on the garden-seat.

Now within her humble door,
 Sweeping clean the kitchen floor ;
 While upon the wall so white,
 Hang her copper, polish'd bright.

Mary never idle sits,
 She either sews or spins or knits ;
 Hard she labours all the week,
 With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
 Neatly dress'd in decent clothes,
 Says her prayers (a constant rule),
 And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh ! how good should we be found,
 Who live on England's happy ground !
 Where rich and poor and wretched may
 All learn to walk in wisdom's way.

Jane Taylor.

THE SCOTCH LADDIE.

COLD blows the north wind o'er the
mountains so bare,
Poor Sawney benighted is travelling
there ;
His plaid cloak around him he carefully
binds,
And holds on his bonnet that's blown
by he winds.

Long time he has wander'd his desolate
way,
That wound him along by the banks of
the Tay ;
Now o'er this cold mountain poor
Sawney must roam,
Be ore he arrives at his dear little
home.

Barefooted he follows the path he
must go,
The point of his footsteps he leaves in
the snow ;
And while the white sleet patters cold
in his face,
He thinks of his home, and he quickens
his pace.

But see ! from afar he discovers a light
That cheerfully gleams on the dark-
ness of night ;
And oh ! what delights in his bosom
arise !
He knows 'tis his dear little home that
he spies.

And now when arrived at his father's
own door,
His fears, his fatigues, and his dangers
are o'er ;
His brothers and sisters press round
with delight,
And welcome him in from the storms
of the night.

In vain from the north the keen winter-
winds blow ;
In vain are the mountain-tops cover'd
with snow ;
Th' cold of his country can never
control
The affection that glows in the High-
lander's soul.

Jane Taylor.

THE IRISH BOY.

YOUNG Paddy is merry and happy, but
poor ;
His eabin is built in the midst of a
moor ;
No pretty green meadows about it are
found,
But bogs in the middle, and mountains
around.

This wild Irish lad—of all lads the most
frisky,
Enjoys his spare meal of potatoes and
whisky,
As he merrily sits, with no care on
his mind,
At the door of his cabin, and sings to
the wind.

Close down at his feet lies his shaggy
old dog,
Who has plunged with his master thro'
many a bog ;
While Paddy sings, " Liberty long
shall reign o'er us,"
Shag catches his ardour, and barks a
loud chorus.

Young Paddy, indeed, is not polish'd
or mild,
But his soul is as free as his country
is wild ;
And tho' unacquainted with fashion or
dress,
His heart ever melts at the sound of
distress.

Then let us not laugh at his bulls or his
blunders,
His broad native brogue, or his ignorant
wonders ;
Nor will we by ridicule ever destroy
The honest content of a wild Irish b y.

Jane Taylor.

THE WELSH LAD.

OVER the mountain and over the rock,
Wanders young Taffy, to follow his
flock ;
While far above him he sees the wild
goats
Gallo about in their shaggy, warm
coats.

Sometimes they travel in frolicsome
crowds
To the mountain's high top that is
lost in the clouds;
Then they descend to the valley again,
Or scale the black rocks that hang over
the main.

Now when young Taffy's day's labour
is o'er,
He cheerfully sits at his own cottage-
door;
While all his brothers and sisters around
Sit in a circle upon the bare ground.

Then their good father, with spectacled
nose,
Reads his Bible aloud ere he takes his
repose;
While the pale moon rises over the hill,
And the birds are asleep, and all nature
is still.

Now with his harp old Llewellyn is
seen,
And joins the gay party that sits on
the green;
He leans in the doorway and plays
them a tune,
And the children all dance by the light
of the moon

How often the wretch in a city so gay,
Where pleasure and luxury follow his
way,
When health quite forsakes him, and
cheerfulness fails,
Might envy a lad on the mountains of
Wales!

Jane Taylor.

THE LITTLE PIPER.

DONALD MACDONALD'S
A "braw" little lad,
With his woollen Glengarry,
His kilt and his plaid;
And he's piping the march
They have taught him to play
At Gaffer Macdonald's
On New Year's Day

Gaffer Macdonald's
A piper true
As ever yet piped
For Argyle or Buccleuch;

He piped with the pipers
Of Havelock's line,
When they marched into Lucknow,
With "Auld Lang Syne."

And I know he'll look up
With a tear in his eye,
When Donald Macdonald
Comes marching by;
For nothing could please him
More than to see
The pipes in the hands
Of his "bairnie wee."

Play up, little Donald!
Both loud and clear;
Here's mother and father
To bring up the rear.
Play up, little Donald,
And march along
And cheer Gaffer's old heart
With your New Year's song!

And when at the window
His face you see,
Play "The Campbells are Coming,"
And so are we—
To partake of good cheer
In the old Scotch way,
At Gaffer Macdonald's
On New Year's Day.

Alfred H. Miles.

THE DANGEROUS TRIAL.

FANNY now that we're alone,
Hold some paper to the fire;
Pretty sparks will quickly come;
Put it nearer, raise it higher.

See how red and bright they shine,
Mounting one above another;
Fanny answers, "Yes, it's fine,
But take the paper, dearest brother."

The sparks had now become a flame,
And Fanny's frock was burning too.
Silly children, both to blame,
Little good your tears can do.

Their screams bring nurse; with terror
wild,
In the hearthrug she rolls Fanny;
The prudent caution sav'd the child,
But weeks of pain she suffer'd many.

Mary Elliott.

THE DREADFUL STORY ABOUT HARRIET AND THE MATCHES.

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet befell.
Mamma and Nurse went out one day
And left her all alone to play;
Now, on the table close at hand
A box of matches chanc'd to stand;
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told
her
That, if she touched them, they should
scold her.
But Harriet said: "Oh, what a pity!
For, when they burn, it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame;
Mamma, too, often does the same."

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws
And raise their paws;
"Me-ow," they said, "me-ow, me-o,
You'll burn to death, if you do so."

But Harriet would not take advice;
She lit a match—it was so nice!
It crackled so, it burned so clear.
Because Mamma could not see her,
She jumped for joy and ran about
And was too pleased to put it out.

The pussy-cats saw this,
And said: "Oh, naughty, naughty
Miss!"
And stretched their claws
And raised their paws;
"Tis very, very wrong, y u know,
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o,
You will be burnt, if you do so."

And then! oh! what a dreadful thing!
The fire has caught her apron-string!
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair!
She burns all over, everywhere!

Then how the pussy-cats did mew;
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They scream'd for help—'twas all in
vain!
So then, they said: "We'll scream
again;
Make haste, make haste! me-ow, me-o,
She'll burn to death; we told her so."

So she was burnt, with all her el th s,
And arms and hands, and eyes and
nose;
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except her little scarlet shoes;
And nothing else but these was found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!
"Me-ow, me-oo, me-ow, me-oo,
What will Mamma and Nursy do?"
Their tears ran down their cheeks so
fast;
They made a little pond at last.

Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

Oh! how one ugly trick has spoil'd
The sweetest and the best;
Matty, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed.
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid.
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try
them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied;
"Oh! what a pretty box is this!
I'll open it," said little Miss.

"I know that grandmamma would say
'Don't meddle with it, dear';
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near.
Besides, what can there be amiss
In op'ning such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
 To move the stubborn lid,
 And presently a mighty jerk
 The mighty mischief did ;
 For all at once, ah ! woful case,
 The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and rose, and mouth, and
 chin

A dismal sight presented ;
 And as the snuff got further in,
 Sincerely she repented.
 In vain she ran about for ease :
 She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,
 To wipe her tingling eyes,
 And as in twenty bits they lay,
 Her grandmamma she spies.
 "Hey day, and what's the matter
 now ?"
 Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still, and sore,
 Made many a promise to refrain
 From meddling eve more.
 And 'tis a act, as I have heard,
 She ever since has kept her word.

Ann Taylor.

THE BUSY CHILD.

HANNAH, a busy, meddling thing,
 Would peep in every place ;
 A habit which must always bring
 Young folks into disgrace.

One day her mother put a jar
 Upon a cupboard shelf ;
 Sly Hannah view'd it from afar,
 And said within herself :

"What can mamma have plac'd so
 high ?
 It must be something nice ;
 And, if I thought she were not nigh,
 I'd see it in a trice."

Quick on the table then she skip'd,
 But, feeling some alarm,
 She sudden turn'd, her left foot slipp'd,
 She fell—and broke her arm.

Mary Elliott.

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip ! he this day
 Has his long coats cast away,
 And (the childish season gone),
 Puts the manly breeches on.
 Officer on gay parade,
 Red-coat in his first cockade,
 Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
 Birthday beau surpassing him,
 Never did with conscious gait
 Strut about in half the state,
 Or the pride (yet free from sin),
 Of my little MANNIKIN.
 Never was there pride, or bliss,
 Half so rational as his.
 Sashes, fricks, to those that need 'em,
 Philip's limbs have got their freedom.
 He can run, or he can ride,
 And do twenty things beside,
 Which his petticoats forbad :
 Is he not a happy lad ?
 Now he's under other banners,
 He must leave his former manners ;
 Bid adieu to female games,
 And forget their very names :
 Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
 Sports for girls and punies weak !
 Baste-the-bear he now may play at,
 Leap-frog, foot-ball, sport away at,
 Show his strength and skill at cricket,
 Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
 Run about in winter's snow
 Till his cheeks and finger's glow.
 Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
 Without any fear to fall.
 If he get a hurt or bruise,
 To complain he must refuse,
 Though the anguish and the smart
 Go unto his little heart.
 He must have his courage ready,
 Kee his voice and visage steady,
 Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
 That a tear may never come ;
 And his grief must only speak
 From the colour in his cheek.
 This, and more, he must endure,
 Hero he in miniature !
 This and more, must now be done,
 Now the breeches are put on.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

NEW SHOES.

ROSY Martha laughs with joy ;
 What has pleas'd the little maid ?
 Has she got a fine new toy ?
 No ! she says, and shakes her head.

Her garments tight she holds behind,
And peeps at something on the
ground;
Her head to right then, left, inclin'd;
Ah! now the secret I have found.

She smiles her new green shoes to see,
With clasps of polish'd silver brig t;
Yon shoeless girl feels no such glee,
Her ragged clothes give no delight.

Yet Martha, though her clothes be old,
Her heart is good, her manners mild;
I'd give your shoes, were they of gold,
To see you half so good a child.

Mary Elliott.

THINK BEFORE YOU ACT.

ELIZABETH her frock has torn,
And prick'd her finger too;
Why did she meddle with the thorn,
Until its use she knew?

Because Elizabeth will touch
Whate'er comes in her way;
I've seen her suffer quite as much,
A dozen times a day.

Yet, though so oft she feels the pain,
The habit is so strong,
That all our caution is in vain,
And seldom heeded long.

I should not wonder if, at last,
She meet some dreadful fate;
And then, perhaps, regret the past,
When sorrow comes too late.

Mary Elliott.

THE PIN.

"DEAR me! what signifies a pin,
Wedge'd in a rotten board?
I'm certain that I won't begin,
At ten years old, to hoard;
I never will be called a miser,
That I'm determin'd," said Eliza.

So onward tript the little maid,
And left the pin behind,
Which very snug and quiet lay,
To its hard fate resigned;
Nor did she think (a careless child)
'Twas worth her while to stoop for it.

Next day a party was to ride,
To see an air balloon!
And all the company beside
Were drest and ready soon;
But she a woful case was in,
For want of just a single pin.

In vain her eager eyes she brings,
To ev'ry darksome crack;
There was not one, and yet her things
Were dropping off her back.
She cut her pincushion in two,
But no, not one had fallen through.

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away;
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just—a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
So trifling or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
For service unforeseen;
And wilful waste, depend upon't,
Brings, almost always, woful want!

Ann Taylor.

THE SASH.

MAMMA had ordered Ann, the maid,
Miss Caroline to wash;
And put on with her clean white frock
A handsome muslin sash.

But Caroline began to cry,
For what you cannot think;
She said, "Oh, that's an ugly sash;
I'll have my pretty pink."

Papa, who in the parlour heard
Her make the noise and rout,
That instant went to Caroline,
To whip her, there's no doubt.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner

GEORGE AND THE CHIMNEY- SWEEPER.

His petticoats now George cast off,
For he was four years old;
His trousers were nankeen so fine,
His buttons bright as gold.

"May I," said little George, "go out,
My pretty clothes to show?
May I, papa? may I, mamma?"
The answer was—"No, no."

"Go, run below, George; in the court,
But go not in the street,
Lest naughty boys should play some
trick,
Or gipsies you should meet."
Yet, tho' forbid, George went unseen,
That other boys might spy;
And all admir'd him when he lisp'd—
"Now, who so fine as I?"

But whilst he strutted to and fro,
So proud, as I've heard tell,
A sweep-boy pass'd, whom to avoid.
He slipp'd, and down he fell.
The sooty lad was kind and good,
To Georgy boy he ran,
He rais'd him up, and kissing, said,
"Hush, hush, my little man!"

He rubb'd and wip'd his clothes with
care,
And hugging, said, "Don't cry!
Go home as quick as you can go;
Sweet little boy, good bye."
Poor George look'd down, and lo! his
dress
Was blacker than before;
All over soot, and mud, and dirt,
He reach'd his father's door.

He sobb'd, and wept, and look'd
asham'd,
His fault he did not hide;
And since so sorry for his fault,
Mamma forbore to chide.
That night, when he was gone to bed,
He jump'd up in his sleep,
And cried and sobb'd, and cried again,
"I thought I saw the sweep!"

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

NEATNESS IN APPAREL.

In your garb and outward clothing
A reserved plainness use;
By their neatness more distinguished,
Than the brightness of their hues.

All the colours in the rainbow
Serve to spread the peacock's train;

Half the lustre of his feathers
Would turn twenty coxcombs vain.

Yet the swan that swims in rivers,
leaves the judicious sight;
Who, of brighter colours leadless,
Turns alone to simple white.

Yet all other hues com aréd
With his whiteness show amiss;
And the peacock's coat of colours
Like a fool's coat looks by his.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

SLUTTISHNESS.

AN! Mary, my Mary, why, where is
your Dolly?
Look here, I protest, on the floor;
To leave her about in the dirt so is
folly,
You ought to be trusted no more

I thought you were pleased, and re-
ceived quite gladly,
When on your birthday she came
home;
Did I ever suppose you would use her
so sadly,
And strew her things over the room?

Her bonnet of straw you once thought
a great matter,
And tied it so pretty and neat;
Now, see how 'tis crumpled; no trencher
is flatter,
It grieves your mamma thus to
see't.

Suppose (you're my Dolly, you know,
little daughter,
Whom I love to dress neat and see
good),
Suppose in my case of you I were to
falter,
And let you get dirty and rude!

But Dolly's mere wood; you are flesh
and blood living,
And deserve better treatment and
care;
That is true, my sweet girl; 'tis the
reason I'm giving
This lesson so sharp and severe.

'Tis not for the Dolly I'm anxious and
fearful,
Though she cost too much to be
spoiled;
I'm afraid lest yourself should get
sluttish, not careful,
And that were a sad thing, my child.

Jane Taylor.

DIRTY JIM.

THERE was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen

Then to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he seldom was seen
To have wash'd himself clean,
And often look'd worse than before.

Th idle and bad
Like this little lad,
May be dirty, and black, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Altho' they are ever so poor.

Jane Taylor.

CLEANLINESS.

COME, my little Robert, near—
Fie! what filthy hands are here—
Who that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its ranching fingers fine,
Work itself of hands divine,
Strong yet delicately knit,
For ten thousand uses fit,
Overlaid with so clear skin,
And the curious palm, disposed
In such lines, some have supposed

You may read the fortunes the
By the figures that appear;
Who this hand would choose to cover
With a crust of dirt all over,
Till it looked in hue and shape
Like the fore-foot of an ape?
Man or boy that works or play
In the fields or the highways,
May, without offence or hurt,
From the soil contract a dir,
Which the next clear spring or river
Washes out and out for ever;
But to the ish stains impure,
Soil deliberate to endure,
On the skin to fix a stain
Till it works into the grain,
Argues a degenerate mind,
Sordid, slothful, ill-inclined,
Wanting in that self-respect
Which does virtue best protect.

All-endearing cleanliness,
Virtue next to godliness,
Easiest, cheapest, needn't duty,
To the body health and beauty,
Who that's human would refuse it,
When a little water does it?

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE NEW LOOKING-GLASS.

IN the watertub William had found
Two fish, who were swimming with
glee;
Robert begg'd to be rais'd from the
ground,
That their sports he might easily see

Then he mounted an old broken chair,
And peep'd into the tub with delight:
"Ah! William," he cried, "I declare
I have found out another fine sight;

"Each part of my face I can view,
As plain as I do in a glass;
Let me see if my hands will show too."
And he quitted his hold—well, alas!

Right into the water, he fell;
William saved him, or he had been
drowned.
Let children who hear this, think well,
Before they seek sights from the
ground.

Mary Elliott.

WASPS IN A GARDEN.

THE wall-trees are laden with fruit :
 The grape, and the pum, and the
 pear,
 The peach and the nectarine, to suit
 Every taste, in abundance are there.

Yet all are not welcome to taste
 These kind bounties of Nature ; for
 one
 From her open-spread table must
 haste,
 To make room for a more-favoured
 son.

As that wasp will soon sadly perceive,
 Who has feasted awhile on a plum ;
 And, his thirst thinking now to relieve,
 For a sweet liquid draught he is come.

He peeps in the narrow-mouthed glass,
 Which depends from a branch of the
 tree ;
 He ventures to creep down,—alas !
 To be drowned in that delicate sea.

“Ah ! say, my dear friend, is it right
 These glass bottles are hung upon
 trees ?

’Midst a scene of inviting delight,
 Should we find such memories as
 these ?”

“From such sights,” said my friend,
 “we may draw
 A lesson, for look at that bee ;
 Compared with the wasp which you
 saw,
 He will teach us what we ought to be.

“He in safety industriously plies
 His sweet honest work all the day ;
 Then home with his earnings he flies ;
 Nor in thieving his time wastes
 away.”

“Oh, hush ! nor with *fables* deceive,”
 I replied, “which, though pretty,
 can ne’er
 Make me cease or that insect to grieve,
 Who in agony still does appear.

“If a *simile* ever you need
 You are welcome to make a wasp do,
 But you ne’er should mix fiction indeed
 With things that are serious and
 true.”

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

THERE, Robert, you have killed that fly,
 And should you thousand ages try
 The life you’ve taken to supply,
 You could not do it.

You surely must have been devoid
 Of thought and sense to have destroyed
 A thing which no way you annoyed—
 You’ll one day rue it.

’Twas but a fly, perhaps you’ll say,
 That’s born in April, dies in May ;
 That does ’ut just learn to display
 His wings one minute.

And in the next is vanished quite ;
 A bird devours it in his flight,
 Or come a cold blast in the night
 There’s no breath in it.

The bird but seeks its proper food.
 And Providence, whose power endued
 That fly with life, when it thinks good,
 May justly take it.

But you have no excuses for ’t ;
 A life by Nature made so short,
 Less reason is that you for sport
 Should shorter make it.

A fly a little thing you rate ;
 But, Robert, do not estimate
 A creature’s pain by small or great ;
 The greatest being

Can have but fibres, nerves, and flesh,
 And these the smallest ones possess,
 Although their frame and structure less
 Escape our seeing.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE BOY AND THE SKYLARK.

A FABLE.

“A WICKED action fear to do,
 When you are by yourself ; for though
 You thin you can conceal it,
 A little bird that’s in the air
 The hidden trespass shall declare,
 And openly reveal it.”

Richard the saying oft had he rd,
 Until the sight of any bird
 Would set his heart a-quaking ;

He saw a host of wingéd spies
For ever o'er him in the skies,
Note of his actions taking.

This pious precept, while it stood
In his remembrance, kept him good
When nobody was by him :
For though no human eye was near,
Yet Richard still did wisely fear
The little bird should spy him.

But best resolves will sometimes sleep ;
Poor frailty will not always keep
From that which is forbidden ;
And Richard one day left alone,
Laid hands on something not his own,
And hoped the theft was hidden.

His conscience slept a day or two,
As it is very apt to do
When we with pains suppress it ;
And though at times a slight remorse
Would raise a pang, it had not force
To make him yet confess it.

When on a day, as he abroad
Walked by his mother, in the road
He heard a skylark singing ;
Smit with the sound, a flood of tears
Proclaimed the superstitious fears
His inmost bosom wringing.

His mother, wondering, saw him cry,
And fondly asked the reason why ;
Then Richard made confession,
And said, he feared the little bird
He singing in the air had heard
Was telling his transgression.

The words which Richard spoke below,
As sounds by nature upwards go,
Were to the skylark carried ;
The airy traveller with surprise
To hear his sayings, in the skies
On his mid journey tarried.

His anger then the bird exprest :
" Sure, since the day I left the nest
I ne'er heard folly uttered
So fit to move a skylark's mirth,
As what this little son of earth
Hath in his crossness muttered.

" Dull fool ! to think we sons of car
On man's low actions waste a care,
His virtues or his crimes ;
Or soaring on the summer gales,
That we should stop to carry tales
Of him or his devices !

" Our songs are all of the delights
We find in our wild airy flights,
And heavenly exaltation ;
The earth you mortals have at heart
Is all too gross to have a part
In skylarks' conversation."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE REPROOF.

MAMMA heard me with scorn and pride
A wretched beggar-boy deride.
" Do you not know," said I, " how
mean

It is to be thus beggined seen ?
If for a week I were not fed,
I'm sure I would not beg my bread "
And then away she saw me stalk
With a most self-important walk.
But meeting her upon the stairs,
All these my consequential airs
Were changed to an entreating look.
" Give me," said I, " the pocket-book,
Mamma, you promised I should have."
The pocket-book to me she gave ;
After reproof and counsel said
She bade me write in the first page
This naughty action all in rhyme ;
No food to have until the time,
In writing fair and neatly worded,
The unfeeling fact I had recorded.
Slow I compose, and slow I write ;
And now I feel keen hunger-bite.
My mother's pardon I entreat,
And beg she'll give me food to eat.
Dry bread would be received with joy
By her repentant beggar-boy.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

MARY AND HER DOG BEAU.

" Oh, Mary ! fie to tease your dog,
And call him but a living log.
Because he's tired, and faint would
sleep ;
Mary, I wish you'd quiet keep."

" Why, dear mamma, he cannot feel ;
I pinched his ear—'tis hard as steel ;
He did not wince, he did not cry,
He's stupid—so again I'll try."

"Take care, my child ! nor go too far ;
He's kind and gentle—do not dare
His anger to provoke ; he'll bite,
And truly, Mary, serve you right."

"Not he, mamma ; he loves me so,
Whate'er I do, he's gentle Beau."
"Then which is kindest of the two,
The loving, patient Beau, or you ?

"You pull his ears, your hand he licks,
You tweak his nose, and other tricks,
And yet when yesterday you slept,
A faithful watch he near you kept."

"Silent and quiet—did not move,
But guarded you with fondest love."
"Did he indeed ? Oh, dearest Beau,
Well, this before I did not know."

"Sleep, then, my dog, a calm and
peaceful sleep,
Whilst I a faithful watch will near you
keep."

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

LITTLE ROSE AND HER BOOT-LACE.

"Miss ROSE, do let me lace your boot,
Or you ma chance to fall ;
Here on my knee, miss, place your foot."
"Not I ; I'll play at ball !"

"But first your boot pray let me lace,
Or fall you will, I'm sure."

"Suppose I should—'tis no bad case,
Such falls I can endure :

"See ! down I go, and now I rise,
And am as brisk as ever."

"Not *such* a fall," her maid replies ;
"You'll take advice—no, never !"

Rose played at ball with right good will,
And laugh'd with childish glee ;
With *two* and *three* balls tried her skill,
Still calling, "Look at me !"

Just then the fend caught her boot
She trod upon the lace.
And loudly shriek'd, "Oh, Jane my
foot !"
Then fell upon her face.

An ankle sprain'd—a tedious cure,
And what the cause of all ?
Advice, which Rose could not endure,
An unlaced boot, and game at ball !

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

MEMORY.

"FOR gold could Memory be bought,
What treasures would she not be
worth ?
If from afar she could be brought,
I'd travel for her through the
earth !"

This exclamation once was made
By one who had obtained the name
Of young forgetful Adelaide ;
And while she spoke, lo ! Memory
came—

If Memory indeed it were,
Or such it only feigned to be—
A female figure came to her,
Who said, "My name is Memory."

"Gold purchases in me no share,
Nor do I dwell in distant land ;
Study, and thought, and watch ul care,
In every place may we command."

"I am not lightly to be won ;
A visit only now I make :
And much must by yourself be done,
Ere me for you an inmate take."

"The only substitute for me
Was ever found, is called a pen ;
The frequent use of that will be
The way to make me come a ain."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

DAINTY FRANCES.

THAT I did not see Frances just now I
am glad,
For Winifred says she look'd sullen and
sad ;
When I ask her the reason, I know
very well
That Frances will blush the true
reason to tell,

And I never again shall expect to hear
said,
That she pouts at her milk with a toast
of white bread ;
When both are as good as can possibly
be,
Though Betsy, for breakfast, perhaps
may have tea.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THE MIMIC HARLEQUIN.

"I'll make believe, and fancy some-
thing strange :
I will suppose I have the power to
change
And make things all unlike to what they
were,
To jump through windows and fly
t'rough the air,
And quite confound all places and all
times.
Like harlequins we see in pantomimes.
These thread-papers my wooden sword
must be,
No'ing more like one I at present see,
And now all round this drawing-room
I'll range,
And everything I look at I will change.
Here's Mopsa, our old cat, shall be a
bird ;
To a Poll-parrot s' e is now transferred.
Here's my nanna's work- ag, now I will
engage
To whisk this little bag into a cage :
And now, my pretty parrot, get you
in it,
Another change I'll show you in a
minute.
"Oh, fie! you naughty child, what
have you done ?
There never was so mischievous a son.
You've put the cat among my work,
and torn
A fine laced cap that I but once have
worn."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

FOOLISH EMILY AND HER KITTEN.

"WHY not open your eyes,
And look with surprise
Around, up and down, and on us ?

And why won't you see,
And look upon me ?
Come, open your eyes, little puss !

"I know you can peep,
For you're not asleep,
You cry after mother so loud ;
Your eyes I've not seen,
Are they blue, red, or green ?
I fear you are sulky and proud !

"And if you will not
On this very spot
Lift your eyelids and look upon me,
I'll open them quick,
Whilst my hand on you may lie,
And soon then my kitten will see !"

But her brother cried, "Hold !"
And must you be told
That kittens, like pups, are born blind
You silly young child,"
He said as he smiled,
"Be patient, and if you are kind,

"Not many days hence
That precious dear sense
Of sight will your kitten enjoy,—
Then let it alone,
Altho' 'tis your own,
Or its eyes you will surely destroy."

Altho' 'twas her own
She let it alone,
But watch'd every day if 'twas true,
And often she sighed,
But one morning she cried,
"Oh, look at its EYES of bright blue !"

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

MISS SOPHIA.

MISS SOPHY, one fine sunny day,
Left her work and ran away ;
When soon she reach'd the garden-gate,
Which finding lock'd, she would not wait,
But tried to climb and scramble o'er
A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,
And Sophy won't another time ;
For when upon the highest rail,
Her frock was caught upon a nail,
She lost her head, and, sad to tell,
Was hurt and bruised—for down she
fell.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

NIMBLE DICK.

My boy, be cool, do things by rule,
And then you'll do them right;
A story true I'll tell to you
'Tis of a luckless wight.

He'd never wait, was ever late,
Because he was so quick,
This shatter-brain did thus obtain
The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best young Dick was drest,
Cries he, "I'm very dry!"
Though glass and jug, and china mug,
On sideboard stood hard by—

With skip and jump unto the pump,
With open mouth he goes;
The water out ran from the spout,
And wetted all his clothes.

All in dispatch he made a match
To run a race with Bill;
"My boy," said he, "I'll win, you'll
see;
I'll beat you, that I will."

With merry heart, now off they start,
Like ponies in full speed;
Soon Bill he pass'd, for very fast
This Dicky ran indeed.

But hurry all, Dick got a fall,
And whilst he sprawling lay,
Bill reached the post, and Dicky lost,
And Billy won the day.

"Bring here my pad," now cries the
lad
Unto the servant John;
"I'll mount astride, this day I'll ride,
So put the saddle on."

No time to waste, 'twas brought in
haste,
Dick long'd to have it back'd;
With spur and boot on leg and foot,
His whip he loudly cracked.

The mane he grasped, the crupper
clasped,
And leaped up from the ground,
All smart and spruce: the girt was loose,
He turned the saddle round.

Then down he came, the scoff and
shame
Of all the standers by;
Poor Dick, alack! upon his back,
Beneath the horse did lie.

Still slow and sure, success secure,
And be not over quick;
For method's sake, a warning take
From hasty Nimble Dick.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS
WHO WOULD NOT HAVE
ANY SOUP.

AUGUSTUS was a chubby lad;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And every body saw with joy,
The plump and hearty healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter's day,
He scream'd out—"Take the soup
away!
O take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day!"

How lank and lean Augustus grows!
Next day he scarcely fills his clothes,
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
"Not any soup for me, I say:
O take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day!"

The third day comes; oh! what a sin!
To make himself so pale and thin.
Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams, as loud as he is able,
"Not any soup for me, I say:
O take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day!"

Look at him, now the fourth day's
come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum;
He's like a little bit of thread,
And on the fifth day he was—dead!

Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann.

GREEDY RICHARD.

"I THINK I want some pies this morning,"
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided,
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, he was loath
Either to leave, so took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleased
To stop when hunger was appeased,
But would go on to eat and stuff
Long after he had had enough.

"I shan't take any more," said Dick;
"Dear me, I feel extremely sick;
I cannot eat this other bit;
I wish I had not tasted it."

Then slowly rising from his seat,
He threw the cheesecake in the street,
And left the tempting pastry-cook's
With very discontented looks.

Just then a man with wooden leg
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg;
And while he told his mournful case
Look'd at him with imploring face.

Dick, wishing to relieve his pain,
His pockets search'd, but search'd in vain;
And so at last he did declare,
He had not got a farthing there.

The beggar turn'd with face of grief,
And look of patient unbelief,
While Richard, now completely tamed,
Felt inconceivably ashamed.

"I wish," said he (but wishing's vain),
"I had my money back again,
And had not spent my last to pay
For what I only threw away.

"Another time I'll take advice,
And not buy things because they're
nice;
But rather save my little store,
To give poor folks, who want it more.

Jane Taylor.

THE PURLOINER.

As Joe was at play,
Near the cupboard one day,
When he thought no one saw but him-
self,
How sorry I am,
He ate raspberry jam,
And currants that stood on the shelf.

His mother and John
To the garden had gone,
To gather ripe pears and ripe plums;
What Joe was about
His mother found out,
When she looked at his fingers and
thumbs:

And when they had dined
Said to Joe, "You will find,
It is better to leave things alone;
These plums and these pears
No naughty boy shares
Who meddles with fruit not his own."

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

**JAMES AND THE SHOULDER
OF MUTTON.**

YOUNG Jem at noon return'd from
school,

As hungry as could be;
He cried to Sue, the servant maid,
"My dinner give to me."

Said Sue, "It is not yet come home;
Besides, it is not late";
"No matter that," cries little Jem,
"I do not like to wait."

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And ask'd, "Is dinner done?"
"It is," replied the baker's man.
"Then home I'll with it run."

"Nay, Sir," replied he prudently,
"I tell you 'tis too hot,
And much too heavy 'tis for you."
"I tell you it is not,

"Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
And I for dinner long;
So give it me—it is all mine,
And, baker, hold your tongue!

"A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice!
And batter-pudding too;
I'm glad of that, it is so good;
How clever is our Sue!"

Now near his door young Jem was
come,
He round the corner turn'd;
But oh, sad fate! unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burn'd.

Low in the kennel down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat;
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sail'd along the street.

The people laugh'd, and rude boys
grinn'd,
At mutton's hapless fall;
But though asham'd, young Jemmy
cried—
"Better lose part than all."

The shoulder by the knuckle seiz'd,
His hands both grasp'd it fast,
And deaf to all their gibes and cries,
He gain'd his home at last.

"Impatience is a fault," cries Jem;
"The baker told me true;
In future I will patient be,
And mind what says our Sue."

Adelaide O'Keefe.

THE GREEDY BOY.

SAMMY SMITH would drink and eat
From morning unto night;
He filled his mouth so full of meat,
It was a shameful sight.

Sometimes he gave a book or toy
For apples, cake, or plum;
And grudged if any other boy
Should taste a single crumb.

Indeed, he ate and drank so fast,
And used to stuff and cram,
The name they call'd him by at last,
Was often Greedy Sam.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

POISONOUS FRUIT.

As Tommy and his sister Jane
Were walking down a shady lane,
They saw some berries, bright and red,
That hung around and overhead.

And soon the bough they bended down,
To make the scarlet fruit their own;
And part they ate, and part in play
They threw about and flung away.

But long they had not been at home
Before poor Jane and little Tom
Were taken, sick and ill, to bed,
And since, I've heard, they both are
dead.

Alas! had Tommy understood
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,
He might have walked with little Jane
Again along the shady lane.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

MISCHIEF.

LET those who're fond of idle tricks,
Of throwing stones, and breaking
bricks,

And all that sort of fun,
Now hear a tale of idle Jim,
That they may warning take by him,
Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport or healthful play,
He never passed his time away,
He took no pleasure in it;
For mischief was his only joy;
Nor book, nor work, nor even toy
Could please him for a minute.

A neighbour's house he'd slyly pass,
And throw a stone to break the glass,
And then enjoy the joke;
Or, if a window open stood,
He'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,
To frighten all the folk.

If travellers passing chanced to stay
Of idle Jim to ask the way,
He never told them right;
And then quite hardened in his sin,
Rejoiced to see them taken in,
And laughed with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street,
That it might catch the people's feet,
And make them tumble down ;
Indeed, he was disliked so much,
That no good boy would play with such
A nuisance in the town.

At last the neighbours, in despair,
Could all these tricks no longer bear :
In short (to end the tale),
The lad was cured of all his ways,
One time by spending a few days
Inside the county jail.

Jane Taylor.

THE STORY OF CRUEL FREDERICK.

HERE is cruel Frederick, see !
A horrid wicked boy was he :
He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings ;
He killed the birds, and broke the
chairs,
And threw the kitten down the stairs ;
And oh ! far worse than all beside,
He whipp'd his Mary till she cried.

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day ;
He wagged his tail, and wet his lip,
When cruel Fred snatched up a whip,
And whipped poor Tray till he was sore.
And kicked and whipped him more and
more :

At this good Tray grew very red,
And growled and bit him till he bled ;
Then you should only have been by
To see how Fred did scream and cry !
So Frederick had to go to bed ;
His leg was very sore and red !
The doctor came and shook his head
And made a very great to-do,
And gave him nasty p ysic too.

But good dog Tray is happy now :
He has no time to say " bow-wow ! "
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the nice things there :
The soup he swallows, sup by sup—
And eats the pies and puddings up.

Dr. Heinric' Hoffmann.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

THERE was a little fellow once,
And Harry was his name ;
And many a naughty trick had he—
I tell it to his shame.

He minded not his friends' advice,
But follow'd his own wishes ;
And one most cruel trick of his,
Was that of catching fishes.

His father had a little pond,
Where often Harry went ;
And in this most inhuman sport,
He many an ev'ning spent.

One day he took his hook and bait,
And hurried to the pond,
And there began the cruel game,
Of which he was so fond.

And many a little fish he caught,
And pleas'd was he to look,
To see them writhe in agony,
And struggle on the hook.

At last, when having caught enough,
And tired, too, himself,
He hasten'd home, intending there
To put them on a shelf.

But as he jump'd to reach a dish,
To put his fishes in,
A large meat hook, that hung close by,
Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Harry kick'd and call'd aloud,
And scream'd and cried, and roar'd,
While from his wound the crimson blood
In dreadful torrents pour'd.

The maids came running, frightened
much
To see him hanging there,
And soon they took him from the
hook,
And sat him in chair.

The surgeon came and stopp'd the
blood,
And up he bound his head ;
And then they carried him up stairs,
And laid him on his bed.

Conviction darted on his mind,
 As groaning there he lay,
 He with remorse and pity thought
 About his cruel play.

"And oh!" said he, "poor little fish,
 What tortures you have borne;
 While I, well pleas'd, have stood to see
 Their tender bodies torn;

"O! what a wicked boy I've been,
 Such torments to bestow;
 Well I deserve the pain I feel,
 Since I could serve them so:

"But now I know how great the smart,
 How terrible the pain!
 As long as I can *feel* myself,
 I'll never fish again."

Jane Taylor.

THE CHATTERBOX.

FROM morning till night it was Lucy's
 delight,
 To chatter and talk without stopping;
 There was not a day but she rattled
 away,
 Like water for ever a dropping!

No matter at all if the subject were
 small,
 Or not worth the trouble of saying,
 'Twas equal to her, she would talking
 prefer,
 To working, or reading, or playing.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there
 would have been gaps
 If she had not been wonderfully
 clever;
 That her sense was so great, and so
 witty her pate
 It would be forthcoming for ever.

But that's quite absurd, for, have you
 not heard,
 That much tongue and few brains are
 connected;
 That they are supposed to think least
 who talk most
 And their wisdom is always sus-
 pected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled
 her tongue,
 With a little good sense and exertion,
 Who knows but she might now have
 been our delight,
 Instead of our jest and aversion?

Jane Taylor.

THE WORM.

As Sally sat upon the ground,
 A little crawling worm she found
 Among the garden dirt;
 And when she saw the worm she
 scream'd,
 And ran away and cried, and seem'd
 As if she had been hurt.

Mamma, afraid some serious harm
 Made Sally scream, was in alarm,
 And left the parlour then;
 But when the cause she came to learn,
 She bade her daughter back return,
 To see the worm again.

The worm they found kept writhing
 round,
 Until it sank beneath the ground;
 And Sally learned that day,
 That worms are very harmless things,
 With neither teeth, nor claws, nor
 stings
 To frighten her away.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THROWING STONES.

LITTLE Tom Jones
 Would often throw stones,
 And often he had a good warning;
 And now I will tell
 What Tommy befell,
 From his rudeness one fine summer's
 morning.

He was taking the air
 Upon Trinity Square,
 And, as usual, large stones he was
 jerking;
 Till at length a hard cinder
 Went plump through a window
 Where a party of ladies were working.

Tom's aunt, when in town,
Had left him a crown
For her nephew (her name was Miss
Frazier),
Which he thought to have spent,
But now it all went
(And it served him quite right to the
glazier.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

And then they skip and then they run !
The black-a-moor enjoys the fun.
They have been made as black as crows,
Quite black all over, eyes and nose,
And legs and arms and heads and toes,
And trousers, pinafores and toys,—
The silly little inky boys !
Because they set up such a roar,
And teas'd the harmless black-a-moor.

Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann.

THE STORY OF THE INKY BOYS.

As he had often done before,
The Woolly-headed black-a-moor
One nice fine summer's day went out
To see the shops and walk about ;
And as he found it hot, poor fellow.
He took with him his green umbrella.
Then Edward, little noisy wag,
Ran out and laughed, and waved his
flag ;
And William came in jacket trim
And brought his wooden hoop with
him ;
And Arthur, too, snatched up his toys
And joined the other naughty boys ;
So, one and all set up a roar
And laughed and hooted more and
more,
And kept on singing—only think !—
“ Oh ! Blacky, you're as black as ink.”

Now tall Agrippa lived close by—
So tall he almost reached the sky ;
He had a mighty inkstand too,
In which a great goose-feather grew ;
He call'd out in an angry tone :
“ Boys, leave the black-a-moor alone !
For if he tries with all his might,
He cannot change from black to white.”
But ah ! they did not mind a bit
What great Agrippa said of it ;
But went on laughing as before,
And hooting at the black-a-moor.

Then great Agrippa foams with rage,
(Oh ! could I draw him on this page !)
He seizes Arthur, seizes Ned,
Takes William by his little head ;
And they may scream and kick and call,
Into the ink he dips them all ;
Into the inkstand, one, two, three,
Till they are black as black can be ;

I WILL.

“ I WILL go out,” Louisa cried,
“ No matter for the rain ;
I will not always be denied,
I tell you so again.”

“ Wait till to-morrow,” Patty said,
“ And then the sun may shine ; ”
Louisa heeded not the maid,
But said “ It *then* was fine.”

Away she went, a shower came on,
And wet her hat all o'er ;
It was not fit to look upon,
Though new the day before

Mamma no other will allow ;
And, when her child complains,
Answers, “ You had your will, and
Must wear this for your pains.”

Mary Elliott.

THE TRUANT.

CHILDREN who delight to ramble
When it is not holiday,
And o'er hedge and ditch to scramble
All for love of truant play ;

Must have tasks and lessons double
To make up for time misspent ;
And, besides this double trouble,
Must have proper punishment.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

DANGEROUS SPORT.

POOR Peter was burnt by a poker one
day,
When he made it look pretty and red ;

or the beautiful sparks made him
thin it fine play,
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happen'd, his finger
and thumb

Were terribly scorched by the heat ;
An' he scream'd out aloud for his
mother to come,
And stamp'd on the floor with his
feet.

Now, if Peter had minded his mother's
command,

His fingers would not have been sore :
And he promised again, as she bound
up his hand,
To play with hot pokers no more.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SUCK- A-THUMB.

ONE day, Mamma said, "Conrad, dear,
I must go out and leave y u here.
But mi'd now, Conrad, hat I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs ;
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissiors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off, and
then
You know, they never grow again."

Mamma had scarcely turned her back
The thumb was in, Alack, Alack !

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor-man.
Oh ! children, see ! the tailor's come
And caught out little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip ! Snap ! Snip the scissiors go ;
And Conrad cries out, Oh ! oh ! oh !
Snip ! Snap ! Snip ! They go so fast
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home ; there Conrad
stands,
And looks quite sa'l, and shows his
hands—

"Ah !" said Mamma, "I knew he'd
come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."

Dr Heinrich Hoffmann.

THE CRUEL BOY.

JACK PARKER was a cruel boy,
For mischief was his sole employ ;
And much it grieved his friends to find
His thoughts so wickedly inclined.

He thought it clever to deceive,
And often rambled without leave ;
And ev'ry animal he met
He dearly loved to plague and fret.

But all such boys, unless they mend,
May come to an unhappy end,
Like Jack, who got a fracture'd skull
Whilst bellowing at a furious bull.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

LITTLE BOY AND HOOP.

ONE time I knew a little Boy,
So very fond of play,
He would not leave a new-seen toy
For all that Nurse could say.

One day a Hoop, quite new and nice,
Was brought him from the fair ;
Away he scampered in a trice,
Forgetting how and where.

Now Nurse had dress'd him very neat ;
His shoes quite new he wore ;
His trousers white, his dress complete,
With buckled belt before.

He struck his hoop ; away it went—
He struck it round and round,—
To watch the hoop his eyes were bent,
Nor saw the sloping ground.

How lucky for that idle child,
The Gardener near the stream
Marked how this play his steps be-
guiled,
And heard his plunging scream.

With hasty steps the Gardener ran,
And snatched the sinking boy.
Who soon had perished, but the Man
Knew well the treacherous toy.

Hoops, in their proper time and place,
Are good and fit for play :
But 'tis not safe, in any case,
Near water's brink to sta

THE LAST NEW DOLL.

SOPHIA begg'd her sister, Grace,
The last new doll to bring;
And show'd a pretty bit of lace,
To dress the little thing.

It would, she thought, go round its cap;
Indeed, for that 'twas bought;
Careful she laid it in her lap,
Till Grace the baby brought.

Grace soon came back, and in her arms
A doll that once was new;
But ah! quite faded were its charms,
Quite frightful to the view.

"This your new doll?" Sophia cries,
"You make me blush, dear Grace;
More careful must you be, and wise,
Before I give my lace."

Mary Elliot.

FEIGNED COURAGE.

HORATIO, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane,
And, as the fumes of valour swelled his
pate,

Now thought himself *this* hero, and
now *that* :

"And now," he cried, "I will Achilles
be;

My sword I brandish; see, the Trojans
flee!

Now I'll be Hector, when his angry
blade

A lane through heaps of slaughtered
Grecians made!

And now by deeds still braver I'll
evince

I am no less than Edward the Black
Prince.

Give way, ye coward French!" As
thus he spoke,

And aimed in fancy a sufficient stroke
To fix the fate of Cressy or Poitiers
(The Muse relates the hero's fate with
tears);

He struck his milk-white hand against
a nail,

Sees his own blood, and feels his courage
fail.

Ah! where is now that boasted valour
flown,
That in the tented field so late was
shown!
Achilles weeps, Great Hector hangs his
head,
And the Black Prince goes whimpering
to bed.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

DRAWING TEETH.

MISS LUCY WRIGHT, though not so tall,
Was just the age of Sophy Ball;
But I have always understood,
Miss Sophy was not half so good;
For as they both had faded teeth.
Their teacher sent for Doctor Heath:
But Sophy made a dreadful rout,
And would not have hers taken out;
But Lucy Wright endur'd the pain,
Nor did she ever once complain;
Her teeth returned quite sound and
white,
While Sophy's ached both day and
night.

Mrs Elizabeth Turner.

GOING TO BED.

THE babe was in the cradle laid,
And Tom had said his prayers.
When Frances told the nursery-maid
She would not go upstairs.

She cried so loud, her mother came
To ask the reason why:
And said, "Oh, Frances, fie! for
shame!
Oh, fie! oh, fie! oh, fie!"

But Frances was more naughty still,
And Betty sadly nipp'd;
Until her Mother said, "I will—
I must have Frances whipp'd."

For, oh! how naughty 'tis to cry,
But worse, much worse to fight,
Instead of running readily,
And calling out, Good-night!

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

BREAKFAST.

A DINNER party, coffee, tea,
Sandwich, or supper—all may be
In their way pleasant. But to me
None of these deserves the praise
Of a welcomer of new-born days,
At breakfast, merits; ever giving
Cheerful notice we are living
Another day refreshed by sleep
When its festival we keep.
Now although I would not slight
Those kindly words we use, "Good-
night,"

Yet parting words are words of sorrow,
And may not vie with sweet "Good-
morning,"

With which again our friends we greet,
When in the breakfast-room we meet,
At the social table round,
Listening to the lively sound
Of those notes which never tire,
Of urn, or kettle on the fire.

Sleepy Robert never hears
Of urn or kettle; he appears
When all have finished, one by one
Dropping off, and breakfast done.
Yet has he, too, his own pleasure,
His breakfast hour's his hour of
leisure;

And, left alone, he reads or muses,
Or else in idle mood he uses
To sit and watch the venturous fly,
Where the sugar's piled high,
Clambering o'er the humps so white,
Rocky cliffs of sweet delight.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE TWO BOYS.

I SAW a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all;
Which, when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call:
"You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a
sigh
He wished he never had been taught
to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should
have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy.
I soon perceived another boy
Who looked as if he'd not had any
Food for that day at least, enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern-
larder.

This boy's case, thought I, is surely
harder,
Thus hungry longing, thus without a
penny,
Beholding choice of dainty dressed
meat:
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had
learned to eat.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

JANE AND ELIZA.

THERE were two little girls neither
handsome nor plain,
One's name was Eliza, the other's was
Jane;
They were both of one height, as I've
heard people say,
And both of one age, I believe, to a
day.

'Twas thought by some people who
slightly had seen them,
There was not a pin to be chosen
between them;
But no one for long in this notion
persisted,
So great a distinction there *really*
existed.

Eliza knew well that she could not be
pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulk-
ing or teasing;
And therefore in company artfully
tried,
Not to *break* her bad habits, but only
to *hide*.

So, when she was out, with much
labour and pain,
She contrived to look *almost* as pleas-
ing as Jane;
But then you might see that, in forcing
a smile,
Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all
the while.

But in spite of her care it would sometimes befall
That some cross event happened to ruin it all ;
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always showed what her bosom was feeling.

The smiles that upon her sweet countenance were,
At home or abroad they were constantly there ;
And Eliza worked hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.

Ann Taylor.

THE DESSERT.

With the apples and the plums,
Little Carolina comes ;
At the time of the dessert she comes and drops her last new curtsy ;
Graceful curtsy, practised o'er in the nursery before.
What shall we compare her to ?
The dessert itself will do.
Like preserves, she's kept with care,
Like blanched almonds, she is fair,
Soft as down on peach her hair,
And so soft, so smooth is each
Pretty cheek as that same peach,
Yet more like in hue to cherries ;
Then her lips, the sweet strawberries,
Caroline herself shall try them
If they are not like when nigh them ;
Her bright eyes are black as sloes,
But I think we've none of those
Common fruit here ; and her chin
From a round point does begin,
Like the small end of a pear ;
Whiter drapery she does wear

Than the frost on cake ; and sweeter
Than the cake itself, and neater,
Though bedecked with emblems fine,
Is our little Caroline.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

HERE in this wiry prison where I sing,
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly,
Unable once to stretch my feeble wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky :

Day after day the self-same things I see—

The cold white ceiling, and this wiry house ;
Ah ! how unlike my healthy native tree,
Rock'd by the winds that whistled thro' the boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with flowers,
And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay ;
But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray !

Oh ! how I long to stretch my weary wings,
And fly away as far as eye can see ;
And from the topmost bough, when Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods and hedges green ;
Torn from my tender mother's doomy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen ?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in many choirs ?
And I, poor lonely I, forbid to join,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires !

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pity-
ing hand,
Unbar my prison-door, and set me
free ;
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take
my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and
to thee.

Ann Taylor.

THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the
hill,
In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
With the few scatter'd ears she can
glean.

She never leaves off to run out of her
place,
To play or to idle or chat ;
Except now and then, just to wipe her
hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

" Poor girl, hard at work in the heat
of the sun,
How tir'd and warm you must be ;
Why don't you leave off, as the others
have done,
And sit with them under the tree ? "

" Oh, no ! for my mother lies ill in her
bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit ;
And my poor little brothers are crying
for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

" Then could I be merry, and idle and
play,
While they are so hungry and ill ?
Oh, no ! I would rather work hard all the
day,
My little blue apron to fill."

Jane Taylor.

WEEDING.

As busy Aurelia, 'twixt work and 'twixt
play,
Was labouring industriously hard
To cull the vile weeds from the flowerets
away,
Which grew in her father's court-
yard ;

In her juvenile anger, wherever she
found,
She plucked, and she pulled, and she
tore ;
The poor passive sufferers bestrewed all
the ground ;
Not a weed of them all she forbore.

At length 'twas her chance on some
nettles to light
(Things, till then, she had scarcely
heard named) ;
The vulgar intruders called forth all
her spite ;
In a transport of rage she exclaimed :

" Shall briars so unsightly and worth-
less as those
Their great sprawling leaves thus
presume
To mix with the pink, the jonquil, and
the rose,
And take up a flower's sweet room ? "

On the odious offenders enraged she
flew,
But she presently found to her cost
A tingling unlooked for, a pain that
was new,
And rage was in agony lost.

To her father she hastily fled for relief,
And told him her pain and her
smart ;
With kindly caresses he soothed her
grief,
Then smiling, he took the weed's
part.

" The world, my Aurelia, this garden
of ours
Resembles ; too apt we're to deem
In the world's large garden ourselves as
the flowers,
And the poor but as weeds to
esteem.

" But them if we rate, or with rude-
ness repel,
Though some will be passive enough,
From others who're more independent
'tis well
If we meet not a stinging rebuff."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE OFFER.

"TELL me, would you rather be
Changed by a fairy to the fine
Young orphan heiress Geraldine,
Or still be Emily ?

"Consider, ere you answer me,
How many blessings are procur'd
By riches, and how much endured
By chilling poverty."

After a pause, said Emily :
"In the words orphan heiress I
Find many a solid reason why
I would not changéd be.

"What though I live in poverty,
And have of sisters eight—so many
That few indulgences, if any,
Fall to the share of me ;

"Think you that for wealth I'd be
Of even the least of them bereft,
Or lose my parent, and be left
An orphaned Emily ?

"Still should I be Emily,
Although I looked like Geraldine ;
I feel within this heart of mine
No change could workéd be."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little ladies, named Mary
and Ann,
Both happily live, as good girls always
can ;
And tho' they are not either sullen or
mute,
They seldom or never are heard to
dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other can
get,
They don't go to fighting and crying
for it ;
But each one is willing to give up her
right,
For they'd rather have *nothing* than
quarrel and fight.

If one of them happens to have some
thing nice,
Directly she offers her sister slice ;
And not like to some greedy children
I've known,
Who would go in a corner to eat it
alone.

When papa or mamma has a job to
be done,
These good little girls will immediately
run ;
And not stand disputing which of them
should go ;
They would be ashamed to behave
themselves so.

Whatever occurs, in their work or their
play,
They are willing to yield and give up
their own way ;
Then let us all try their example to
mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and
kind.

Jane Taylor.

THE BOY AND SNAKE.

HENRY was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took,
And ate it by a purling brook
Which through his mother's orchard
ran.

From that time ever when he can
Escape his mother's eye, he there
Takes his food in th' open air.
Finding the child delight to eat
Abroad, and make the grass his seat,
His mother lets him have his way.
With free leave Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine *grey bird*.
This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
Came every day with him to feed,
And it loved him, and loved his milk,
And it was smooth and soft like silk.
His mother thought she'd go and see
What sort of bird this same might be.
So the next morn she follows Harry,
And carefully she sees him carry
Through the long grass his heaped-up
mess.
What was her terror and distress,

When she saw the infant take
 His bread and milk close to a snake !
 Upon the grass he spreads his feet,
 And sits down by his frightful guest,
 Who had waited for the treat ;
 And now they both begin to eat.
 Fond mother ! shriek not, O beware
 The least small noise ; O have a care—
 The least small noise that may be made,
 The wily snake will be afraid—
 If he hear the lightest sound,
 He will inflict the envenomed wound.
 She speaks not, moves not, scarce does
 breathe,

As she stands the trees beneath ;
 No sound she utters ; and she soon
 Sees the child lift up its spoon,
 And tap the snake upon the head,
 Fearless of harm ; and then he said,
 As speaking to familiar mate,
 " Keep on your own side, do, Grey
 Pate."

The snake then to the other side,
 As one rebuked, seems to glide ;
 And now again advancing nigh,
 Again she hears the infant cry,
 Tapping the snake : " Keep further,
 do ;

Mind, Grey Pate, what I say to you."
 The danger's o'er—she sees the boy
 (O what a change from fear to joy !)
 Rise and bid the snake " Good-bye ;"
 Says he : " Our breakfast's done, and I
 Will come again to-morrow day ;"
 Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

A CREOLE boy from the West Indies
 brought,
 To be in European learning taught,
 Some years before to Westminster he
 went,
 To a preparatory school was sent.
 When from his artless tale the mistress
 found
 The child had not one friend on English
 ground,
 She, even as if he his own mother were,
 Made the dark Indian her peculiar care.
 Oft on her favourite's future lot she
 thought ;
 To know the bent of his young mind
 she sought.

For much the kind preceptress wished
 to find
 To what profession he was most in-
 clined,
 That where his genius led they might
 him train ;
 For nature's kindly bent she held not
 vain.

But vain her efforts to explore his will,
 Till on a day at length he to her came,
 Joy sparkling in his eyes ; And said,
 the same
 Trade he would be those boys of
 colour were,
 Who danced so happy in the open air.
 It was a troop of chimney-sweeping
 boys,
 With wooden music and obstreperous
 noise,
 In tarnished finery and grotesque array,
 Were dancing in the street the first of
 May.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY TREE.

FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
 Hanging on a cherry tree,
 And he said, " You pretty cherries,
 Will you not come down to me ?"

" Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
 " We would rather stay up here ;
 If we ventured down this morning,
 You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
 Dangled from a slender twig.
 " You are beautiful," said Freddie,
 " Red and ripe, and oh, how big !"

" Catch me," said the cherry, " catch
 me,
 Little master, if you can."
 " I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
 " If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
 Standing high upon his toes ;
 But the cherry bobbed about,
 And laughed, and tickled Freddie's
 nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie.
 "I shall have them when it's right."
 But a blackbird whistled boldly,
 "I shall eat them all to-night."

Mrs. Hawkshawe.

**WRITTEN IN THE FIRST
 LEAF OF A CHILD'S
 MEMORANDUM-BOOK.**

My neat and pretty book, when I thy
 small lines see,
 They seem for any use to be unfit for
 me.
 My writing, all misshaped, uneven to
 my mind,
 Within this narrow space can hardly
 be confined.
 Yet I will strive to make my hand
 less awkward look;
 I would not willingly disgrace thee, my
 neat book.
 The finest pens I'll use, and wondrous
 pains I'll take,
 And I these perfect lines my monitors
 will make.
 And every day I will set down in order
 due,
 How that day wasted is; and should
 there be a few
 At the year's end that show more
 goodly to the sight,
 If haply here I find some days not
 wasted quite,
 If a small portion of them I have
 passed aright,
 Then shall I think the year not wholly
 was misspent,
 And that my Diary has been by some
 good angel sent.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

WHICH IS THE FAVOURITE?

BROTHERS and sisters I have many;
 Though I know there is not any
 Of them but I love, yet I
 Will just name them all; and try
 If there be one a little more
 Loved by me than all the rest.
 Yes; I do think, that I love best
 My brother Henry, because he
 Has always been most fond of me.

Yet, to be sure, there's Isabel;
 I think I love her quite as well.
 And, I assure you, little Ann,
 No brother nor no sister can
 Be more dear to me than she.
 Only I must say, Emily,
 Being the eldest, it's right her
 To all the rest I should prefer.
 Yet after all I've said, suppose
 My greatest favourite should be Rose?
 No; John and Paul are both more dear
 To me than Rose, that's always here,
 While they are half the year at school;
 And yet that neither is no rule.
 I see them all—there's only seven;
 I find my love to all so even,
 To every sister, every brother,
 I love not one more than another.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

**"WHY NOT DO IT, SIR, TO-
 DAY?"**

"WHY so I will, you noisy bird,
 This very day I'll advertise you,
 Perhaps some busy one may buy you.
 A fine-tongued parrot as was ever
 heard,
 I'll word it thus—set forth all charms
 about you,
 And say no family should be without
 you."

Thus far a gentleman addressed a bird.
 Then to his friend: "An old procrastinator,
 Sir, I am; do you wonder that I hate
 her?
 Though she but seven words can say,
 Twenty and twenty times a day,
 She interferes with all my dreams,
 My projects, plans, and airy schemes,
 Mocking my foible to my sorrow:
 I'll advertise this bird to-morrow."

To this the bird seven words did say:
 "Why not do it, sir, to-day?"

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE TWO BEES.

BUT a few words could William say,
 And those few could not speak plain;
 Yet thought he was a man one day;
 Never saw I boy so vain.

From what could vanity proceed
 In such a little lisping lad ?
 Or was it vanity indeed ?
 Or was he only very glad ?

For he without his maid may go
 To the heath with elder boys,
 And pluck ripe berries where they grow ;
 Well may William then rejoice.

Be careful of your little charge ;
 Elder boys, let him not rove ;
 The heath is wide, the heath is large,
 From your sight he must not move.

But rove he did, they had not been
 One short hour the heath upon.
 When he was nowhere to be seen :
 "Where," said they, "is William
 gone ?"

Mind not the elder boys' distress ;
 Let them run, and let them fly.
 Their own neglect and giddiness
 They are justly suffering by.

William his little basket filled
 With his berries ripe and red ;
 Then, naughty boy, two bees he killed,
 Under foot he stamped them dead.

William had coursed them o'er the
 heath,
 After them his steps did wander ;
 When he was nearly out of breath,
 The last bee his foot was under.

A cruel triumph which did not
 Last but a moment's space,
 For now he finds that he has got
 Out of sight of every face

What are the berries now to him ?
 What the bees which he has slain ?
 Fear now possesses every limb,
 He cannot trace his steps again.

The poor bees William had affrighted
 In more terror did not haste
 Than he from bush to bush, benighted
 And alone amid the waste.

Late in the night the child was found.
 He who these two bees had crushed
 Was lying on the cold damp ground,
 Sleep had then his sorrows hushed.

A fever followed from the fright,
 And from sleeping in the dew ;
 He many a day, and many a night
 Suffered, ere he better grew.

His aching limbs while sick he lay
 Made him learn the crushed bees'
 pain ;
 Oft would he to his mother say,
 "I ne'er will kill a bee again."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE PEACH.

MAMMA gave us a single peach,
 She shared it among seven ;
 Now you may think that unto each
 But a small piece was given.

Yet though each share was very small,
 We owned when it was eaten,
 Being so little for us all
 Did its fine flavour heighten.

The tear was in our parents' eye,
 It seemed quite out of season ;
 When we asked wherefore did she cry,
 She thus explained the reason :

"The cause, my children, I may say,
 Was joy and not dejection ;
 The peach which made you all so gay,
 Gave rise to this reflection :

"It's many a mother's lot to share,
 Seven hungry children viewing,
 A morsel of the coarsest fare,
 As I this peach was doing."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE ORANGE.

THE month was June, the day was hot.
 And Philip had an orange got ;
 The fruit was fragrant, tempting,
 bright,
 Refreshing to the smell and sight ;
 Not of that puny size which calls
 Poor customers to common stalls,
 But large and massy, full of juice,
 As any Lima can produce.
 The liquor would, if squeezéd out,
 Have filled a tumbler—thereabout.

The happy boy with greedy eyes,
 Surveys and re-surveys his prize.
 He turns it round, and longs to drain,
 And with the juice his lips to stain,
 His throat and lips were parched with
 heat;

The orange seemed to cry, "*Come, eat.*"
 He from his pocket draws a knife,
 When in his thoughts there rose a
 strife,

Which folks experience when they wish,
 Yet scruple, to begin a dish,
 And by their hesitation own
 It is too good to eat alone.
 But appetite o'er indecision
 Prevails, and Philip makes incision.

The melting fruit in quarters came,—
 Just then there passed by a dame,
 One of the poorer sort she seemed,
 As by her garb you would have deemed,
 Who in her toil-worn arms did hold
 A sickly infant ten months old;
 That from a fever caught in spring,
 Was slowly then recovering.
 The child, attracted by the view
 Of that fair orange, feebly threw
 A languid look—perhaps the smell
 Convinced it that there sure must
 dwell

A corresponding sweetness there,
 Where lodged a scent so good and rare—
 Perhaps the smell the fruit did give
 Felt healing and restorative—
 For never had the child been graced
 To know such dainties by their taste.

When Philip saw the infant crave,
 He straightway to the mother gave
 His quartered orange; nor would stay
 To hear her thanks, but tripped away.
 Then to the next clear spring he ran
 To quench his drought, a happy man.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE USE OF SIGHT.

"WHAT, Charles returned!" Papa ex-
 claimed,

"How short your walk has been!
 But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
 Come, tell me what you've seen."

"So tedious, stupid, dull a walk!"
 Said Charles: "I'll go no more;
 First stopping here, then lagging there,
 O'er this and that to pore."

"I crossed the fields near Woodland
 House,
 And just went up the hill;
 Then by the river-side came down,
 Near Mr. Fairplay's mill."

Now Tom and Julia both ran in;
 "Oh, dear papa!" said they,
 "The sweetest walk we both have had!
 Oh, what a pleasant day!"

"Near Woodland House we crossed
 the fields,
 And by the mill we came."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Papa, "how's
 this?"

Your brother did the same;

"But very dull he found the walk.
 What have you there? let's see:
 Come, Charles, enjoy this charming
 treat,
 As new to you as me."

"First look, papa, at this small branch,
 Which on a tall oak grew,
 And by its slimy berries white
 The mistletoe we knew."

"A bird all green ran up a tree,
 A woodpecker we call,
 Who, with his strong bill, wounds the
 bark,
 To feed on insects small."

"And many lapwings cried pee-wit;
 And one among the rest
 Pretended lameness to decoy
 Us from her lonely nest."

"Young starlings, martins, swallows,
 all
 Such lovely flocks so gay;
 A heron, too, which caught a fish,
 And with it flew away."

"This bird we found, a kingfisher,
 Though dead, his plumes how bright!
 Do have him stuff'd, my dear papa,
 'Twill be a charming sight."

"When reached the heath, how wide
the space!
The air, how fresh and sweet!
We plucked these flowers and different
heaths,
The fairest we could meet.

"The distant prospect we admired,
The mountains far and blue;
A mansion here, a cottage there;
See, here's the sketch we drew.

"A splendid sight we next beheld,
The glorious setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold;
His daily race was done."

"True taste with knowledge," said
Papa,
By observation's gained;
You've both well used the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtained.

"My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new;
This spy-glass, Tom, you oft desired,
I think it now your due.

"And pretty toys and pretty gifts
For Charles, too, shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE BROKEN DOLL.

AN infant is a selfish sprite;
But what of that? the sweet delight
Which from participation springs
Is quite unknown to these young
things.
We elder children then will smile,
At our dear little John awhile,
And bear with him, until he see
There is a sweet felicity
In pleasing more than only one,
Dear little craving selfish John.

He laughs, and thinks it a fine joke,
That he our new wax doll has broke.
Anger will never teach him better;
We will the spirit and the letter
Of courtesy to him display,
By taking in a friendly way
These baby frolics; till he learn
True sport from mischief to discern.

Reproof a parent's province is:
A sister's discipline is this:
By studied kindness to effect
A little brother's young respect.
What is a doll? a fragile toy.
What is its loss? if the dear boy,
Who half perceives he's done amiss,
Retain impression of the kiss
That followed instant on his cheek;
If the kind loving words we speak
Of "never mind it," "We forgive,"—
If these in his short memory live
Only, perchance, for half a day—
Who minds a doll—if that should lay
The first impression in his mind
That sisters are to brothers kind?
For thus the broken doll may prove
Foundation to fraternal love.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE WOODEN DOLL AND THE WAX DOLL.

THERE were two friends, a charming
pair!
Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine
the fair;
This child to love Brunette did still
incline,
And much Brunette loved sweet Blan-
chidine.
Brunette in dress was neat, yet won-
drous plain,
But Blanchidine of finery was vain.
Now Blanchidine a new acquaintance
made,
A little Miss, most splendidly array'd:
Feathers and laces beauteous to behold,
And Indian frock, with spots of shining
gold.
Said Blanchidine, "a Miss so richly
dress'd,
Surely deserves by all to be caress'd;
To play with me if she will condescend,
Henceforward she shall be my only
friend."
For this new Miss, so dress'd and so
adornd,
Her poor Brunette was slighted, left
and scorn'd.

Of Blanchidine's vast stock of pretty
toys,
A wooden Doll her ev'ry thought
employs:

Its neck so white, so smooth, its cheeks
so red,
She'd kiss, she'd hug, she'd take it to
her ed.

Mamma now brought her home a doll
of wax,
Its hair in ringlets white, and soft as
flax ;
Its eyes could open, and its eyes could
shut,
And on it with much taste its clothes
were put.
"My dear wax doll," sweet Blanchidine
would cry,
Her doll of wood was thrown neglected
by.

One summer's day, 'twas in the month
of June,
The sun blazed out in all the heat of
noon ;
"My waxen doll!" she cried, "my
dear, my charm!
You feel quite cold, but you shall soon
be warm."
She placed it in the sun—misfortune
dire !
The wax ran down as if before the
fire !
Each beauteous feature quickly dis-
appeared,
And melting left a blank all soil'd and
smear'd.

She stared, she scream'd with horror
and dismay ;
"You odious fright!" she then was
heard to say ;
"For you my silly heart I have
estranged
From my sweet wooden doll that never
changed !
Just so may change my new acquaint-
ance fine,
For whom I left Brunette, that friend
of mine.
No more by outside show will I be
lured,
Of such capricious whims I think I'm
cured ;
To plain old friends my heart shall still
be true,
Nor change for every face because 'tis
new."

Her slighted wooden doll resumed its
charms,
And wrong'd Brunette she clasp'd
within her arms.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A CHARMING present comes from town,
A baby-house quite neat :
With kitchen, parlours, dining room,
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grandpapa it came ;
The little Rosa smiled delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all :
The furniture was gay ;
And in the rooms they placed their
dolls,
When dressed in fine array.

At night, their little candles lit,
And as they must be fed,
To supper down the dolls were placed,
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma passed each hour.
Devoted to their play ;
And long were cheerful, happy, kind—
No cross disputes had they.

Till Rose in baby-house would change
The chairs that were below ;
"This carpet they would better suit ;
I think I'll have it so."

"No, no, indeed," her sister said,
"I'm older, Rose, than you ;
And I'm the pet—the house is mine ;
Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height,
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in, beheld the floor
All strewn with broken toys.

"Oh, fie, my Emma! naughty Rose !
Say, why thus sulk and pout ?
Remember, this is New Year's Day,
And both are going out."

Now Betty calls the little girls
To come upstairs and dress ;
They still revile, with threats and
taunts,
And angry rage express.

But just prepared to leave their room,
Persisting yet in strife,
Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap,
As void of sense or life.

Mamma appeared at Betty's call,
John for the doctor goes ;
The measles, he begins to think,
Dread symptoms all disclose.

"But though I stay, my Emma, you
May go and spend the day."
"Oh, no, mamma," replied the child,
"Do suffer me to stay.

"Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,
And watch her with such care ;
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,
Till she my pleasure share

"How silly now seems our dispute,
Not one of us she knows ;
How pale she looks, how hard she
breathes :
Poor, pretty little Rose."

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

DEAR Agatha, I give you joy,
And much admire your pretty toy ;
A mansion in itself complete,
And fitted to give guests a treat ;
With couch and table, chest and chair,
The bed or supper to prepare ;
We almost wish to change ourselves
To fairy forms of tripping elves,
To press the velvet couch and eat
From tiny cups the sugared meat.
I much suspect that many a sprite
Inhabits it at dead of night ;
That, as they dance, the listening ear
The pat of fairy feet might hear ;
That just as you have said your prayers,
They hurry-scurry down the stairs :
And you'll do well to try to find
Some little thing they've left behind.

Mrs. Barbauld.

THE GOOD GIRL.

MISS LYDIA BANKS, though very young,
Will never do what's rude or wrong ;
When spoken to, she always tries
To give the most polite replies.

Observing what at school she's taught,
She turns her toes as children ought :
And when return'd at night from school
She never lolls on chair or stool.

Some children, when they write, we
know,
Their ink about them heedless throw ;
But she, though young, has learn'd to
think,
That clothes look spoil'd with spots of
ink.

Perhaps some little girl may ask,
If Lydia always learns her task ;
With pleasure I can answer this,
Because with truth I answer, "Yes"

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE.

MY Fanny. I have news to tell,
Your diligence quite pleases me ;
You've worked so neatly, read so well,
With cousin Jane you may drink tea.

But pray, my dear, remember this,
Al though to stay you should incline,
Though warmly pressed by each kind
miss,
I wish you to return by nine.

With many thanks th' attentive child
Assured mamma she would obey ;
When washed and dressed she kissed
and smiled,
And with the maid she went away.

When reached her cousin's, she was
shown
To where her little friends were met ;
And when her coming was made known,
Around her flocked the cheerful set.

They dance, they play, they sweetly
sing,
In every sport each child partakes,
And now the servants sweetmeats bring,
With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

In comes papa, and says, "My dears,
The magic lantern if you'd see,
And that which on the wall appears,
Leave off your play and follow me."

While Frances, too, enjoyed the sight,
Where moving figures all combine
To raise her wonder and delight,
She hears the parlour clock strike
nine.

The boy walks in ; "Miss, Ann is come."
"Oh dear, how soon !" the children
cry ;
They press, but Fanny will go home,
And bids her little friends good-bye.

"My dear mamma, am I not good ?"
"You are, indeed," mamma replies ;
"But when you said, I thought you
would
Return, and thus you've won a prize.

"This way, my love, and see the man
Whom I desired at nine to call."
Down stairs young Frances quickly ran,
And found him waiting in the hall.

"Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy,
A parrot, or macaw so gay ;
A speckled dove with scarlet eye ;
But quickly choose, I cannot stay.

"Would you a Java sparrow love ?"
"No, no, I thank you," said the child ;
"I'll have a beauteous cooing dove,
So harmless, innocent, and mild"

"Your choice, my Fanny, I commend ;
Few birds can with the dove com-
pare ;
But, lest it pine without a friend,
You may, my dear, choose out a pair."

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

LUCY'S CANARY.

BEFORE AND AFTER BREAKFAST.

"Sing sweet, my bird ; oh ! sing. I
pray,
My pretty yellow bird !
This is the lovely month of MAY,
When songs of birds are heard.

"You droop your head—you fold your
wing,
Tho' surely you are well ;
Then, dear Canary, why not sing ?
Your sorrow to me tell."

Miss Lucy question'd still her pet ;
Her elder sister came,
And said, "Dear Lucy, do not fret,
If ill, *you're* not to blame ;

"For constantly I've seen you give
Your bird his drink and food
After your breakfast, I believe ;—
My Lucy's kind and good."

Then Lucy gave a bitter cry,
And quick the cage took down,
No seed ! no water !—all was dry ;
His life had nearly flown !

Her sister took the drooping bird,
And gently water gave him,
And long she watch'd—and greatly
fear'd
That she could never save him !

Poor Lucy wept with grief and shame,—
But, oh ! what joy to see
The bird revive—and look the same,
And perch most merrily !

"Thanks, dearest sister ; from this
day,
Before my breakfast, I'll attend
My precious bird ! and you will say,
No longer I'm his careless friend."

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

TO A LITTLE GIRL GATHER- ING FLOWERS.

SWEETEST ! if thy fairy hand
Culls for me the latest flow'rs,
Smiling, hear me thus demand
Blessings for thy early hours

Be thy promis'd spring as bright
As its opening charms foretell ;
Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy Summer's matron bloom
Bless'd with blossoms sweet like thee ;
May no tempest's sudden doom
Blast thy hope's fair nursery !

May thine Autumn, calm, serene,
 Never want some ling'ring flow'r,
 Which affection's hand may glean,
 Though the darkling mists may
 low'r !

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
 Tranquil conscience, peace, and love ;
 And thy wintry nights display
 Streams of glorious light above.

Mrs. Tighe.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE Ann and her mother were walk-
 ing one day

Through London's wide city so fair,
 And business obliged them to go by
 the way

That led them through Cavendish
 Square.

And as they passed by the great house
 of a Lord,

A beautiful chariot there came,
 To take some most elegant ladies
 abroad.

Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were
 seen,

The chariot was painted all o'er ;
 The footmen behind were in silver and
 green,

The horses were prancing before.

Little Ann by her mother walk'd silent
 and sad,

A tear trickled down from her eye ;
 Till her mother said, " Ann, I should
 be very glad

To know what it is makes you cry."

" Mamma," said the child, " see that
 carriage so fair,

All cover'd with varnish and gold,
 Those ladies are riding so charmingly
 there,

While we have to walk in the cold :

" You say God is kind to the folks that
 are good,

But surely it cannot be true ;
 Or else I am certain, almost, that He
 would

Give such a fine carriage to you."

" Look there, little girl," said her
 mother, " and see,
 What stands at that very coach door ;
 A poor ragged beggar, and listen how
 she
 A halfpenny stands to implore.

" All pale is her face, and deep sunk is
 her eye,

Her hands look like skeleton's bones ;
 She has got a few rags just about her
 to tie ;

And her naked feet bleed on the
 stones.

" ' Dear ladies,' she cries, and the tears
 trickle down,

" ' Relieve a poor beggar, I pray ;
 I've wandered all hungry about this
 wide town

And not eaten a morsel to-day.

" ' My father and mother are long ago
 dead,

My brother sails over the sea ;
 And I've not a rag, or a morsel of bread,
 As plainly, I'm sure, you may see.

" ' A fever I caught, which was terribly
 bad,

But no nurse or physic had I ;
 An old dirty shed was the house that
 I had,
 And only on straw could I lie.

" ' And now that I'm better, yet feeble,
 and faint,

And famish'd, and naked, and cold
 I wander about with my grievous com-
 plaint,
 And seldom get aught but a scold.

" ' Some will not attend to my pitiful
 call,

Some think me a vagabond cheat ;
 And scarcely a creature relieves me at
 all,
 The thousands that traverse the
 street.

" ' Then ladies, dear ladies, your pity
 bestow ; ' "

Just then a tall footman came round,
 And asking the ladies which way they
 would go,
 The chariot turn'd off with a bound.

"Ah! see, little girl," then her mother
replied,
"How foolish it was to complain;
If you would have look'd on the contrary
side,
Your tears would have dried up
again.

"Your house, and your friends, and
your victuals and bed,
'Twas God in His mercy that gave:
You did not deserve to be cover'd and
fed,
Yet all of these blessings you have.

"This poor little beggar is hungry and
cold,
No father or mother has she;
And while such an object as this you
behold,
Contented indeed you should be.

"A coach, and a footman, and gaudy
attire,
Give little true joy to the breast;
To be good is the thing you should
chiefly desire,
And then leave to God all the rest."

Ann Taylor.

WHAT IS FANCY?

SISTER.

I AM to write three lines, and you
Three others that will rhyme.
There—now I've done my task.

BROTHER.

Three stupid lines as e'er I knew.
When you've the pen next time,
Some question of me ask.

SISTER.

Then tell me, brother, and pray mind,
Brother, you tell me true:
What sort of thing is *fancy*?

BROTHER.

By all that I can ever find,
'Tis something that is very new,
And what no dunces *can see*.

SISTER.

That is not half the way to tell
What *fancy* is about;
So pray now tell me more.

BROTHER.

Sister, I think 'twere quite as well
That you should find it out;
So think the matter o'er.

SISTER.

It's what comes in our heads when we
Play at "Lets-make-believe,"
And when we play at "Guessing."

BROTHER.

And I have heard it said to be
A talent often makes us grieve,
And sometimes proves a blessing.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

READING.

"AND so you do not like to spell,
Mary, my dear; oh, very well:
'Tis dull and troublesome, you say,
And you would rather be at play.

"Then bring me all your books again.
Nay, Mary, why do you complain?
For as you do not choose to read,
You shall not have your books, indeed.

"So as you wish to be a dunce,
Pray go and fetch me them at once;
For if you will not learn to spell,
'Tis vain to think of reading well.

"Now, don't you think you'll blush to
own,
When you become a woman grown,
Without one good excuse to plead,
That you have never learn'd to read?"

"O, dear mamma," said Mary, then,
"Do let me have my books again;
I'll not fret any more, indeed,
If you will let me learn to read."

Jane Taylor.

THE NEW BOOK.

A NEAT little book, full of pictures, was
bought
For a good little girl that was glad to
be taught.
She read all the tales, and then said
to her mother,
I'll lend this new book to my dear little
brother.

He shall look at the pictures and find
O and I,
I'm sure he won't tear it, he's such a
good boy!
Oh, no! brother Henry knows better
indeed,
Although he's too young, yet, to spell
or to read.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

MARIA intended a letter to write,
But could not begin (as she thought)
to indite;
So went to her mother with pencil and
slate,
Containing "Dear Sister," and also a
date.

"With nothing to say, my dear girl,
do not think
Of wasting your time over paper and
ink;
But certainly this is an excellent way,
To try with your slate to find some-
thing to say.

"I will give you a rule," said her
Mother; "my dear,
Just think for a moment your sister
is here,
And what would you tell her? con-
sider, and then,
Though silent your tongue, you can
speak with your Pen."

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

**THE CHILD IN THE STORY
GOES TO BED.**

I PRYTHEE, Nurse, come smooth my
hair;
And prythee, Nurse, unloose my
shoe,

And trimly turn my silken sheet
Upon my quilt of gentle blue.

My pillow sweet of lavender
Smooth with an amiable hand,
And may the dark pass peacefully by
As in the four-glass droops the sand.

Prepare my cornered manchet sweet,
And in my little crystal cup
Pour out the blithe and flowing mead
That forthwith I may sup.

Withdraw my curtains from the night,
And let the crisp'd crescent shine
Upon my eyelids while I sleep,
And soothe me with her beams
benign.

From far-away there streams the singing
Of the mellifluent nightingale—
Surely if goblins hear her lay,
They shall not o'er my peace prevail.

Now quench my silver lamp, prythee,
And bid the harpers harp that tune,
Fairies which haunt the meadow lands
Sing clearly to the stars of June.

And bid them play, though I in dreams
No longer heed their pining strains,
For I would not to silence wake,
When slumber o'er my senses wanes.

You Angels bright who me defend,
Enshadow me with curv'd wing.
And keep me in the darksome night
Till dawn another day do bring.

Walter Ramal.

**THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-
NIGHT.**

THE sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good-night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good-night! my father, mother dear,
Now kiss your little son;
Good-night! my friends, both far and
near,
Good-night to every one.

Good-night ! ye merry, merry birds,
 Sleep well till morning light ;
 Perhaps if you could sing in words,
 You would have said " Good-night ! "

To all my pretty flowers, good-night !
 You blossom while I sleep ;
 And all the stars that shine so bright,
 With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
 The stars are sparkling there ;
 'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
 And say our evening prayer.

Eliza Lee Follen.

GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed ;
 Soft pillow, O receive my head,
 And thanks, my parents kind,
 These comforts who for me provide ;
 Your precepts still shall be my guide,
 Your love I'll keep in mind

My hours misspent this day I rue,
 My good things done, how very few !
 Forgive my faults, O Lord ;
 This night, if in thy grace I rest,
 To-morrow I may rise refresh'd,
 To keep Thy holy Word

Adelaide O'Keefe.

CRADLE SONGS.

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting
To get a little rabbit-skin
To wrap a baby bunting in.

DANCE my baby diddy,
What shall thy mother do with thee ?
But sit in her lap
And give it some pap,
And dance a baby diddy.

Smile, my baby bonny,
What shall time bring on thee ?
Sorrow and care,
Frowns and grey hair,
So smile my baby bonny.

Laugh, my baby beauty,
What will time do to thee ?
Furrow your cheek,
Wrinkle your neck,
So laugh, my baby beauty.

Dance, my baby deary,
Thy mother will never be weary,
Frolic and play
Now while you may,
And dance, my baby deary.

HUSH-A-BYE baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock ;
When the bough bends, the cradle will
fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle
and all

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair,
And why may I not love Johnny ?
And why may not Johnny love me ?
And why may I not love Johnny,
As well as another body ?
And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.
And why may I not love Johnny ?
And why may not Johnny love me ?
And why may I not love Johnny,
As well as another body ?

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon and
blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the
nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

Lord Tennyson.

SLEEP, SLEEP, BEAUTY BRIGHT.

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep !
When thy little heart doth wake
Then the dreadful light shall break.

William Blake.

SWEET DREAMS FORM A SHADE.

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head ;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover o'er my delight ;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the live-long night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs,
Chase not slumbers from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dove-like moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smiled ;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When he was an infant small ;
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee, on me, on all ;
Who became an infant small ;
Infant smiles are his own smiles ;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

William Blake.

LULLABY, O LULLABY.

LULLABY ! O lullaby !
Baby, hush that little cry !
Light is dying,
Bats are flying,
Bees to-day with work have done ;
So, till comes the morrow's sun,
Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry !
Lullaby ! O lullaby.

Lullaby ! O lullaby !
Hush'd are all things far and nigh ;
Flowers are closing,
Birds reposing,
All sweet things with life are done.
Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry
Lullaby ! O lullaby !

W. C. Bennett.

THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

SLUMBER my darling, no danger is near,
Thy mother sits by thee to guard
thy repose ;
Though the wind roars aloud, not a
breath reaches here,
To shake the white curtains which
round thee do close :
Then slumber, my darling, and sleep
without fear,
Thou art safe from all danger, my
dearest, while here.

What is it the angels do unto thee say,
When thou dost lie smiling so sweet
in thy sleep?

Are they trying, my sweetest, to lure
thee away,

And leave me alone in my sorrow
to weep?

Oh! sometimes I fancy they whisper
thy name,

And would fain bear thee back to the
land whence they came.

Then never, my darling, when thou
growest old,

Forget her who on thy sweet infancy
smiled,

To whom thou wert dearer than jewels
and gold,

Who studied thy looks and thy
wishes, my child,

Who, when thou didst need her, was
never away,

In health or in sickness, by night or
by day.

Thomas Miller.

MY DEAREST BABY, GO TO SLEEP.

My dearest baby, go to sleep,
For now the bright round moon doth
peep

On thy little snow-white bed,
And upon thy pretty head.

The silver stars are shining bright,
And bid my baby dear good-night;
And every bird has gone to rest
Long since in its little nest.

The lambs no longer run and leap.
But by the daisies lie asleep;
The flowers have closed their pretty
eyes
Until the sun again shall rise.

All things are wrapp'd in sweet repose,
The dew falls noiseless on the rose;
So thou must like an angel lie
Till golden morning streaks the sky.

Soon will I gently steal to bed,
And rest beside thy pretty head,
And all night keep thee snug and
warm,
Nestling fondly on my arm.

Then, dearest baby, go to sleep,
While the moon doth on thee peep,
Shining on thy little bed,
And around thy pretty head.

Thomas Miller.

A CRADLE SONG.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they
found Him,
With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing:
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;—
Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!—

May'st thou live to know and fear
Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near Him;
See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire:
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

SLEEP, baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry ?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;
 For whosoever thee offends
 By thy protector threatened are,
 And God and angels are thy friends.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

George Withers.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire
 was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and
 bright ;
 The woods and the glens, from the
 towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby,
 to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly
 it blows !
 It calls but the warders that guard
 thy repose ;

Their bows would be bended, their
 blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near
 to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! the time
 will soon come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by
 trumpet and drum ;
 Then hush thee, my darling ! take
 rest while you may ;
 For strife comes with manhood, and
 waking with day.

Sir Walter Scott.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
 On your pretty cradle bed ;
 Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
 And the light are gone away ;
 All the clothes are tuck'd in tight ;
 Little baby, dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
 How the bitter wind doth blow ;
 And the winter's snow and rain
 Patter on the window-pane ;
 But they cannot come in here,
 To my little baby dear.

For the window shutteth fast,
 Till the stormy night is past,
 And the curtains warm are spread
 Roundabout her cradle bed ;
 So till morning shineth bright,
 Little baby, dear, good night.

June Taylor.

NURSERY RHYMES.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

A was an apple-pie :
B bit it ;
C cut it ;
D dealt it ;
E ate it ;
F fought for it ;
G got it ;
H had it ;
J joined it ;
K kept it ;
L longed for it ;
M mourned for it ;
N nodded at it ;
O opened it ;
P peeped in it ;
Q quartered it ;
R ran for it ;
S stole it ;
T took it ;
V viewed it ;
W wanted it ;
X, Y, Z, and amperse—and
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET.

A WAS an archer, who shot at a frog ;
B was a butcher, he had a great dog ;
C was a captain, all covered with lace ;
D was a drunkard, and had a red face ;
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow ;
F was a farmer, and followed the plough ;
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck ;
I was an innkeeper, who loved to bouse ;
J was a joiner, and built up a house ;
K is King Edward, who governs England ;
L was a lady, who had a white hand ;
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold ;
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold ;
O was an oyster girl, and went about town ;
P was a parson, and wore a black gown ;
Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip ;
R was a robber, who wanted a whip ;
S was a sailor, and spent all he got ;
T was a tinker, and mended a pot ;
U was an usurer, a miserable elf ;
V was a vintner, who drank all himself ;
W was a watchman, and guarded the door ;
X was expensive, and so became poor ;
Y was a youth, that did not love school ;
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
Two tee-totums totally tired of trying
to trot to Tadbury ;
Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny tea ;
Four fat friars fanning fainting fleas ;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing
for flies ;

Six sportsmen shooting snipes ;
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing
 shrimps ;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining
 Europe ;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling non-
 pareils ;
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin
 tinder-boxes with ten tenpenny
 tacks ;
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt ;
 Twelve topographical topographers
 typically translating types.

BIRTHDAYS.

MONDAY's child is fair of face,
 Tuesday's child is full of grace,
 Wednesday's child is full of woe,
 Thursday's child has far to go,
 Friday's child is loving and giving.
 Saturday's child works hard for its
 living.
 And a child that's born on the Sabbath
 day
 Is fair and wise and good and gay.

THIRTY days hath September,
 April, June, and November ;
 February has twenty-eight alone.
 All the rest have thirty-one,
 Excepting leap-year, that's the time
 When February's days are twenty-nine.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
 Division is as bad ;
 The Rule of Three perplexes me
 And Practice drives me mad.

THERE was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
 When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
 When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
 When she had eat two, she had eat a
 couple.

There was a horse going to a mill,
 When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
 When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a jockey ran a race,
 When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
 When they were mended, they were
 done.

There was a navy went into Spain,
 When it return'd, it came again.

SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye ;
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was opened
 The birds began to sing ;
 Was not that a dainty dish
 To set before the king ?

The king was in his counting-house
 Counting out his money ;
 The queen was in the parlour
 Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 There came a little blackbird
 And snapt off her nose.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land, ✓
 He was a goodly king ;
 He stole three pecks of barley meal,
 To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the King did make,
 And stuff'd it well with plums ;
 And in it put great lumps of fat,
 As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
 And noblemen beside ;
 And what they could not eat that night,
 The queen next morning fried.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe !
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
 They made him a coat
 Of an old nanny goat,
 I wonder how they could do so !
 With a ring a ting tang,
 And a ring a ting tang,
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
 He whipt his scholars now and then ;
 When he whipp'd them he made them
 dance
 Out of Scotland into France,
 Out of France into Spain,
 And then he whipp'd them back again !

OLD King Cole
 Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he ;
 He called for his pipe,
 And he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his fiddlers three.
 Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he ;
 Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
 Went the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare,
 As can compare
 With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

JINGER RING.

HERE we go round a jinger ring,
 A jinger ring, a jinger ring ;
 Here we go round a jinger ring,
 Around about merry ma Tansy.

A bowful of nuts we sat down to crack,
 Sat down to crack, sat down to crack ;
 A bowful of nuts we sat down to crack
 Around about merry ma Tansy.

What will you give us to tell his name,
 To tell his name, to tell his name,
 What will you give us to tell his name
 Around about merry ma Tansy.

The last time is the catching time,
 The catching time, the catching time,
 The last time is the catching time,
 Around about merry ma Tansy.

JENNY WREN'S COURTSHIP.

'Twas once upon a time
 When Jenny Wren was young,
 So dantly she danced,
 And so prettily she sung ;
 Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
 For he was a gallant bird ;
 So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren,
 Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren,
 If you will but be mine,
 You shall feed on cherry-pie, you shall,
 And drink new currant wine ;
 I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
 Or any peacock gay ;
 So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
 Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
 And thus declared her mind
 Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
 I'll take your offer kind ;
 Cherry-pie is very nice,
 And so is currant wine ;
 But I must wear my plain brown gown,
 And never go too fine.

Robin Redbreast rose up early
 All at the break of day,
 And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
 And sung a roundelay ;
 He sang of Robin Redbreast,
 And little Jenny Wren,
 And when he came to the end
 He then began again.

JENNY WREN.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you, Jenny!
F'y upon you, bold faced jig!

A SONG SET TO FIVE FINGERS.

1. THIS little pig went to market.
2. This little pig stayed at home.
3. This little pig got roast beef.
4. This little pig got none.
5. This little pig cried wee, wee, all the way home.

THERE were two blackbirds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

THERE was a little Rabbit sprig,
Which being little was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.
When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;

And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat:
One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told, by men of sense,
He never has been walking since.

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm:
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum
fee,
The mouse has married the bumble-
bee.
Pipe, eat—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good
house.

A FROG he would a wooing go
Sing heigho says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a rowley powley gammon
and spinach,
Heigho says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched with his opera hat,
Heigho says Rowley,
And on the way he met with a rat,
With a rowley powley, etc.

And when they came to the mouse's hall,
Heigho says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they
gave a loud call
With a rowley powley, etc.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
Heigho says Rowley,
Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,
With a rowley powley, etc.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us
some beer,

Heigho says Rowley,

For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,
With a rowley powley, etc.

Now while they were all a merry-
making,

Heigho says Rowley,

The cat and her kittens came tumbling
in,

With a rowley powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,

Heigho says Rowley,

The kittens they pulled the little mouse
down,

With a rowley powley, etc.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,

Heigho says Rowley,

So he took up his hat, and he wished
them good night,

With a rowley powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,

Heigho says Rowley,

A lily-white duck came and gobbled
him up,

With a rowley powley, etc.

So there was an end of one, two and
three,

Heigho says Rowley,

The rat, the mouse, and the little
Froggie!

*With a rowley powley gammon
and spinach,*

Heigho says Anthony Rowley.

A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a green
tree,

And he cherruped he cherruped so
merry was he;

A naughty boy came with his wee
bow and arrow,

Determined to shoot this little cock-
sparrow.

This little cock-sparrow shall make
me a stew,

And his giblets shall make me a little
pie, too;

Oh, no! said the sparrow, I won't
make a stew,

So he flapped his wings and away he
flew!

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do;
And shot his own sow quite through the
heart;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife bring brandy in a spoon;
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For our old sow is in a swoon;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

BA, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, no sir,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do

Cock a doodle doo !
 What is my dame to do ?
 Till master finds his fiddling stick,
 She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo !
 My dame has lost her shoo,
 And master's found his fiddling stick
 Sing doodle doodle doo !

Cock a doodle doo !
 My dame will dance with you,
 While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
 For dame and doodle doo.

THE Cuckoo is a fine bird,
 He sings as he flies,
 He brings us good tidings,
 He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs
 To make his voice clear,
 And when he sings "Cuckoo,"
 The summer is near.

DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty;
 The cat ran up the plum-tree.
 I lay you a crown
 I'll fetch you down;
 So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

DING, dong, bell,
 Pussy's in the well !
 Who put her in ?
 Little Tommy Lin.
 Who pulled her out ?
 Dog with long snout.
 What a naughty boy was that
 To drown poor pussy-cat,
 Who never did any harm,
 But kill'd the mice in his master's barn.

GOOSEY, goosey gander,
 Whither shall I wander ?
 Up stairs, down stairs,
 And in my lady's chamber :

There I met an old man
 That would not say his prayers,
 I took him by the left leg,
 And threw him down stairs.

HARK, hark
 The dogs do bark,
 Beggars are coming to town;
 Some in jags
 Some in rags
 And some in velvet gowns.

Hi ! diddle diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon;
 The little dog laughed
 To see such sport,
 While the dish ran after the spoon.

HIGGLEPY, Piggieby,
 My black hen,
 She lays eggs
 For gentlemen;
 Sometimes nine,
 And sometimes ten,
 Higglepy, Piggieby,
 My black hen.

I HAD a little pony,
 His name was dapple gray,
 I sent him to a lady,
 To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
 She rode him through the mire;
 I would not lend my pony now
 For the lady's hire.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird, fly away home,
 Thy house is on fire, thy children all
 gone,
 All but one that lies under a stone,
 Fly thee home, lady-bird, ere it is
 gone.

POOR COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin ?
 I said the Sparrow,
 With my bow and arrow,
 I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die ?
 I, said the Magpie,
 With my little eye,
 I saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?
 I, said the Fish,
 With my little dish,
 I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud ?
 I, said the Eagle,
 With my thread and needle,
 I made his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave ?
 The Owl, with aid
 Of mattock and spade
 Will dig Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson ?
 I, said the Rook,
 With my little book,
 I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk ?
 I, said the Lark,
 If not in the dark,
 I'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave ?
 I, said the Kite,
 If not in the night,
 I'll carry him to his grave.

Who'll be chief mourner ?
 I, said the Swan,
 I'm sorry he's gone,
 I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear his pall ?
 We, said the Wren,
 Both the cock and the hen.
 We'll bear the pall.

Who'll toll the bell ?
 I, said the Bull,
 Because I can pull,
 And I'll pull the bell.

Who'll lead the way ?
 I, said the Martin,
 When ready for starting
 And I'll lead the way.

All the birds in the air
 Began sighing and sobbing,
 When they heard the bell toll
 For poor Cock Robin.

To all it concerns,
 This notice apprises,
 The sparrow's for trial
 At next bird assizes.

Why is Pussy in bed ?
 She is sick, says the fly,
 And I fear she will die ;
 And that's why she's in bed.

Pray what's her disorder ?
 A lock'd-jaw is come on,
 Said the fine downy swan ;
 And that's her disorder.

Who makes her nice gruel ?
 That she might not get worse,
 Dog Tray is her nurse,
 And makes her nice gruel.

Pray who is her doctor ?
 I, said famed Mister Punch,
 At my back a great hunch ;
 But I am her doctor.

Who think's she'll recover ?
 I do, sir, said the Deer,
 And I thought so last year ;
 I think she'll recover.

And when Puss is quite well,
 All shall have noble fare ;
 Beasts, and fowls of the air,
 And we'll ring the great bell.

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you
 been ?
 I've been to London to look at the
 queen.
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you
 there ?
 I frighten'd a little mouse under the
 chair.

SNEEL, snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your
wall;
Sneel, snaul,
Put out your horn,
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

THE Fox jumped up on a moonlight
night,
The stars were shining and all things
bright;
"Oh, oh!" said the Fox, "its a very
fine night
For me to go through the town,
e'oh!"

The Fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears and he listened a
while;
"Oh, oh!" said the Fox, "it is but
a short mile
From this to yonder town, e'oh!"

The Fox, when he came to the Farmer's
gate,
Who should he see but the Farmer's
Drake,
"I love you well for your master's
sake.
And I long to be picking your bones
e'oh!"

The grey Goose, she ran round the hay-
stack,
"Oh, oh!" said the Fox, you are very
fat,
And you'll do very well to ride on
my back
From this to yonder town, e'oh!"

The Farmer's wife she jumped out
of bed,
And out of the window she popped
her head,
"Oh husband! oh husband! the Geese
are all dead,
For the Fox has been through the town,
e'oh!"

The Farmer he loaded his pistol with
lead,
And shot the old rogue of a Fox through
the head,

"Ah, ah!" said the Farmer, "I think
you're quite dead,
And no more you'll trouble the town,
e'oh!"

THE Hart he loves the high wood,
The Hare she loves the hill,
The Knight he loves his bright sword,
The Lady loves her will.

THE Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All round about the town,
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

THERE was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well
Kitty alone, and I!

There was a frog lived in a well,
And a gay mouse in a mill,
Cock me eary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, etc.
This frog he would a wooing ride
And on a snail he got astride,
Cock me eary, etc.

He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, etc.
He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse hall,
And here he did both knock and call,
Cock me eary, etc.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to
thee,
Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to
thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me eary, etc.

Quoth she, answer, I'll give you none,
 Kitty alone, etc.
 Quoth she, answer, I'll give you none,
 Until my Uncle Rat come home,
 Cock me cary, etc.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
 Kitty alone, etc.
 And when her Uncle Rat came home,
 Who's been here since I've been gone?
 Cock me cary, etc.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
 Kitty alone, etc.
 Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
 That's been here since you've been gone,
 Cock me cary, etc.

The frog he came whistling through
 the brook,
 Kitty alone, etc.
 The frog he came whistling through
 the brook,
 And there he met with a dainty duck,
 Cock me cary, etc.

This duck she swallowed him up with
 a pluck,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
 This duck she swallowed him up with
 a pluck,
 So there's an end of my history,
 Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
 Kitty alone, and I.

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill
 a snail,
 The best man among them durst not
 touch her tail;
 She put out her horns like a little
 Kylee cow,
 Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you
 all e'en now.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
 And hey, my kitten, my deary
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Was neither fat nor weary.

HERE we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down, downy;
 And here we go backwards and forwards
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE, fiddle-de-dee,
 The fly has married the humble-bee;
 They went to church, and married was
 she
 The fly has married the humble-bee.

PUSSYCAT Mole
 Jumped over a coal,
 And in her best petticoat burnt a great
 hole.
 Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no
 more milk,
 Until her best petticoat's mended with
 silk.

YOUNG lambs to sell!
 Young lambs to sell!
 If I'd as much money as I could tell.
 I never would cry—Young lambs to
 sell!

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
 Home again, home again, dancing
 a jig;
 To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
 Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

PLEASE to remember
 The fifth of November,
 Gunpowder treason and plot;
 I know no reason
 Why gunpowder treason
 Should ever be forgot.

PEASE-PUDDING hot,
 Pease-pudding cold,
 Pease-pudding in the pot,
 Nine days old.
 Some like it hot,
 Some like it cold,
 Some like it in the pot,
 Nine days old.

If all the world were apple pie,
 And all the sea were ink,
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,
 What should we have to drink ?

I HAD a little nut tree,
 Nothing would it bear,
 But a silver nutmeg,
 And a golden pear,
 The King of Spain's daughter
 Came to visit me,
 And all was because of
 My little nut tree.
 I skipped over water
 I danced over sea,
 And all the birds in the air
 Could not catch me.

HOT-CROSS buns !
 Hot-cross buns !
 One a penny, two a penny,
 Hot-cross buns !

Hot-cross buns !
 Hot-cross buns !
 If you have no daughters,
 Give them to your sons.

I'LL tell you a story.
 About Jack a Nory,—
 And now my story's begun :
 I'll tell you another
 About Jack and his brother,—
 And now my story's done.

I SAW a ship a-sailing
 A-sailing on the sea ;
 And, oh ! it was all laden
 With pretty things for thee !

There were comfits in the cabin,
 And apples in the hold ;
 The sails were made of silk,
 And the masts were made of gold,

The four-and-twenty sailors
 That stood between the decks,
 Were four-and-twenty white mice,
 With chains about their necks,

The captain was a duck,
 With a packet on his back,
 And when the ship began to move,
 The captain said, " Quack, quack ! "

Is John Smith within ?
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set a shoe ?
 Ay, marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail
 Tick, tack, too.

Mr. East gave a feast ;
 Mr. North laid the cloth ;
 Mr. West did his best ;
 Mr. South burnt his mouth
 With eating a cold potato.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man !
 So I will, master, as fast as I can :
 Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,
 Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

As I walked by myself,
 And talked to myself,
 Myself said unto me,
 Look to thyself,
 Take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.

I answer'd myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

IF I had as much money as I could
spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend ;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to
mend ;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell ;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell ;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather ;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again ?

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence, better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I gave a penny
of it,
And I took fourpence home to my
wife.

Oh! my little fourpence, pretty little
fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I gave a penny
of it,
And I took twopence home to my
wife.

Oh! my little twopence, pretty little
twopence,
I love twopence better than my
life ;

I spent a penny of it, I gave a penny of
it,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh! my little nothing, pretty little
nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife ;
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a
shoe,
She had so many children she didn't
know what to do ;
She gave them some broth without any
bread,
She whipped them all round, and put
them to bed.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in
a basket
Nineteen times as high as the moon ;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask
it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither,
so high ?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Ay, by-
and-by."

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill ;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

THERE was an old woman, and what do
you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals
and drink :
Victuals and drink were the chief of her
diet :
This tiresome old woman could never
be quiet.

She went to the baker to buy her some
bread,
And when she came home her old hus-
band was dead ;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old hus-
band was well.

HERE'S a poor widow from Babylon
With six poor children all alone :
One can bake and one can brew,
One can shape, and one can sew,
One can sit at the fire and spin
One can bake a cake for the king.
Come choose you east, come choose you
west
Come choose you the one that you love
the best.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead,
lead ;
He shot Johnny King
Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head, head,
head.

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone :
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
When she came back
The dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose.
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "your servant,"
The dog said, "bow-wow."

THERE was a little man,
 And he woo'd a little maid,
 And he said, "Little maid, will you
 wed, wed, wed ?
 I have little more to say,
 Then will you, yea or nay,
 For least said is soonest mended, ded,
 ded, ded."

The little maid replied,
 Some say a little sighed,
 "But what shall we have for to eat,
 eat, eat ?
 Will the love that you're so rich in,
 Make a fire in the kitchen ?
 Or the little god of Love turn the spit,
 spit, spit ?"

THERE was an old woman, as I've
 heard tell,
 She went to the market, her eggs to
 sell ;
 She went to the market all on a market
 day,
 And she fell asleep on the King's
 highway.

There came by a pedlar, whose name
 was Stout,
 He cut her petticoats all round about ;
 He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
 Which made the old woman to shiver
 and freeze.

When the little woman first did wake,
 She began to shiver and she began to
 shake,
 She began to wonder and she began
 to cry,
 "Oh ! deary, deary me, this is none
 of I !

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
 I've a little dog at home and he'll
 know me ;
 If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
 And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark
 and wail."

Home went the little woman all in
 the dark,
 Up got the little dog, and he began
 to bark ;

He began to bark, so she began to
 cry,
 "Oh ! deary, deary me, this is none
 of I !"

"OLD woman, old woman, shall we go
 shearing ?"
 "Speak a little louder, sir, I am very
 thick of hearing."
 "OLD woman, old woman, shall I love
 you dearyly ?"
 "Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very
 clearly."

OLD Mother Goose, when
 She wanted to wander,
 Would ride through the air
 On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
 'Twas built in a wood
 Where an owl at the door
 For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
 A plain looking lad,
 He is not very good,
 Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
 A live goose he bought ;
 "Here, mother," says he,
 "It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
 Grew very fond ;
 They'd both eat together,
 Or swim in the pond.

Jack found one morning,
 As I have been told,
 His goose had laid him
 An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother.
 The news for to tell ;
 She call'd him a good boy,
 And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
As sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

Then Old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turn'd her son Jack
Into fam'd Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then ;
When Jack jump'd in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

WHERE are you going, my pretty
maid ?

I am going a milking, sir, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid ?
You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.
What is your father, my pretty maid ?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.
Say, will you marry me, my pretty
maid ?

Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.
Will you be constant, my pretty maid ?
That I can't promise you, sir, she
said.
Then I won't marry you, my pretty
maid !
Nobody asked you, sir ! she said.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of ?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs'
tails ;
And that's what little boys are made
of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of ?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice ;
And that's what little girls are made
of, made of.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Baby shall have a new master.
She can earn but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed to lie upon straw.
Was not she a naughty puss,
To sell her bed to lie on a truss ?

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her
toes,
And so she makes music wherever
she goes.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

ELSIE Marley is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?
 The wife who sells the barley, honey ;
 She won't get up to serve the swine,
 And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?

LITTLE Miss Muffit,
 Sat on a tuffit,
 Eating of curds and whey ;
 There came a great spider
 That sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffit away.

PEMMY was a pretty girl,
 But Fanny was a better ;
 Pemmy look'd like any churl,
 When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty nose,
 But Fanny had a better ;
 Pemmy oft would come to blows,
 But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy had a pretty doll,
 But Fanny had a better ;
 Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,
 When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty song,
 But Fanny had a better ;
 Pemmy would sing all day long,
 But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy loved a pretty lad,
 And Fanny loved a better ;
 And Pemmy wanted for to wed,
 But Fanny would not let her.

PRETTY maid,
 Pretty maid,
 Where have you been ?
 Gathering a posie
 To give to the queen.

Pretty maid,
 Pretty maid,
 What gave she you ?
 She gave me a diamond
 As big as my shoe.

THERE was a little maid, and she was
 afraid
 That her sweetheart would come unto
 her ;
 So she went to bed, and cover'd up
 her head,
 And fasten'd the door with a skewer.

CROSS patch,
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin ;
 Take a cup,
 And drink it up.
 And call your neighbours in.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them ;
 Leave them alone, and they'll come
 home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
 And when she awoke, she found it a
 joke,
 For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determin'd for to find them ;
 She found them indeed, but it made
 her heart bleed,
 For they'd left all their tails behind
 'em.

OH ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
 Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
 Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
 Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing
 should please me,
 And then for a kiss, oh ! he vow'd
 he would tease me ;
 He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of
 blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
 Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket
 of posies,
 A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
 A little straw hat, to set off the blue
 ribbons
 That tie up my bonny brown hair.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle-shells and silver bells
 And columbines all of a row.

BETTY Pringle had a little pig,
 Not very little and not very big.
 When he was alive, he lived in clover,
 But now he's dead, and that's all over.
 So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
 And Betty Pringle she lay down and
 died;
 So there was an end of one, two and
 three:
 Billy Pringle he,
 Betty Pringle she,
 And the piggy-wiggy.

MOTHER, may I go and bathe?
 Yes, my darling daughter,
 Hang your clothes on yonder tree
 But don't go near the water.

LITTLE Polly Flinders,
 Sat among the cinders,
 Warming her pretty little toes;
 Her mother came and caught her,
 And whipped her little daughter
 For spoiling her nice new clothes.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
 They were two bonny lasses:
 They built their house upon the lea,
 And covered it with rushes

Bessy kept the garden gate,
 And Mary kept the pantry;
 Bessy always had to wait,
 While Mary lived in plenty.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
 Sings for his supper;
 What shall he eat?
 White bread and butter.
 How shall he cut it
 Without e'er a knife?
 How will he be married
 Without e'er a wife?

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your
 horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
 in the corn;
 Where's the little boy that looks after
 the sheep?
 He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.
 Will you wake him? No, not I;
 For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

Who comes hero?
 A grenadier.
 What do you want?
 A pot of beer
 Where is your money?
 I have none.
 Then grenadier
 Get you gone.

TWEEDLE-DUM and tweedle-dee
 Resolved to have a battle,
 For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
 Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
 Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
 As big as a tar barrel,
 Which frightened both the heroes so,
 They quite forgot their quarrel.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run !
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

TOM he was the piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

Now Tom with his pipe made such
a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and
the boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such
skill,
That those who heard him could never
keep still ;
Whenever they heard they began for
to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would
after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one
day,
Tom took out his pipe and began
for to play ;
So Dolly and the cow danced "The
Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke and the milk
ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket
of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her
legs ;
She danced about till the eggs were
all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed
at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating
an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes
and glass ;
He took out his pipe and played them a
tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened
full soon.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl :
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig ?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

THE barber shaved the mason,
As I suppose
Cut off his nose,
And popp'd it in a bason.

THERE was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes :
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd 'em in again.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our
toone, in our toone,
There was a man in our toone, and
his name was Billy Pod.
And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with
my fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.

And his hat was made of the good roast
beef, the good roast beef, the good
roast beef,
And his hat was made of the good roast
beef, and his name was Billy Pod.
And he played upon an old razor, etc.

And his coat was made of the good fat
tripe, the good fat tripe, the good
fat tripe,
And his coat was made of the good fat
tripe, and his name was Billy Pod.
And he played upon an old razor, etc.

And his breeks were made of the bawbie
baps, the bawbie baps, the bawbie
baps,
And his breeks were made of the bawbie
baps, and his name was Billy Pod.
And he played upon an old razor, etc.

And there was a man in tither toone,
 in tither toone, tither toone,
 And there was a man in tither toone,
 and his name was Edrin Drum.
 And he played upon an old ladle, an
 old ladle, an old ladle,
 And he played upon an old ladle, with
 my fiddle, fiddle, fum fo.
 And he ate up all the good roast beef,
 the good roast beef, etc. etc.
 And he ate up all the good fat tripe,
 the good fat tripe, etc. etc.
 And he ate up all the bawbie baps, etc.,
 and his name was Edrin Drum.

THERE was a man and he went mad,
 And he jump'd into a biscuit bag;
 The biscuit bag it was so full,
 So he jump'd into a roaring bull;
 The roaring bull it was so fat,
 So he jump'd into a gentleman's hat;
 The gentleman's hat it was so fine,
 So he jump'd into a bottle of wine;
 The bottle of wine it was so dear,
 So he jump'd into a barrel of beer;
 The barrel of beer, it was so thick,
 So he jump'd into a walking-stick;
 The walking-stick it was so narrow,
 So he jump'd into a wheel-barrow;
 The wheel-barrow began to crack,
 So he jump'd on to a hay-stack;
 The hay-stack began to blaze,
 So he did nothing but cough and sneeze !

OH where and oh where is my little
 wee dog ?
 Oh where and oh where is he ?
 With his ears cut short and his tail cut
 long,
 Oh where and oh where can he be ?

THERE was a crooked man, and he went
 a crooked mile.
 He found a crooked sixpence against
 a crooked stile:
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught
 a crooked mouse,
 And they all lived together in a little
 crooked house.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a
 thief,
 Taffy came to my house, and stole
 a piece of beef;
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was
 not at home;
 Taffy came to my house, and stole
 a marrow-bone;
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not
 in;
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a
 silver pin;
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was
 in bed;
 I took up a poker and flung it at his
 head.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
 Born on a Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Took ill on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday.
 This is the end of
 Solomon Grundy.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny,"
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
 For to catch a whale;
 All the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.

ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding and pie,
 Kissed the girls and made them cry;
 When the girls came out to play,
 Rowley Powley ran away.

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood !
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore !

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the rat that ate the malt, &c.

This is the cat that killed the rat, &c.

This is the dog that worried the cat, &c.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog, &c.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn, &c.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn, &c.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and
torn, &c.

This is the cock that crowed in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn, &c.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty
men ;
They lay in bed till the clock struck
ten ;
Then up starts Robin and looks at
the sky ;
Oh ! brother Richard, the sun's very
high :
You go on with bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on jolly Jack Nag.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper, and leave your
sleep,
And come with your playfellows into
the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a
call,
Come with a goodwill or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-
hour.

HANDY Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy ;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty to-
gether again.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating a Christmas pie :
He put in his thumb, and he took out
a plum,
And said, " What a good boy
am I ! "

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley ;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh ! shall I ?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do ?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean ;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They lick'd the platter clean.

OVER the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley,
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley ;
But I'll have some of your very best
flour
To make a white cake for my Charley.

ON Saturday night
Shall be all my care,
To powder my looks
And curl my hair.

On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gold ring.

CURLY locks, curly locks ! wilt thou
be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet
feed the swine ;

But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine
seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar,
and cream !

I HAD a little husband
No bigger than my thumb ;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought him a little horse,
That galloped up and down
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

JACK and Jill went up the hill, ✓
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Dame Jill had the job, to plaister his
knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

GAY go up, and gay go down
To ring the bells of London town.

Bulls' eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me ?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be ?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop
off your head.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
How shall we build it up again ?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;

Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head,
Tarry a while, says Slow,
Put on the pan, says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on !
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head—
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

FAIRYLAND.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray,
He's high lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

William Allingham.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED FAIRY.

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light hearted fairy ? heigh ho,
Heigh ho !
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho !
As the light headed fairy ? heigh ho,
Heigh ho !
His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips
With a hey and a heigh and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light footed fairy ? heigh ho !
Heigh ho !
The night is his noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho !

FAIRYLAND.

DIM vales, and shadowy floods,
 And cloudy-looking woods ;
 Whose forms we can't discover
 For the tears that drip all over ;
 Huge moons there wax and wane—
 Again, again, again—
 Every moment of the night,
 For ever changing places ;
 And they put out the star-light
 With the breath from their pale faces.
 About twelve by the moon-dial,
 One more filmy than the rest
 (A kind which, upon trial,
 They have found to be the best)
 Comes down—still down—and down
 With its centre on the crown
 Of a mountain's eminence
 In easy drapery falls
 Over hamlets, over halls,
 Wherever they may be—
 O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea,
 Over spirits on the wing,
 Over every drowsy thing—
 And buries them up quite
 In a labyrinth of light ;
 And then, how deep !—O deep,
 Is the passion of their sleep !
 In the morning they arise,
 And their moony covering
 Is roaring in the skies,
 With the tempest as they toss,
 Like—almost anything,
 Or a yellow albatross.
 They use that moon no more
 For the same end as before—
 Videlicet a tent—
 Which I think extravagant :
 Its atomies however,
 Into a shower dis sever
 Of which those butterflies
 Of earth who seek the skies,
 And so come down again
 (Never contented things !),
 Have brought a specimen
 Upon their quivering wings.

Edgar Allan Poe.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through briar,
 Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire.
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;

And I serve the Fairy Queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see—
 These be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours.
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

William Shakespeare.

THROUGH THE HOUSE GIVE GLIMMERING LIGHT.

THROUGH the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire ;
 Every elf and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty after me
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

First rehearse your song by note,
 In each word a warbling note ;
 Hand in hand with fairy grace
 Will we sing and bless this place.

William Shakespeare.

THE LIFE OF A FAIRY.

COME follow, follow me,
 You fairy elves that be,
 Which circle on the green ;
 Come, follow Mab your queen :
 Hand in hand, let's dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.

Upon a mushroom's head
 Our tablecloth we spread ;
 A grain of rye or wheat,
 Is manchet, which we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance awhile,
 And so the time beguile ;
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On the tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been

FAIRY STORIES.

SOMETIMES with secure delight
The upland Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holy-day,
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy Flail hath threshed the
Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's
length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first Cock his matin sings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep
By whispering winds soon lulled
asleep.

John Milton.

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear ! O, shed no tear !
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more ! O, weep no more !
Young buds sleep in the root's white
core.
Dry your eyes ! Oh ! dry your eyes !
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me ! 'tis this silvery bell
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear ! O, shed no tear !
The flowers will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu !

John Keats.

**BY THE MOON WE SPORT
AND PLAY.**

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day ;
As we dance the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little urchins all !
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we !

John Lyly.

**THE FOUNTAIN OF THE
FAIRIES.**

THERE is a fountain in the forest called
The Fountain of the Fairies : when a
child
What a delight of wonder I have heard
Tales of the elfin tribe who on its
banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient
oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows
beside ;
Alone it stands, upon a green grass
plat,
By the woods bounded like some
little isle.
It ever hath been deem'd their
favourite tree,
They love to lie and rock upon its
leaves
And bask in moonshine. Here the
woodman leads
His boy, and showing him the green
sward mark'd
With darker circlets, says the mid-
night dance
Hath traced the rings, and bids him
spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
Which made it holy ; and the villagers
Would say that never evil things
approached
Unpunished there. The strange and
fearful pleasure
Which filled me by that solitary spring,
Ceased not in riper years ; and now
it wakes
Deeper delight, and more mysterious
awe.

Robert Southey

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth whose moments had calmly
 flown,
Till spells o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watched by a
 Mountain Sprite!

As once by moonlight he wandered o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain
 Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes
 of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain
 Sprite.

He turned, but lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled! and the youth but
 heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain
 Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that
bright look,
The boy, bewildered, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once seen form of the Mountain
 Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,"
cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's
delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain
 Sprite.

"Of all the spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmured, "there's none
like thee,
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus
light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain
 Sprite!"

Thomas Moore

A CHARM.

IN the morning when you rise
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes;
Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far;
For as far as it doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.

Robert Herrick.

ANOTHER CHARM.

IF ye fear to be benighted,
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket for a trust,
Carry nothing but a crust;
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger and the dread.

Robert Herrick.

QUEEN MAB.

THIS is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can help or hurt the churning,
As she please without discerning.

She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Trains forth old wives in their slumber
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows,
Home through ponds and water-
 furrows.

She can start our Franklin's daughters,
In their sleep, with shrieks and
 laughter;
And on sweet St. Anna's night
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

Ben Jonson

QUEEN MAB.

Oh then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman ;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinner's legs :
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash, of film ;
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers,
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtier's knees that dream on court'sies straight ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.

William Shakespeare.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For naught must be her letting.
 Four nimble gnats the horses were
 Their harnesses of gossamer,
 Fly, Cranion, her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.
 Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colours did excel,
 The fair queen Mab becoming well—
 So lively was the limning ;
 The seat the soft wool of the bee,
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a pied butterfly :
 I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
 And dantly made for the nonce,
 For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it ;
 For all her maidens much did fear,
 If Oberon had chanced to hear
 That Mab his queen should have
 been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
 Nor would she stay for no advice,
 Until her maids that were so nice
 To wait on her were fitted,
 But ran herself away alone ;
 Which when they heard, there was
 not one
 But hastened after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
 Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
 To Mab their sovereign dear,
 Her special maids of honour ;
 Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
 Pick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
 Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Wim—
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
 And what with amble and with trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them.
 A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow :
 Themselves they wisely could bestow
 Lest any should espy them.

Michael Drayton.

THE BEGGAR, TO MAB THE FAIRY QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store,
 Give an alms to one's that's poor,
 That your mickle may have more.
 Black I've grown for want of meat.
 Give me then an ant to eat,
 Or the cleft ear of a mouse
 Over sour'd in drink of souse,
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me
 The abdomen of a bee ;
 Or commend a cricket's hip,
 Or his huckson, to my scrip ;
 Give for bread a little bit
 Of a piece that 'gins to chit.
 And my full thanks take for it

Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
 For a man in needy-hood ;
 But the meal of mill-dust can
 Well content a craving man ;
 Any oats the elves refuse
 Well will serve the beggar's use.
 But if this may seem too much
 For an alms, then give me such
 Little bits that nestle there
 In the pris'ners pannier.
 So a blessing light upon
 You and mighty Oberon ;
 That your plenty last till when
 I return your alms again.

Robert Herrick.

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES.

FIRST FAIRY.

You spotted snakes with double
 tongues,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong :
 Come not near our fairy queen :

Chorus :

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla,
 lullaby ;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence yon long-legg'd spinners, hence
 Beetles black, approach not near,
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus :

Philomel, with melody, etc.,

FIRST FAIRY.

Hence away ; now all is well :
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

William Shakespeare.

OBERON'S FEAST.

A LITTLE mushroom-table spread,
 After short prayers they set on bread,
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat
 With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
 His* choice bits with ; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eyes is serv'd
 We must not think his ear was starv'd ;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The elf is present to quench his thirst,
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweten in a blue,
 And pregnant violet ; which done,
 His kitten eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, when he spies
 The horns of paper butterflies,
 Of which he eats ; and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle ;
 A little fuz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coarse ; but then forth-
 with
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
 And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag
 Glad'ning his palate with some store
 Of emmet's eggs ; what would he more?
 But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd
 thigh,
 A bloated earwig, and a fly ;
 With the red-cap'd worm, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth, A little moth,
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;
 With withered cherries, mandrakes'
 ears,
 Moles' eyes ; to these the slain stag's
 tears ;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
 The broke heart of a nightingale
 O'er come in music ; with a wine
 Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height ; this done,
 commended
 Grace by his priest ; the feast is
 ended.

Robert Herrick.

* Oberon's.

THE PALACE OF THE
FAIRIES.

THIS palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way so'er it blow it.
And somewhat southward tow'd the
noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spider's legs are made
Well mortised and finely laid ;
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded ;
The window of the eyes of cats
And for the roof, instead of slates,
Is covered with the skin of bats,
With moonshine that was gilded.

Michael Drayton.

THE FAIRY BOY.

A MOTHER came when stars were
paling,

Wailing round a lonely spring ;
Thus she cried while tears were falling.
Calling on the Fairy King :

" Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy ;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy ?

O'er the mountain, through the wild
wood,
Where his childhood loved to play ;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day.

" There I wander, growing fonder
Of that child that made my joy ;
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

" But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain !
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train !

" Fare thee well, my child for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy ! "

Samuel Lover.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

A FAIR girl was sitting in the green-
wood shade,
List'ning to the music the spring
birds made ;

When sweeter by far than the birds on
the tree,

A voice murmured near her, " Oh,
come, love, with me—

In earth or air,

A thing so fair

I have not seen as thee !

Then come, love, with me."

" With a star for thy home, in a
palace of light,

Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the
beauty of night ;

Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are
treasures untold,

I will show thee the birthplace of
jewels and gold—

And pearly caves

Beneath the waves,

All these, all these are thine,

If thou wilt be mine."

Thus whispered a fairy to tempt the
fair girl,

But vain was the promise of gold
and of pearl ;

For she said, " Tho' thy gifts to a poor
girl were dear,

My father, my mother, my sisters
are here :

Oh ! what would be

Thy gifts to me

Of earth, and sea, and air

If my heart were not there ? "

Samuel Lover.

THE ARMING OF
PIGWIGGEN.

HE quickly arms him for the field—

A little cockle-shell his shield,

Which he could very bravely wield,

Yet could it not be piercèd ;

His spear a bent both stiff and strong,

And well near of two inches long ;

The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,

Whose sharpness naught reversed :

And put him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which being tossed up by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

Michael Drayton.

WATER-LILIES.

A FAIRY SONG.

COME away, elves, while the dew is
sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies meet:
Know that the lilies have spread their
bells
O'er all the pools in our forest dells;
Stilly and lightly their vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water's
breast,
Catching the sunshine through leaves
that throw
To their scented bosoms an emerald
glow;
And a star from the depth of each
pearly cup,
A golden star unto heaven looks up,
As if seeking its kindred where bright
they lie,
Set in the blue of the summer sky.
—Come away! under arching boughs
we'll float,
Making those urns each a fairy boat;

We'll row them with reeds o'er the
fountains free,
And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be,
And we'll send out wild music so sweet
and low,
It shall seem from the bright flower's
heart to flow,
As if t'were breeze with a flute's
low sigh,
Or water drops train'd into melody.
—Come away! for the midsummer
sun grows strong,
And the life of the lily may not be
long.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for a ride,
Her wild steed and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a last of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischief by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are found working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies,
This night; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrightened shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder

Robert Herrick.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

“AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”
“I've been to the top of Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!”

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldun-Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldun-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And I heard the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All—all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldun-Low!"

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother, of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And the harp-strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily
turn
The poor old miller's mill.

"For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At the dawning of the day!"

"Oh! the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both sharp and shrill:

"And there,' said they, 'the merry
winds go
Away from every horn;
And these shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn:

"Oh, the poor blind widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mil-
dew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"

"And some they brought the brown
linseed
And flung it down the Low:
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise
In the weaver's croft shall grow!"

"Oh, the poor lame weaver!
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!"

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!"

"And with that I could not help
but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheels did go!"

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildew corn
All standing stiff and green.

"And down the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!"

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

Mary Howitt.

NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch owl, scritchling
loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecate's Team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Through the house give glimmering
light;
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from briar;
And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
First rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand with fairy grace,
We will sing, and bless this place.

William Shakespeare.

FAIRIES' RECALL.

WHILE the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the green sward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood!
Oh! return, return!

Round the forest fountains,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more,
While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet
Rings to that old chorus:
"The daisy is so sweet!"

Oberon, Titania,
Did your starlight mirth
With the song of Avon
Quit this work-day earth?
Yet while green leaves glisten
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh! return, return!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

FABLES AND RIDDLES.

FABLES FOR FIVE YEARS OLD.

THE BOY AND HIS TOP.

A LITTLE Boy had bought a Top,
The best in all the toyman's shop ;
He made a whip with good eel's-skin,
He lash'd the top, and made it spin ;
All the children within call,
And the servants, one and all,
Stood round to see it and admire.
At last the Top began to tire,
He cried out, " Pray don't hit me
Master,
You whip too hard,—I can't spin faster,
I can spin quite as well without it."
The little Boy replied, " I doubt it ;
I only whip you for your good,
You were a foolish lump of wood,
By dint of whipping you were raised
To see yourself admired and praised,
And if I left you, you'd remain
A foolish lump of wood again."

EXPLANATION.

Whipping sounds a little odd,
I don't mean whipping with a rod,
It means to teach a boy incessantly,
Whether by lessons or more pleasantly.
Every hour and every day,
By every means in every way,
By reading, writing, rhyming, talking,
By riding to see sights, and walking :
If you leave off he drops at once,
A lumpish, wooden-headed dunce.

John Hookham Frere.

THE BOY AND THE PARROT.

" PARROT, if I had your wings,
I should do so many things.
The first thing I should like to do
If I had little wings like you,
I should fly to Uncle Bartle*,
Don't you think 'twould make him
startle,

If he saw me when I came,
Flapping at the window frame,
Exactly like the print of Fame ? "
All this the wise old Parrot heard,
The Parrot was an ancient bird,
And paused and pondered every word.
First, therefore, he began to cough,
Then said,—" It is a great way off,—
A great way off, my dear : "—and then
He paused awhile and coughed again,—
" Master John, pray think a little,
What will you do for bed and
viectual ? "
—" Oh ! Parrot, Uncle John can tell—
But we should manage very well,
At night we'd perch upon the trees,
And so fly forward by degrees."—
—" Does Uncle John," the Parrot
said,

" Put nonsense in his nephew's head ?
Instead of telling you such things,
And teaching you to wish for wings,
I think he might have taught you
better ;
You might have learnt to write a
letter :—
That is the thing that I should do
If I had little hands like you."

John Hookham Frere.

* The uncle, Bartholomew Frere, was then at Constantinople.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A LITTLE Boy was set to keep
 A little flock of goats or sheep
 He thought the task too solitary,
 And took a strange perverse vagary,
 To call the people out of fun,
 To see them leave their work and run,
 He cried and screamed with all his
 might,—
 "Wolf! wolf!" in a pretended fright.
 Some people, working at a distance,
 Came running in to his assistance.
 They searched the fields and bushes
 round,
 The Wolf was nowhere to be found.
 The Boy, delighted with his game,
 A few days after did the same,
 And once again the people came.
 The trick was many times repeated,
 At last they found that they were
 cheated.

One day the Wolf appeared in sight,
 The Boy was in a real fright,
 He cried, "Wolf! wolf!"—the neigh-
 bours heard,
 But not a single creature stirred.
 "We need not go from our employ,—
 'Tis nothing but that idle boy."
 The little Boy cried out again,
 "Help, help! the Wolf!" he cried
 in vain.
 At last his master came to beat him.
 He came too late, the Wolf had eat him.

This shows the bad effect of lying,
 And likewise of continual crying,
 If I had heard you scream and roar,
 For nothing, twenty times before,
 Although you might have broke your
 arm,
 Or met with any serious harm,
 Your cries could give me no alarm,
 They would not make me move the
 faster,
 Nor apprehend the least disaster;
 I should be sorry when I came,
 But you yourself would be to blame.

John Hookham Frere.

**THE PIECE OF GLASS AND
THE PIECE OF ICE.**

ONCE on a time it came to pass,
 A piece of ice and a piece of glass

Were lying on a bank together.
 There came a sudden change of
 weather,
 The sun shone through them both.—
 The ice
 Turned to his neighbour for advice.
 The piece of glass made this reply:—
 "Take care by all means not to cry."
 The foolish piece of ice relied
 On being pitied if he cried.
 The story says—That he cried on
 Till he was melted and quite gone.

This may serve you for a rule
 With the little boys at school;
 If you weep, I must forewarn ye,
 All the boys will tease and scorn ye.

John Hookham Frere.

THE CAVERN AND THE HUT.

AN ancient cavern, huge and wide,
 Was hollowed in a mountain's side,
 It served no purpose that I know,
 Except to shelter sheep or so,
 Yet it was spacious, warm, and dry.
 There stood a little hut hard by.—
 The cave was empty quite, and poor,
 The hut was full of furniture;
 By looking to his own affairs,
 He got a table and some chairs,
 All useful instruments of metal,
 A pot, a frying-pan, a kettle,
 A clock, a warming-pan, a jack,
 A salt-box and a bacon-rack;
 With plates and knives and forks,
 and dishes,
 And lastly to complete his wishes,
 He got a sumptuous pair of bellows.—
 The cavern was extremely jealous:
 "How can that paltry hut contrive
 In this poor neighbourhood to thrive?"
 "The reason's plain," replied the hut,
 Because I keep my mouth close shut;
 Whatever my good master brings,
 For furniture, or household things,
 I keep them close and shut the door,
 While you stand yawning evermore."

If a little boy is yawning
 At his lesson every morning,
 Teaching him in prose or rhyme
 Will be merely loss of time;

All your pains are thrown away,
Nothing will remain a day
(Nothing you can teach or say
Nothing he has heard or read),
In his poor unfurnished head.

John Hookham Frere.

SHOWING HOW THE CAVERN FOLLOWED THE HUT'S ADVICE.

THIS fable is a very short one :
The cave resolved to make his fortune ;
He got a door and in a year
Enriched himself with wine and beer.

Mamma will ask you, can you tell her,
What did the cave become ?—A
cellar.

John Hookham Frere.

THE ROD AND THE WHIP.

THE Rod and Whip had some disputes ;
One managed boys, the other brutes.
Each pleaded his superior nature,
The Goad was chosen arbitrator,
A judge acquainted with the matter,
Upright, inflexible, and dry,
And always pointed in reply :—
" 'Tis hard," he said, " to pass a
sentence

Betwixt two near and old acquaint-
tance ;

The Whip alleges that he drives
The plough, by which the farmer lives,
And keeps his horses in obedience,
And on this ground he claims pre-
cedence.

The Rod asserts that little boys,
With nonsense, nastiness and noise,
Screaming and quarrelling and fighting,
Not knowing figures, books or writing,
Would be far worse than farmers'
horses,

But for the rules which he enforces,—
He proves his claims as clear as day.
So Whips and Goads must both give
way.

John Hookham Frere.

THE NINE-PINS.

BEING A FABLE FOR SIX YEARS OLD.

A NINEPIN that was left alone,
When all his friends were overthrown,
Every minute apprehending
The destructive stroke impending,
Earnestly complained and cried ;
But Master Henry thus replied :—
" Are you the wisest and the best ?
Or any better than the rest ?
While you linger to the last,
How has all your time been past ?
Standing stupid, unimproved,
Idle, useless, unbeloved ;
Nothing you can do or say
Shall debar me from my play."

The Nine-pins you perceive are men,
'Tis death that answers them again,
And the fable's moral truth
Suits alike with age and youth.
How can age of death complain,
If his life has past in vain ?
How can youth deserve to last
If his life is idly past ?
And the final application
Marks the separate obligation,
Fairly placed within our reach,
Yours to learn, and mine to teach.

John Hookham Frere.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate
than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test :—
His comrades had plotted an orchard
to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the
job.

He was very much shocked, and
answered, " Oh, no !
What, rob our poor neighbour ! I pray
you don't go ;
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's
his bread ;
Then think of his children, for they
must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered, "I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so;
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good."

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

William Cowper.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort,
That he, displeased to have a part alone,
Removed the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, withered, and would yield no more.

The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Cursed his own pains, so foolishly employed;
And, "Oh!" he cried, "that I had lived content
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
My avarice has expensive proved to me,
And cost me both my pippins and my tree."

William Cowper.

THE COLUMBRIAD.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast
Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast;
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
Little concerned to know what they did there;
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop and to exclaim
"What's this?"
When lo! a viper there did meet my view
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose!
Who, never having seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him
"Who are you?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;
With which, well armed, I hastened to the spot
To find the viper;—but I found him not;
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only—that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Were watching close the bottom of the door.

"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipped between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make despatch, and follow hard
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.)
Ev'n there I found him; there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of the only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE
NO MORE.

William Cowper.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig:"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely
put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE RAVEN.

UNDERNEATH a huge oak tree
There was of swine a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast;
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind
it grew high:
One acorn they left, and no more
might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not
such folly:
He belonged, they did say, to the witch
Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain and his feathers
not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it
straight
By the side of a river both deep and
great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black
Raven go.
Many autumns many springs
Travelled he with wandering
wings:
Many summers, many winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.
At length he came back and with him a
she,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak
tree.
They built them a nest in the top-most
bough,
And young ones they had, and were
happy enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern
guise,
His brow, like a pent house hung over
his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word
he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy
stroke,
At length he brought down the poor
Raven's old oak.
His young ones were killed, for they
could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken
heart.
The boughs from the trunk the wood-
man did sever;
And they floated it down on the course
of the river.

They sawed it in planks, and its back
they did strip,
And with this tree and others they
made a good ship.
The ship it was launched, but in sight
of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship
could withstand.

It bulged on a rock, and the waves
rushed in fast ;
The old Raven flew round and round,
and cawed to the blast.

He heard the last shriek of the perishing
souls—

See ! see ! o'er the top-mast the mad
water rolls !

Right glad was the Raven, and off
he went fleet,

And Death riding home on a cloud he
did meet,

And he thanked him again and again
for this treat :

They had taken his all, and revenge
it was sweet.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen
tree !

Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me ;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen
tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.

Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear ;
As Love's own altar honour me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen
tree !

Thomas Campbell.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous
Elf,"

Exclaimed an angry voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice !"

A small Cascade fresh swom with snows
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to
block ?

Off, off ! or, puny Thing !
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."

The Flood was tyrannous and strong,
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past ;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.

"Ah !" said the Briar, "blame me
not :

Why should we dwell in strife ?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life !
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you
spread !

The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed :
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

"When spring came on with bud and
bell,

Among the rocks did I,
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh !

And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone—
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

“ But now proud thoughts are in your
breast—

What grief is mine you see,
Ah ! would you think, even yet how
blest

Together we might be !
Though of both leaf and flower
bereft,

Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day ;
A happy *Eglantine* ! ”

What more he said I cannot tell,
The stream came thundering down
the dell,

With aggravated haste :
I listened, nor aught else could hear ;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

William Wordsworth.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples in triple row,
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceived the fragrance as he passed ;
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And searched for crannies in the frame,
Urged his attempt on every side,
To every pane his trunk applied ;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light :
Thus, having wasted half the day,
He trimmed his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind.
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires ;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.

* * * *

The maid, who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glittering
ware,

Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and
lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets ;
Like thine, her appetite is keen,
But ah, the cruel glass between !

Our dear delights are often such,
Exposed to view, but not to touch ;
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames ;
With hopeless wish one looks and
lingers ;
One breaks the glass, and cuts his
fingers ;
But they, whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

William Cowper.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

As in the sunshine of the morn
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows ;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays ; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now forgotten friend a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass, whom when he
spies,

In wrath he to the garden eries :

“ What means yon peasant's daily
toil,

From choking weeds to rid the soil ?
Why wake you to the morning's care ?
Why with new arts correct the year ?
Why grows the peach's crimson hue ?
And why the plum's inviting blue ?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind !
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace.”

“ What arrogance ! ” the snail replied ;
“ How insolent is upstart pride !

Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the seam of earth ;
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the
hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the
flowers,

Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
 In base, in sordid guise array'd,
 I own my humble life, good friend ;
 Snail was I born and snail shall end.
 And what's a butterfly ? At best
 He's but a caterpillar drest ;
 And all thy race (a numerous seed)
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed !"

John Gay.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
 " Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
 " As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same power divine,
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night."
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper.

THE HORSE.

HORSE, long used to bit and bridle,
 But always much disposed to idle,
 Had often wished that he was able
 To steal unnoticed from the stable.

He panted from his inmost soul,
 To be at nobody's control,
 Go his own pace, slower or faster,
 In short, do nothing—like his master,

But yet he ne'er had got at large,
 If Jack (who had him in his charge)
 Had not, as many have before,
 Forgotten to shut the stable-door.

Dobbin, with expectation swelling,
 Now rose to quit his present dwelling,
 But first peeped out with cautious fear,
 To examine if the coast were clear.

At length he ventured from his station,
 And with extreme self-approbation,
 As if delivered from a load,
 He galloped to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating,
 (Till he was almost tired of waiting),
 Which way he'd please to bend his
 course,
 Now there was nobody to force.

At last unchecked by bit or rein,
 He sauntered down a pleasant lane,
 And neighed forth many a jocund song,
 In triumph, as he pass'd along.

But when dark night began t'appear,
 In vain he sought some shelter near,
 And well he knew he could not bear
 To sleep out in the open air.

The grass felt very damp and raw,
 Much colder than his master's straw ;
 Yet on it he was forced to stretch,
 A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly,
 Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly,
 Perhaps a feeling like remorse.
 Just then might sting the truant horse.

As soon as day began to dawn,
 Dobbin with long and weary yawn,
 Arose from this his sleepless night,
 But in low spirits and bad plight

If this (thought he) is all I get,
 A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet ;
 And thus forlorn about to roam,
 I think I'd better be at home.

'Twas long ere Dobbin could decide
 Betwixt his wishes and his pride,
 Whether to live in all this danger,
 Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way ;
The thought of savory oats and hay
To hungry stomach was a reason
Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set with look profound,
Right glad that he was homeward
bound ;
And trotting, fast as he was able,
Soon gained once more his master's
stable.

Now Dobbin after this disaster,
Never again forsook his master,
Convinc'd he'd better let him mount,
Than travel on his own account.

Jane Taylor.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the
plain.

On matters that concern'd the state,
The council met in grand debate.
A colt whose eyeballs flamed with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng address'd.

" Good gods, how abject is the race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace !
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain ?
Consider, friends ! your strength and
might ;

'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the
soil,

To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
What force is in our nerves combin'd !
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit ?
Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
Forbid it, heavens ! reject the rein ;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.

Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause,
When, lo ! with grave and solemn
pace,

A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise ;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.

" When I had health and strength
like you

The toils of servitude I knew ;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase ;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains ;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year ?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies !
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay,
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
We share the toil and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by heaven assign'd !

The tumult ceas'd, the colt sub-
mitted,

And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

John Gay.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the world beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;
For every thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
Th' obedient bird, from heaven's height,
Downwards directs his rapid flight ;
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandate of his king.

" Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies ?
Why this disorder ? Say the cause,
For just are Jove's eternal laws ;

Let each his discontent reveal ;
To yon sour Dog, I first appeal."

"Hard is my lot, the Hound replies :
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound
flies !

While I, with weary steps and slow,
O'er plains and vales and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun."

"When" (says the Greyhound) "I
pursue,
My game is lost or caught in view ;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure ;
The Hound is slow, but always sure !
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion craved the Fox's art,
The Fox the Lion's force and heart ;
The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight
Whose wings were rapid, strong and
light,

The Pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the Cock's matchless valour
priz'd ;

The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heaven then cried aloud,
"Jove bids disperse the murmuring
crowd ;

The god rejects your idle prayers,
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature ?—
What ; silent all, and none consent ?
Be happy then, and learn content ;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

John Gay.

See, see, the murder'd geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
Why all around this cackling train
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain ?"

The hungry foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

"Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain ;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."

"O, gluttons," says the drooping sire,
"Restrain inordinate desire.

Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace ?
And gins and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power
And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.

Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."

"The counsel's good" (a fox replies),
"Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race.
Though we like harmless sheep should
feed,

Honest in thought, in word, in deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd,
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."

"Nay then," replies the feeble fox,
"(But hark, I hear a hen that clucks),
Go ; but be moderate in your food ;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

John Gay.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick and faint, expiring lay ;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command.
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone :
"Ah, sons, from evil ways depart ;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

A LION cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind ;
Fond of applause, he sought the
feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and
airs ;
An ass in everything but ears !

If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he
spoke ;

But at each word what shouts of praise ;
Good gods ! how naturally he brays !

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat ;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays ; the lion starts.

"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation :
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

"Why so severe?" the cub replies ;
"Our senate always held me wise!"

"How weak is pride," returns the
sire :

"All fools are vain when fools admire !
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

John Gay.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their
eye ;

Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting, here and there, a grain.

"Draw near, my birds," the mother
cries.

"This hill delicious fare supplies.

Behold the busy negro race.—
See, millions blacken all the place !

Fear not ; like me with freedom eat ;
An ant is most delightful meat.

How blest, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's
knife :

But man, cursed man, on Turkeys
preys,

And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine :
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Some men for gluttony are cursed,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An ant, who climbed beyond her
reach,

Thus answer'd from a neighbouring
beech ;

"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within ;
Control thy more voracious will,
Nor, for a breakfast, nations kill."

John Gay.

THE DOG OF REFLECTION.

A DOG growing thinner, for want of a
dinner,

Once purloin'd a joint from a tray ;
"How happy I am, with this shoulder
of lamb!"

Thought the cur, as he trotted away.

But the way that he took, lay just over
a brook,

Which he found it was needful to
cross,

So, without more ado, he plunged in to
go through,

Not dreaming of danger or loss.

But what should appear, in this
rivulet clear,

As he thought upon coolest re-
flection,

But a cur like himself, who with ill-
gotten pelf,

Had run off in that very direction.

Thought the dog, à propos ! but that
instant let go

(As he snatched at this same water-
spaniel),

The piece he possess'd—so, with hunger
distress'd,

He slowly walk'd home to his kennel.

Hence, when we are needy, don't let
us be greedy

(Excuse me this line of digression),

Lest in snatching at all, like the dog
we let fall

The good that we have in possession.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on
her head,

Thus mused on her prospects in life,
it is said :

"Let me see—I should think that this
milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore,
to be sure.

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not
be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some
may be rotten ;
But if twenty for accident should be
detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs
to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound
chickens, I mean :
Of these some may die—we'll suppose
seventeen.
Seventeen ! not so many—say ten at
the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil
or to roast.

"But then, there's their barley, how
much will they need ?
Why they take but one grain at a time
when they feed —
So that's a mere trifle ; now then, let
us see,
At a fair market price, how much money
there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—
three-and-six.
To prevent all mistakes, that low price
I will fix :
Now what will that make ? fifty
chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask
brother Ned.

"O ! but stop—three-and-sixpence a
pair I must sell 'em ;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let
us tell 'em ;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor
brain !)
Why just a score times, and five pair
will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how
tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money
as this !
Well there's no use in trying, so let's
give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can't be
no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will
buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight
pigs and a sow ;
Now if these turn out well, at the end
of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with
guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she
had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her
head ;
When, alas ! for her prospects—her
milk-pail descended.
And so all her schemes for the future
were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely
attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before
they are hatched."

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION with the heat oppress'd,
One day compos'd himself to rest ;
But whilst he dozed, as he intended,
A mouse, his royal back ascend'd ;
Nor thought of harm, as Æsop tells,
Mistaking him for someone else ;
And travell'd over him, and round him,
And might have left him as he found
him
Had he not—tremble when you hear—
Tried to explore the monarch's ear !
Who straightway woke, with wrath
immense,
And shook his head to cast him thence.
"You rascal, what are you about ?"
Said he, when he had turn'd him out.
"I'll teach you soon," the lion said,
"To make a mouse-hole in my head !"
So saying, he prepared his foot
To crush the trembling tiny brute ;
But he (the mouse) with tearful eye,
Implored the lion's clemency,
Who thought it best at last to give
His little pris'n'r a reprieve.

'Twas nearly twelve months after
this,
The lion chanced his way to miss ;
When pressing forward, heedless yet.
He got entangled in a net.

With dreadful rage, he stamp'd and tore,
And straight commenced a lordly roar ;
When the poor mouse, who heard the noise,
Attended, for she knew his voice.
Then what the lion's utmost strength
Could not effect, she did at length ;
With patient labour she applied
Her teeth, the network to divide ;
And so at last forth issued he,
A lion, by a mouse set free.

Few are so small or weak, I guess,
But may assist us in distress,
Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,
The meanest, or the least despise.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

In a crack near a cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided ;
So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day this young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden return'd, with such joy in her eyes,
That her grey sedate parent express'd some surprise.

" O mother ! " said she, " the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse,
And those tales can't be true which you always are telling,
For they've been at the pains to construct us a dwelling.

" The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires ;
And I'm sure that we should there have nothing to fear,
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

" And then they have made such nice holes in the walls,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all,
But forcing one through such crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

" But the best of all is, they've provided us well,
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell,
'Twas so nice, I had put my head in to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

" Ah, child ! " said her mother, " believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a horrible cheat.
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good ;
They would catch us and kill us all there if they could,
As they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn
That a mouse who once enter'd, did ever return ! "

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE MISER.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest,
Briskly inquisitive, addressed :
" Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it I owe this unexpected visit ? "
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied :
" Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard !
I come to lodge, and not to board ! "

William Cowper.

A BOOK.

I'M a new contradiction ; I'm new and
 I'm old,
 I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd
 in gold ;
 Though I never could read, yet letter'd
 I'm found ;
 Though blind, I enlighten ; though
 loose, I am bound—
 I am always in black, and I'm always
 in white ;
 I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy
 and light.
 In form too I differ—I'm thick and I'm
 thin,
 I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm
 cover'd with skin ;
 I've more points than the compass,
 more stops than the flute—
 I sing without voice, without speaking
 confute ;
 I'm English, I'm German, I'm French
 and I'm Dutch ;
 Some love me too fondly ; some slight
 me too much ;
 I often die soon, though I sometimes
 live ages,
 And no monarch alive has so many
 pages.

Hannah More.

A RIDDLE.

THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
 All of different voice and features ;
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet.
 T'other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within.
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

Jonathan Swift.

A RIDDLE.

THE LETTER "H."

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas
 muttered in hell,
 Our echo caught faintly, the sound as
 it fell ;

On the confines of earth, 'twas per-
 mitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence
 confess'd ;
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis
 riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in
 the thunder ;
 'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest
 breath,
 Attends him at birth and awaits him
 in death,
 Presides o'er his happiness, honor and
 health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of
 his wealth,
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded
 with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal
 heir ;
 It begins every hope, every wish it
 must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with
 monarchs is crowded ;
 Without it the soldier and seaman may
 roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it
 from home !
 In the whispers of conscience its voice
 will be found,
 Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion
 be drowned ;
 'Twill soften the heart ; but though
 deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly
 hear.
 Set in shade, let it rest like a delicate
 flower ;
 Ah ! breathe on it softly, it dies in an
 hour.

Catherine M. Fanshawe.

A B C.

On, thou alphabetic row,
 Fun and freedom's early foe ;
 Shall I e'er forget the primer,
 Or the teacher Mrs. Trimmer—
 Or the problem then so vast,
 Whether Z was first or last ?
 All pandora had for me
 Was emptied forth in A B C.

Curious letters—single—double,
 Source of many a childish trouble,
 How I strove with pouting pain
 To get thee quarter'd on my brain

But when the giant feat was done,
How noble was the field I'd won!
Wit, wisdom, reason, rhyme—the key
To all their wealth but A B C.

Ye really ought to be exempt
From slighting taunt and cool contempt
But, drinking deep from learning's cup
We scorn the hand that filled it up.
Be courteous, pedants—stay and thank
Your servants of the Roman rank,
For F. R. S. and L. L. D.
Can only follow A B C.

Eliza Cook.

THE LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

ONE day the letters went to school,
And tried to teach each other,
They got so mixed, 'twas really hard
To pick one from the other.

A went in first, and Z went last;
The rest were all between them,—
K L and M and N O P—
I wish you could have seen them!

B C D E and J K L,
Soon jostled well their betters;
Q R S T—I grieve to say—
Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long they came to words—
What else could be expected!
Till E made D J C and T
Decidedly dejected.

Now through it all the consonants
Were rudest and uncouthest,
While all the pretty vowel girls
Were certainly the smoothest.

And nimble U kept far from Q,
With face demure and moral,
“Because,” she said, “we are, we two,
So apt to start a quarrel!”

But spiteful P said, “Pooh for U!”
(Which made her feel quite bitter),
And, calling O L E to help,
He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, “Now, E and C come here!
If both will aid a minute,
Good P will join in making peace!
Or else the mischief's in it.”

And smiling E the ready sprite,
Said, “Yes, and count me double.”
This done, sweet peace shone o'er the
scene.
And gone was all the trouble!

Meanwhile, when U and P made up,
The cons'nants looked about them,
And kissed the vowels, for, you see,
They couldn't do without them.

TO MY GRAMMATICAL NIECE.

THE *Nom'native case* which I study's—
“A Niece,”

Who is *Genitive* ever of kindness to
me;

When I'm sad she's so *Dative* of comfort
and peace,

That I scarce against fate can
Accusative be!

O, Friendship (this *Vocative* most I
prefer),

Makes *my case* always *Ablative*,
“by and with her.”

Your Mother's a *Verb* from *Anomaly*
free,

Though *Indicative* always of learning
and sense,

In all of her moods she's *Potential* o'er
me,

And the *Perfect* is still her *invariable*
Tense!

Though *Passive* in temper, most active
in spirit,

And we are *Deponents*—who swear
to her merit!

For a *Syntax* like that which unites
her and you

Through folios of *Grammar* in vain
we may seek;

As in *Gender*, in *Number* your *Concord's*
most true,

For as *Mother* and *Daughter*, you both
are—*Unique*.

And in goodness to all, as in kindness
to me!

You both, in all cases, are sure to agree!

From *Prosodia*, perhaps I might learn
(if I tried,)

"To scan my own many defects,"
(Vide Gray);

But in vain are all metrical rules when
applied

To charms which both Mother and
Daughter display,

For who could e'er learn, with all
labour and leisure,

To scan what are quite without *number*
and *measure*!

Hon. William Robert Spencer.

NOW AND THEN.

In distant days of wild romance,
Of magic mist and fable,

When stones could argue, trees advance,
And brutes to talk were able;

When shrubs and flowers were said to
preach,

And manage all the parts of speech:—
'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all,

(But doubts we need not mention,)
That THEN and NOW, two adverbs
small,

Engaged in sharp contention;
But how they made each other hear,
Tradition doth not make appear.

THEN was a sprite of subtle frame,
With rainbow tints invested,

On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;

Her sparkling eye of azure hue
Seemed borrowed from the distant blue.

Now rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture;

She seldom either grief or mirth
Expressed by word or gesture;

Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And looked industrious, calm, and
good.

THEN sang a wild, fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on;

Still stretching, as she sailed along
Towards the fair horizon,

Where clouds of radiance, fringed with
gold,

O'er hills of emerald beauty rolled.

Now rarely raised her sober eye

To view the golden distance:
Nor let one idle minute fly

In hope of THEN's assistance;
But still, with busy hands, she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.

She ate the sweet but homely fare

That passing moments brought her:
While THEN, expecting dainties rare,

Despised such bread and water;
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.

Now, venturing once to ask her why,

She answered with invective;
And pointed as she made reply,

Towards that long perspective
Of years to come, in distant blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

"Alas!" says she, "how hard you
toil,

With undiverted sadness!
Behold yon land of wine and oil—

Those sunny hills of gladness;
Those joys I wait with eager brow"—
"And so you always will," said NOW.

"That fairy land that looks so real,
Recedes as you pursue it;

Thus while you wait for times ideal,
I take my work and do it;

Intent to form, when time is gone,
A pleasant past to look upon."

"Ah, well," said THEN, "I envy not
Your dull fatiguing labours;

Aspiring to a brighter lot,
With thousands of my neighbours;

Soon as I reach that golden hill"—
"But that," says NOW, "you never
will."

"And e'en suppose you should," said
she,

"(Though mortal ne'er attained it),
Your nature you must change with
me,

The moment you had gained it:
Since hope fulfilled, you must allow,
Turns NOW to THEN, and THEN to NOW."

Jane Taylor.

HOW-D'-Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

ONE day, Good-bye met How-d'-y'-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew,
From kissing to disputing.

"Away!" says How-d'-y'-do, "your
mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In Sorrow's nomenclature.

"Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'-y'-do has tun'd each
tongue
To Hope's delightful measure;
Good-bye in Friendship's ear is sung,
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrow's past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."—

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's
true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'-y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?"

"Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourished;
And can your hand one flower dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?"

"How oft, if at the court of Love,
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-y'-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion.

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

"Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter;
If he, for ten kind How-d'-y'-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter.

"From Love and Friendship's kindred
source

We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their
force,
Without our joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time there's no denying,
One half in How-d'-y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing."

Hon. William Robert Spencer.

**DISPUTE BETWEEN NOSE
AND EYES.**

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange
contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily
wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the
world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought
to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued
the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig
full of learning,
While chief Baron Ear, sat to balance
the laws,
So famed for his talent, in nicely
discerning.

"In behalf of the nose, it will quickly
appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will
undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles
always in wear,
Which amounts to possession,—time
out of mind."

Then holding the Spectacles up to the
court—

"Your lordship observes they are
made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is—in
short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like
a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment
suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and
may be again),
That the visage or countenance had
not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear
spectacles then ?

"On the whole it appears, and my
argument shows
With a reasoning, the court will
never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made
for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly in-
tended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer
knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the
Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few
people know,
For the court did not think they
were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave
solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one "if"
or "but,"
That, whenever the Nose put his
spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light, Eyes
should be shut.

William Cowper.

If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled
pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper
Peter Piper picked ?

WHEN a Twister a twisting will twist
him a twist ;
For the twisting of his twist, he three
times doth intwist ;
But if one of the twines of the twist do
untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth
the twine.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth
between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in
a twine.
Then twice having twisted the twines
of the twine
He twisteth the twine he had twined
in twain.

The twain that in twining, before in
the twine,
As twines were intwisted ; he now
doth untwine ;
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine
more between,
He twirling his twister, makes a twist
of the twine.

A CANDLE.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled
pepper ;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
picked ;

LITTLE Nanny Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose ;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

PART II.



THE SEASONS.

HARK, HARK THE LARK.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate
sings,
And Phœbus* 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

William Shakespeare.

Up ! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air ;
The lulling stream that soothed thy
dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam ;
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay,
Leave thy soft couch and haste away.

Up ! time will tell, the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimed well ;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,
Lo ! whilst thou sleep'st they haste
away.

Joanna Baillie.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.

THE year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

Robert Browning.

GOOD MORNING.

UP ! quit thy bower, late wears the
hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the
tower ;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild-kid sports merrily :—
The sun is bright, the skies are clear ;
Wake, lady ! wake, and hasten here.

* Phœbus—The Sun.

MORNING.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in the right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and hie with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,

Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.

John Milton.

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene,
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars
seen
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the
mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadows green
Shall live again in light.

Robert Southey.

NOONTIDE.

THE shepherd boy lies on the hill
At noon with upward eye;
Deep on his gaze and deeper still
Ascends the clear blue sky.

You pass him by, and deem perchance
He lies but half awake,
And picture in what airy trance
His soul may sport or ache.

Full wakeful he, both eye and heart,
For he a cloud hath seen
Into that waste of air depart.
As bark in ocean green.

John Keble.

EVENING.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good
things—

Home to the weary, to the hungry
cheer,

To the young bird the parent's brood-
ing wings,

The welcome stall to the o'er-
laboured steer!

Whate'er of peace about our hearth-
stone clings,

Whate'er our household gods pro-
tect of dear,

Are gathered round us by thy look of
rest;

Thou bring'st the child, too, to the
mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and
melts the heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the
first day

When they from their sweet friends
are torn apart

Or fills with love the pilgrim on his
way,

As the far bell of vesper makes him
start,

Seeming to weep the dying day's
decay;

Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah, surely nothing dies but something
mourns!

Lord Byron.

THE DAY IS PAST.

THE day is past, the sun is set,
And the white stars are in the sky;
While the long grass with dew is wet,
And through the air the bats now
fly.

The lambs have now lain down to
sleep,

The birds have long since sought
their nests;

The air is still: and dark and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.

Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light;
For I know God is with me there,
And He will guard me through the
night.

For God is by me when I pray
And when I close mine eyes in
sleep,
I know that He will with me stay,
And will all night watch by me keep.

For He who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to
grow,
Will look on a poor child like me,
When on my knees I to Him bow.

He holds all things in His right hand,
The rich, the poor, the great, the
small;
When we sleep, or sit, or stand,
Is with us, for He loves us all.

Thomas Miller.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

How beautiful is night !
A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,
nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the
sky.
How beautiful is night !

Robert Southey.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where the flocks took delight ;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright.
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm ;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels most heedful
Receive each wild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, " Wrath, by his meekness
And by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

" And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep ;
Or think on him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."

William Blake.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun is down, and time gone by,
The stars are twinkling in the sky,
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out a blithe but stinted day ;
The hours have passed with stealthy
flight,
We needs must part: good-night,
good-night !

* * * * *

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansmen in the heathered hall
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
We part in hopes of days as bright
As this gone by: good-night, good-
night !

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all !
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
 Gay dreams to all ! good-night, good-
 night !

Joanna Baillie.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the
 Night
 Sweep through the marble halls !
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with
 light
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of
 night,
 Stoop o'er me from above ;
 The calm majestic presence of the
 Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and
 delight,
 The manifold, soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the
 Night,
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
 air
 My spirit drank repose ;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows
 there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before !
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of
 Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe
 this prayer !
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the
 most fair,
 The best-loved, Night !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn Night
 Has yet her multitude of cheerful
 fires ;
 The glorious host of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she
 retires ;
 All through her silent watches, gliding
 slow,
 Her constellations come, and climb the
 heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright
 as they :
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming
 way ;
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve
 grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and
 set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see
 them set.
 Alone in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving
 station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering
 train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue
 western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the
 kindling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watch-
 ing there ;
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour
 that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale
 heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light
 are done ;
 High towards the starlit sky
 Towns blaze—the smoke of battle
 blots the sun—
 The nightstorm on a thousand hills is
 loud—
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle
 sea and cloud.

On thy unflinching blaze
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the
friendly coast :
And they who stray in perilous wastes
by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide
their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn
wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging
good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose
ray
The voyager of time should shape his
heedful way.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE STARS.

THEY glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm, for ever bright,
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night :
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

And oh ! how still beneath the stars
The once wild, noisy Earth doth lie ;
As though she now forsook her jars,
And caught the quiet of the sky.
Pride sleeps ; and Love (with all his
scars)
In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orb'd souls, for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright :
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what
your light.
Be, still,—a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night !

Barry Cornwall.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ?
O no ! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou becomest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars :
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
That redest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs
around,
And even the deep blue heavens look
glad,
And gladness breathes from the
blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-
bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through
all the sky ;

The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his
den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily
by.

The clouds are at play in the azure
space,
And their shadows at play on the
bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic
chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen
bower,
There's a titter of winds in that
beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile
on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs
to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how
he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his
ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young
isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom
away.

William Cullen Bryant.

JOY OF LIFE.

THE sun is careering in glory and
might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds
so bright;
The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter,
and play—
And why should not I be as merry as
they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood
through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim
over the dew,
The butterfly flits round the blossoming
tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent
by the bee:
All the creatures that dwell in the
forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as
they?

Miss Mitford.

THE CLOUD.

"I BRING fresh showers for the thirst-
ing flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when
laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews
that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,
As she dances in the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the
blast,
Sublime on the towers of my skyey
bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the
thunder—
It struggles and howls by fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle
motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that
move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the
hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or
stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's
blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread
Leaps on the back of my sailing
rack,
When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from
 the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depths of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy
 nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire
 laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
 floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen
 feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's
 thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer !
 And I laugh to see them whirl and
 flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-
 built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through
 me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and
 these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
 zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of
 pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars
 reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banners un-
 furled.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
 shape
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I
 march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained
 to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours
 wove,
 While the moist air was laughing
 below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean
 and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die :
 For, after the rain, when, with never a
 stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with
 their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a
 ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again."

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE Water! the Water!
 The joyous brook for me,
 That tuneth through the quiet night
 Its ever-living glee.
 The Water! the Water!
 That sleepless, merry heart,
 Which gurgles on unstintedly,
 And loveth to impart
 To all around it, some small measure
 Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
 The gentle stream for me,
 That gushes from the old grey stone
 Beside the alder-tree.
 The Water! the Water!
 That ever-bubbling spring
 I loved and look'd on while a child,
 In deepest wondering,—
 And ask'd it whence it came and went,
 And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
 The merry wanton brook
 That bent itself to pleasure me,
 Like mine old shepherd crook.
 The Water! the Water!
 That sang so sweet at noon,
 And sweeter still all night, to win
 Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
 And from the little fairy faces
 That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

William Motherwell.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never awery;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

James Russell Lowell.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water come down at
Lodore?

My little boy asked me thus, once
on a time.

Moreover, he task'd me to tell him
in rhyme;

Anon at the word there first came one
daughter,
And then came another to second and
third

The request of their brother, and hear
how the water

Comes down at Lodore, with its rush
and its roar,

As many a time they had seen it
before.

So I told them in rhyme, for of
rhymes I had store.

And 'twas in my vocation that thus I
should sing,

Because I was laureate to them and
the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the moun-
tain,

Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through
brake,

It runs and it creeps,
For awhile till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter—hurry-scurry.

How does the water come down at
Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,

It hastens along, conflicting, and
strong,

Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,

Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,

Collecting, disjuncting,
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with
its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and flounder-
ing ;

And falling and crawling and sprawl-
ing,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and
wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and round-
ing,
And bubbling and troubling and
doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and
tumbling,
And clattering and battering and
shattering ;

And gleaming and steaming and stream-
ing and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brush-
ing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping
and slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling
and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting
and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and
spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing
and dancing,
Recoiling, tummoiling and toiling and
boiling,
And thumping and slumping and bump-
ing and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splash-
ing and clashing,—
And so never ending, but always
descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever
are blending.
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty
uproar—
And this the way the water comes
down at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Lord Tennyson.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep :
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky :
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.

How restless are the snorting swine ;
The busy flies disturb the kine ;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings ;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Edward Jenner.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing
spout !

Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
hide
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking
soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain,
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

* * * * *

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering
wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves
fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the moulder-
ing Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in
the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still
shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall.
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SUNSHINE AFTER A SHOWER.

EVER after summer shower,
When the bright sun's returning power
With laughing beam has chased the
storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form,
By sweet-briar hedges bathed in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There, issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the daub way with slimy trail ;
While as I walk from pearl'd bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue ;
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the
scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded
meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow
spreads.

Thomas Warton.

A RAINBOW.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind.
So will our joys and griefs appear
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray :
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.

John Kehle.

THE SUN.

SOMEWHERE it is always light ;
For when 'tis morning here,
In some far distant land 'tis night,
And the bright moon shines there.

When you're undressed and going to
bed,
They are just rising there,
And morning on the hills doth spread
When it is evening here.

And other distant lands there be,
Where it is always night ;
For weeks and weeks they never see
The sun, nor have they light.

For it is dark both night and day,
But what's as wondrous quite,
The darkness it doth pass away,
And then for weeks 'tis light.

Yes, while you sleep the sun shines
bright,
The sky is blue and clear ;
For weeks and weeks there is no night,
But always daylight there.

Thomas Miller.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's
sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

What science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers
forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

* * * * *

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd
fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span ;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

Thomas Campbell.

**"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN
I BEHOLD."**

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So it is now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth.

THE WHIRL-BLAST.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rush'd o'er the woods with startling
sound ;
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones patter'd
round.

Where leafless oaks tower'd high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green ;
A fairer bower was never seen.

From year to year the spacious floor
With wither'd leaves is cover'd o'er,
And all the year the bower is green ;
But see ! where'er the hailstones drop
The wither'd leaves all skip and hop ;
There's not a breeze—no breath of
air—

Yet here, and there, and everywhere
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

William Wordsworth.

THE SNOWSTORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of
the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er
the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited
air

Hides hills and woods, the river, and
the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's
end.

The sledge and traveller stopped, the
courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-
mates set

Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with pro-
jected roof

Round every windward stake, or tree,
or door.

Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild
work

So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mock-
ingly,

On coop or kennel he hangs Parian
wreaths ;

A swan-like form invests the hidden
thorn ;

Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to
wall,

Maugre the farmer's sighs ; and, at the
gate,

A tapering turret overtops the work :
And when his hours are numbered, and
the world

Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, as-
tonished Art

To mimic in slow structures, stone by
stone,

Built in an age, the mad wind's night-
work,

The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

UP in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi'
snow,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cau'd blows the wind frae east to west,

The drift is driving sairly ;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn ;
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Robert Burns.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder-showers,
Apricots, and gilly-flowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn ;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit ;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast—
Hark ! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet.
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

"SPRING, where are you tarrying
now ?

Why are you so long unfelt ?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

"I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden ;
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower, and with the leaf ;
Till I come, the time is brief.

"I am coming, I am coming !
Hark ! the little bee is humming ;
See ! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky ;
And the gnats are on the wing ;
Little maiden, now is Spring !

"See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen ;
And their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets glow.

"Hark ! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd ;
And all birds are singing loud ;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

"Little maiden, look around thee !
Green and flowery fields surround
thee ;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

"Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven !
God for thee the Spring hath given ;
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the
skies,
For thy pleasure, or thy food ;
Pour thy soul in gratitude !
So may'st thou 'mid blessings dwell :
Little maiden, fare thee well !"

Mary Howitt.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I'm very glad the spring is come—the
 sun shines out so bright,
 The little birds upon the trees are sing-
 ing for delight.
 The young grass looks so fresh and
 green, the lambskins sport and play,
 And I can skip and run about as mer-
 rily as they.
 I like to see the daisy and the butter-
 cups once more,
 The primrose and the cowslip too, and
 every pretty flower ;
 I like to see the butterfly fluttering
 her painted wing,
 And all things seem just like myself, so
 pleased to see the spring.
 The fishes in the little brook are jump-
 ing up on high,
 The lark is singing sweetly as she
 mounts into the sky ;
 The rooks are building up their nests
 upon the great tall tree,
 And everything's as busy and as happy
 as can be.
 There's not a cloud upon the sky,
 there's nothing dark or sad ;
 I jump, and scarce know what to do, I
 feel so very glad.
 God must be very good indeed, who
 made each pretty thing :
 I'm sure we ought to love Him much
 for bringing back the spring.

M. A. Stodart.

SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's
 pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids
 dance in a ring ;
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds
 do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and the may make country
 houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds
 pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry
 lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies
 kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning
 sit ;
 In every street these tunes our ears do
 greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring ! the sweet Spring !

Thomas Nash.

SPRING IS COME.

YE coax the timid verdure,
 Along the hills of Spring,
 Blue skies and gentle breezes,
 And soft clouds wandering !
 The quire of birds on budding spray,
 Loud larks in ether sing ;
 A fresher pulse, a wider day,
 Give joy to everything.

The gay translucent morning
 Lies glittering on the sea,
 The noonday sprinkles shadows
 Athwart the daisied lea ;
 The round sun's falling scarlet rim
 In vapour hideth he ;
 The darkling hours are cool and dim
 As vernal night should be.

Our Earth has not grown aged,
 With all her countless years ;
 She works, and never wearies,
 Is glad, and nothing fears :
 The glow of air, broad land and wave,
 In season re-appears ;
 And shall, when slumber in the grave
 These human smiles and tears.

Oh, rich in songs and colours,
 Thou joy-reviving Spring !
 Some hopes are chill'd with winter
 Whose term thou canst not bring,
 Some voices answer not thy call
 When sky and woodland ring,
 Some faces come not back at all
 With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow
 The upward-yearning seed,
 Find Nature's promise faithful,
 Attain their humble meed.

Great Parent! thou hast also form'd
 These hearts which throb and bleed;
 With love, truth, hope, their life hast
 warm'd,
 And what is best, decreed.

William Allingham.

NOW THAT WINTER'S GONE.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth
 hath lost
 Her snow-white robes; and no more
 the frost
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy
 cream
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
 But the warm thaws the benumbed
 earth,
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred
 birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow
 tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-
 bee.
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels
 bring
 In triumph to the world, the youthful
 Spring:
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich
 array,
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for
 May.

Thomas Carew.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and chang-
 ing skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley
 flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month, in praise of
 thee;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and
 bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost
 bring;
 And thou hast joined the gentle train,
 And wear'st the gentle name of
 Spring.

* * * * *

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
 In joy that they again are free,
 And, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Renew their journey to the sea.

* * * * *

Thou, bring'st the hope of those calm
 skies,
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom, on earth that
 lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours

William Bryant.

SPRING.

SOUND the flute!
 Now it's mute.
 Birds delight
 Day and night;
 Nightingale
 In the dale,
 Lark in sky
 Merrily

Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the
 year.

Little boy,
 Full of joy;
 Little girl,
 Sweet and small;
 Cock does crow,
 So do you.
 Merry voice,
 Infant noise,

Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the
 year.

Little lamb,
 Here I am;
 Come and lick
 My white neck;
 Let me pull
 Your soft wool;
 Let me kiss
 Your soft face:

Merrily, merrily, we welcome in the
 year.

William Blake.

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun:
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest:
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising.
 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The ploughboy is whooping--anon--
 anon:
 There's joy in the mountains,
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing,
 The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth.

THE SPRING WALK.

WE had a pleasant walk to-day,
 Over the meadows and far away,
 Across the bridge by the water-mill,
 By the woodside, and up the hill;
 And if you listen to what I say,
 I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
 Were peeping from their sheaths so
 shy,
 We saw four eggs within a nest,
 And they were blue as the summer's
 sky.

An elder-branch dipp'd in the brook,
 We wondered why it moved and
 found
 A silken-hair'd, smooth water-rat
 Nibbling and swimming round and
 round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,
 In a broad meadow, green and
 white,
 The lambs were racing eagerly—
 We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks,
 Long rows of golden flowers shine,
 And first mistook for buttercups,
 The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
 And the blue violets of spring,
 We found whilst listening by a hedge
 To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turn'd
 up
 There came a sweet refreshing smell,
 Such as the lily of the vale
 Sends forth from many a woodland
 dell.

We saw the yellow wall-flower wave
 Upon a mouldering castle wall,
 And then we watch'd the busy rooks
 Among the ancient elm-trees tall

And leaning from the old stone bridge,
 Below we saw our shadows lie,
 And through the gloomy arches
 watch'd
 The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
 As it sang somewhere out of sight,
 And we tried to find it, but the sky
 Was fill'd with clouds of dazzling
 light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
 And heard a pheasant's wing go
 "whirr";
 And then we saw a squirrel leap
 From an old oak-tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
 A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
 For all behind the houses lay
 The orchards red and white with
 blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
 I'm sure that it would take me hours;
 For the whole landscape was alive
 With bees, and birds, and buds and
 flowers.

Thomas Miller.

THE NEW MOON.

When, as the garish day is done,
 Heaven burns with the descended sun,
 'Tis passing sweet to mark,
 Amid the flush of crimson light,
 The new moon's modest bow grow
 bright,
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
 A thrill of gladness o'er them steal
 When first the wandering eye
 Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
 That glimmering curve of tender rays
 Just planted in the sky.

* * * * *

William Cullen Bryant.

SONG ON A MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, Day's
 harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and
 leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green
 lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-
 rose.
 Hail, Bounteous May, that doth inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing ;
 Thus we salute thee with our early
 song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton.

SUMMER.

'Tis June—the merry, smiling June—
 'Tis blushing summer now ;
 The rose is red, the bloom is dead,
 The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
 Amid the clustering vine ;
 The rustic seat is in the porch,
 Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
 Beneath the glowing sky ;
 They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
 The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
 Beneath the sheltering wall ;
 The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
 Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
 The bean-flowers' fragrant maze ;
 Or, basking, throws her dappled form
 To catch the warmest rays.

The opened casements, flinging wide,
 Geraniums give to view ;
 With choicest posies ranged between
 Still wet with morning dew.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,
 The emerald grass must yield ;
 The scythe is out, the swath is down,
 There's incense in the field.

Oh ! how I love to calmly muse,
 In such an hour as this !
 To nurse the joy creation gives
 In purity and bliss.

Eliza Cook.

A SUMMER INVOCATION.

O, GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine—
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O, gentle, gentle summer rain !

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
 Through parching air and purple skies
 The earth looks up in vain, for thee ;
 For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Come, thou, and brim the meadow
 streams,
 And soften all the hills with mist,
 O falling dew ! from burning dreams
 By thee shall herb and flower be
 kissed ;
 And earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

William Cox Bennett.

AUTUMN.

A Dirge.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind
is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale
flowers are dying ;

And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud
of leaves dead,

Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array,—
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her
sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm
is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is
knelling,

For the year ;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the
lizards each gone

To his dwelling.

Come, Months, come away ;
Put on white, black, and gray ;
Let your light sisters play ;
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear
on tear.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

SEPTEMBER.

THERE are twelve months throughout
the year,

From January to December—
And the primest month of all the
twelve

Is the merry month of September !
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful days of September !

There are flowers enough in the
summer-time,
More flowers than I can remember—

But none with the purple, gold, and
red

That dyes the flowers of September !

The gorgeous flowers of September !

And the sun looks through

A clearer blue,

And the moon at night

Sheds a clearer light

On the beautiful flowers of Sep-
tember !

The poor too often go scant and
bare,

But it glads my soul to remember
That 'tis harvest-time throughout the
land

In the bountiful month of Sep-
tember !

Oh ! the good, kind month of Sep-
tember !

It giveth the poor

The growth of the moor ;

And young and old

'Mong sheaves of gold,

Go gleaning in rich September.

Mary Howitt.

DECEMBER.

In a drear-nighted December,

Too happy, happy tree,

Thy branches ne'er remember

Their green felicity.

The north cannot undo them,

With a sicety whistle through them ;

Nor frozen thawings glue them

From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,

Too happy, happy brook,

Thy bubblings ne'er remember

Apollo's summer look ;

But with a sweet forgetting,

They stay their crystal fretting

Never, never petting

About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many

A gentle girl and boy !

But were there ever any

Writhed not at passed joy ?

To know the change and feel it,

When there is none to heal it,

Nor numbed sense to steal it,

Was never said in rhyme.

John Keats.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily
sighing :

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die ;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still ; he doth not move ;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-
love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Everyone for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my
friend,
And the new year blithe and bold,
my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro ;
The cricket chirps : the light burns
low ;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you ;
What is it we can do for you ?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin
Alack ! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes ; tie up his chin ;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my
friend,
And a new face at the door, my
friend,
A new face at the door.

Lord Tennyson.

THE WINTER FIRE.

A FIRE'S a good companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your
face
With welcome glad, and makes the
poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace ! Are you
cold ?
He warms you—weary ? he refreshes
you,
Are you in darkness ? he gives light
to you—
In a strange land ? he wears a face
that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are
you poor ?—
What matters it to him ? He knows
no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest
beggar !
Where is the friend, that bears the
name of man,
Will do as much for you ?

Mary Howitt.

WINTER SONGS.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his
nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's
 saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the mow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and
 raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakespeare.

THE WIND.

THE wind has a language, I would I
 could learn;
 Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes
 'tis stern;
 Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet
 song,
 And all things grow calm, as the sound
 floats along;
 And the forest is lulled by the dreamy
 strain;
 And slumber sinks down on the wan-
 dering main;
 And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
 And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving
 breast.

Letitia Elizabeth London.

THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild north-easter!
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr,
 Ne'er a verse to thee.
 Welcome, black north-easter!
 O'er the German foam;
 O'er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.
 Tired we are of summer,
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air.
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day;
 Jovial wind of winter,
 Turn us out to play!
 Sweep the golden reed-beds;
 Crisp the lazy dyke;
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.
 Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
 Fill the marsh with snipe;

While on dreamy moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow flakes,
 Off the curdled sky.

* * * *

Charles Kingsley.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up from
 sleep,
 Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a
 leap!
 Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through
 a great town,
 Cracking the signs and scattering
 down
 Shutters; and whisking, with merciless
 squalls,
 Old women's bonnets and gingerbread
 stalls.
 There never was heard a much lustier
 shout,
 As the apples and oranges trundled
 about;
 And the urchins that stand with their
 thievish eyes
 For ever on watch, ran off each with a
 prize.

Then away to the field it went bluster-
 ing and humming,
 And the cattle all wonder'd whatever
 was coming;
 It pluck'd by the tails the grave
 matronly cows,
 And toss'd the colts' manes all over
 their brows;
 Till, offended at such an unusual
 salute,
 They all turn'd their backs, and stood
 sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its
 pranks,
 Whistling with reeds on the broad
 river's banks,
 Puffing the birds as they sat on the
 spray,
 Or the traveller grave on the king's
 highway.

It was **not** too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty
rags ;
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play
its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentle-
man's cloak.
Through the forest it roar'd, and cried
gaily, " Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you
bow ! "

And it made them bow without much
ado,
Or it crack'd their great branches
through and through.
Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage
and farm,
Striking their dwellings with sudden
alarm ;
And they ran out like bees in a mid-
summer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs
tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from
mishaps ;

The turkeys they gobbled, the geese
scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terri-
fied crowd ;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs
laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof
threaten'd soon to be gone.
But the wind had swept on, and had
met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and
struggled in vain ;
For it toss'd him, and twirl'd him, then
pass'd, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoes
in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday
glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering
blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo ! it was night, and it sank to
rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming
west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

William Howitt.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW ?

WHICH way does the wind blow,
Which way does he go ?
He rides over the water,
He rides over snow ;

O'er wood and o'er valley,
And o'er rocky heighth,
Which the goat cannot traverse,
He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses
In every bare tree,
As, if you look upwards,
You plainly may see.

But whence he both cometh
And wither he goes,
There's never a scholar
In England that knows.

Lucy Aikin.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

" Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt and sink unseen or forgot ?
And then will my course be ended ? "
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-flake said,
As through the measureless space it
strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid-air suspended.

" Oh, no," said the Earth, " thou shalt
not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to
die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the
sky.
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping ;
But then I must give thee a lovelier
form ;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry
storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are
yellow and warm
And the flowers from my bosom are
peeping

“And then thou shalt have thy choice
to be
Restored in the lily that decks the
lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness ;
To melt, and be cast, in a glittering
bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters
over the mead
In the cup where the bee and the fire-
fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness ;

“To wake and be raised from thy
transient sleep,
When Viola’s mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond
leaf
In a drop from the unlocked foun-
tain :
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow,
and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all
beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery
wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

“Or wouldst thou return to a home
in the skies,
To shine in the iris I’ll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious
dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But, true, fair thing, as my name is
Earth,
I’ll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal
worth,
And never regret descending.”

“Then I will drop,” said the trusting
flake ;
“But bear it in mind that the choice I
make
Is not in the flowers nor dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the
morning :
For, things of thyself, they expire with
thee ;
But those that are lent from on high,
like me,
They rise and will live, from the dust
set free,
To the regions above returning.

“And if true to thy word, and just
thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest
heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me
depart,
And return to my native heaven ;
For I would be placed in the beautiful
bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to
glow,
So thou mayest remember the flake
of snow
By the promise that God hath given.”

Hannah Flagg Gould.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear
night,
And whispered, “Now I shall be out
of sight ;
So through the valley and over the
height,
In silence I’ll take my way :
I will not go on like that blustering
train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and
the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in
vain,
But I’ll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain and pow-
dered its crest ;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs
he dressed
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who
slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept ;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he
slept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things—there were
flowers and trees ;
There were beevies of birds and swarms
of bees ;
There were cities with temples and
towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ;
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
 "Now just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall '*teich*!' to tell them I'm drinking."

Hannah Flagg Gould.

INDIA.

WHERE sacred Ganges pours along the plain,
 And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,
 What awful scenes the curious mind delight,
 What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight !
 There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,
 The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads,
 Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,
 The chattering parrot claps his painted wings ;
 'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake,
 The tiger couches in the tangled brake ;
 The spotted axis bounds in fear away,
 The leopard darts on his defenceless prey.
 'Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,
 Cool peaceful haunts of awful solitude !
 The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs,
 And stately elephants untroubled browse.
 Two tyrant seasons rule the wide domain,
 Scorch with dry heat, or drench with floods of rain :
 Now, feverish herds rush madding o'er the plains,

And cool in shady streams their throbbing veins ;
 The birds drop lifeless from the silent spray,
 And nature faints beneath the fiery day ;
 Then bursts the deluge on the sinking shore.
 And teeming plenty empties all her store.

Lucy Aikin.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHERE the Thracian channel roars
 On lordly Europe's eastern shores.
 Where the proudly jutting land
 Frowns on Asia's western strand,
 High on seven hills is seen to shine
 The second Rome of Constantine.
 Beneath her feet, with graceful pride,
 Propontis spreads his ample tide ;
 His fertile banks profusely pour
 Of luscious fruits a varied store ;
 Rich with a thousand glittering dyes,
 His flood a finny shoal supplies ;
 While crowding sails on rapid wing
 The rifled south's bright treasures bring
 With crescents gleaming to the skies,
 Mosques and minarets arise ;
 Mounted on whose topmost wall,
 The turban'd priests to worship call.
 The mournful cypress rises round,
 Tapering from the burial-ground ;
 Olympus, ever capped with snow,
 Crowns the busy scene below.

Lucy Aikin.

LAPLAND.

"WITH blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
 Traveller, whence comest thou ?"
 "From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
 By the rapid reindeer crost ;
 Where tapering grows the gloomy fir
 And the stunted juniper ;
 Where the wild hare and the crow
 Whiten in surrounding snow ;

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear ;
Where the wolf and arctic fox
Prowl among the lonely rocks ;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half-a-year ;
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail ;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows ;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin
boat,
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.”

Lucy Aikin.

THE TRAVELLER IN AFRICA.

A NEGRO SONG.

THE loud wind roared, the rain fell
fast,
The white man yielded to the blast ;

He sat him down beneath our tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he :
And, ah ! no wife nor mother's care
For him the milk and corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share :
Alas ! no wife nor mother's care
For him the milk and corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the
blast ;
The wind is heard in whispers low,
The white man far away must go :
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go ! white man, go ! but with thee
bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire

FIELDS AND WOODS.

THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG.

BARLEY-MOWERS, here we stand,
One, two, three, a steady band ;
True of heart, and strong of limb,
Ready in our harvest trim ;
All a-row with spirits blithe,
Now we whet the bended scythe,
*Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink !*

Side by side, now bending low,
Down the swaths of barley go,
Stroke by stroke, as true as chime
Of the bells, we keep in time ;
Then we whet the ringing scythe,
Standing 'mid the barley lithe,
*Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink !*

Barley-mowers must be true,
Keeping still the end in view,
One with all, and all with one,
Working on till set of sun,
Bending all with spirits blithe,
Whetting all at once the scythe,
*Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink !*

Day and night, and night and
day,
Time, the mower, will not stay ;
We must hear him in our path
By the falling barley-swath ;
While we sing with voices blithe,
We may hear his ringing scythe,
*Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink !*

After labours cometh ease ;
Sitting now beneath the trees,
Round we send the barley wine
Life-infusing, clear and fine ;

Now refreshed, alert, and blithe,
Rise we all and whet the scythe,
*Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink !*

Mary Howitt.

CORNFIELDS.

In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst ;
When bluebells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first ;
When merle* and mavis† sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

And then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhocks and sunflowers tall
O'ertop the mossy garden wall.

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought,
The fair white thistle-down ;
Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon that golden harvest hill !

* * * * *

O golden fields of bending corn
How beautiful they seem !
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time and take me there !

Mary Howitt.

* Merle—blackbird.

† Mavis—thrush.

THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry board !
 Heap high the golden corn !
 No richer gift has autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads
 of flowers,
 Our plough their furrows made,
 While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
 Beneath the son of May,
 And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of
 June
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

**THE HOCK-CART, OR
HARVEST-HOME.**

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil ;
 By whose tough labours and rough
 hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crown'd with the ears of corn, now
 come,
 And, to the pipe, sing Harvest Home !

Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 Drest up with all the country art :—
 See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
 As spotless pure as it is sweet ;
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad all in linen white as lilies :—
 The harvest swains and wenches
 bound
 For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.

About the cart hear how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout,
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with
 laughter.
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the
 sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
 Some cross the fill-horse, some with
 great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat ;
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's
 hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your
 mirth,
 You shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef !
 With upper stories, mutton, veal,
 And bacon, which makes full the meal ;
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As, here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all-tempting frumenty.
 And for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that, which drowns all care,
 stout beer ;
 Which freely drink to your lord's
 health,

Then to the plough, the common-
 wealth,
 Next to your flails, your fanes, your
 fatts ;

Then to the maids with wheaten hats ;
 To the rough sickle, and crook't
 scythe,

Drink, frolick, boys, till all be blythe.
 Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
 Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
 As you, may have their fill of meat ;
 And know, besides, ye must revoke
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow, though they're hanged up
 now

And, you must know, your lord's words
true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills
you :
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

Robert Herrick.

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the
sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg.

BATHING.

THE May winds gently lift the willow
leaves ;
Around the rushy point comes wel-
tering slow
The brimming stream ; alternate sinks
and heaves
The lily-bud, where small waves ebb
and flow.
Willow herb and meadow sweet !
Ye the soft gales, that visit there,
From your waving censers greet
With store of freshest balmy air.

Come bathe—the steaming noontide
hour invites ;
Even in your face the sparkling
waters smile—
Yet on the brink they linger, timid
wights,
Pondering and measuring ; on their
gaze the while
Eddying pool and shady creek
Darker and deeper seem to grow :
On and onward still, they seek
Where sports may less adventurous
show.

At length the holdest springs : but ere
he leave
The flashing waters, eye and thought
grow dim ;
Too rash it seems, the firm green earth
to leave :
Heaven is beneath him : shall he
sink or swim ?
Far in boundless depth he sees
The rushing clouds obey the gale,
Trembling hands and tottering
knees,
All in that dizzy moment fail.

John Keble.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come
hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come
hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet
lot ;
From the morn to the evening he
strays ;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with
praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply ;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is
nigh.

William Blake.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

HE that is down needs fear no fall ;
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage :
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up ; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from underground ;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours, fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom :
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock ;

And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep
Whilst the other eye doth sleep.
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids ! so farewell ;
Thus I end my evening knell.

Baumont and Fletcher.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock's in the sky,
And Colley in my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no ! sad and slow !
I hear no welcome sound,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round.

My sheep-bells tinkle frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near ;
But still the sound that I lo'e best
Alack ! I cannot hear.
Oh, no ! sad and slow !
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din,
And Luckey scolding frae her door
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no ! sad and slow !
These are nae sounds for me,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,
A snood of bonny blue,
And promis'd when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow !
Oh, no ! sad and slow !
The time it winna pass :
The shadows of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way.
 She's past the witches' knowe,
 She climbing up the brownie's brae;
 My heart is in a lowe.
 Oh, no! 'tis not so!
 'Tis glamrie I ha'e seen!
 The shadow of that hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en

Joanna Baillie.

THE SHEPHERD'S COT.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with
 sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets
 blow.

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is
 bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-
 pigeons breed;
 But let me such plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
 Who would rob a poor bird of its
 young;
 And I loved her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

William Shenstone.

THE SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
 Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
 When the tired ploughman, dry and
 warm,
 Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm

Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
 Against the casement's tinkling pane;—
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and
 fox,
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,
 Are warnings which the shepherd ask
 To dismal and to dangerous task!
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
 Till, dark above, and white below,
 Decided drives the flaky snow,
 And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine,
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
 Whistling and cheering them to aid.
 Around his back he wreathes the plaid;
 His flocks he gathers, and he guides
 To open downs, and mountain-sides,
 Where fiercest though the tempest
 blow.
 Least deeply lies the drift below.
 The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
 Stiffens his locks to icicles;
 Oft he looks back, while streaming far,
 His cottage window seems a star,—
 Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
 Turns patient to the blast again,
 And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
 Drives through the gloom his lagging
 sheep.
 If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
 Benumbing death is in the gale:
 His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
 Close to the hut, no more his own,
 Close to the aid he sought in vain,
 The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:
 The widow sees, at dawning pale,
 His orphans raise their feeble wail;
 And, close beside him, in the snow,
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
 Conches upon his master's breast,
 And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BLOSSOM.

MERRY, merry sparrow,
 Under leaves so green,
 A happy blossom
 Sees you, swift as arrow
 Seek your cradle narrow
 Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin,
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

William Blake.

But now we see none here,
Where silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorn this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

Robert Herrick

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you must stay yet here a while
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide,
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick.

TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh and green ;
Ye have been filled with flowers ;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their
hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

A GARDEN.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver
dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to
the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of
night.

And the Spring arose on the garden
fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell every-
where :
And each flower and herb on Earth's
dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry
nest.

* * * * *

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain
wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh
odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the
tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them
all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveli-
ness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion
so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bell is
seen,
Through their pavilions of tender
green.

And the hyacinth, purple and white
and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the
sense.

* * * * *

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that
blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

GARDENING.

SEEST thou yon woodland child,
How amid flowerets wild,
Wilder himself, he plies his pleasure-
task ?
That ring of fragrant ground,
With its low woodbine bound,
He claims : no more, as yet, his little
heart need ask.

There learns he flower and weed
To sort with careful heed :
He waits not for the weary noontide
hour.
There with the soft night air
Comes his refreshing care :
Each tiny leaf looks up and thanks him
for the shower.

Thus faithful found awhile,
He wins the joyous smile
Of friend or parent : glad and bright is
he,
For when his garland gay
He hears the kind voice say,
"Well hast thou wrought, dear boy :
the garden thine shall be."

John Keble.

GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame ! the bloom-
ing morn
Upon her wings presents the god
unshorn ;
See how Aurora throws her fair,
Fresh-quilted colours through the
air.

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and
tree !
Each flower has wept, and bowed to-
ward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not
drest—
Nay, not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have matins
said,
And sung their thankful hymns ;
'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this
day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch
in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be
seen
To come forth, like the Springtime,
fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair !
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has
kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls
unwept.
Come, and receive them while the
light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the
night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands
still
Till you come forth ! Wash, dress, be
brief in praying,
Few beads are best, when once we go
a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming,
mark
How each field turns a street, each
street a park,
Made green, and trimmed with
trees ! See how
Devotion gives each house a
bough
Or branch ! each porch, each door,
ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly inter-
wove,
As if here were the cooler shades of
love.

Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not
see't ?

Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May.
And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-
Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this
day,

But is got up, and gone to bring in
May.

A deal of youth, ere this is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden
home.

Some have despatched their cakes
and cream,

Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept, and woo'd, and
plighted troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can
cast off sloth.

Many a green-gown has been
given,

Many a kiss, both odd and even,
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firm-
ament :

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're
not a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.

VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour !

You do bring

In the Spring,

And wait upon her.

She hath virgins many,

Fresh and fair ;

Yet you are

More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies ;

And so graced,

To be placed

'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,

By and by

Ye do lie,

Poor girls, neglected.

Robert Herrick,

THE ROSE OF MAY.

Ah ! there's the lily, marble pale,
The bonny broom, the cistus frail ;
The rich sweet pea, the iris blue,
The larkspur with its peacock hue ;
All these are fair, yet hold I will
That the Rose of May is fairer still.

'Tis grand 'neath palace walls to grow,
To blaze where lords and ladies go ;
To hang o'er marble founts, and shine
In modern gardens, trim and fine ;
But the Rose of May is only seen
Where the great of other days have
been.

The house is mouldering stone by
stone,

The garden-walks are overgrown ;

The flowers are low, the weeds are
high,

The fountain stream is choked and dry,

The dial-stone with moss is green,

Where'er the Rose of May is seen.

The Rose of May its pride display'd

Along the old stone balustrade ;

And ancient ladies, quaintly dight,

In its pink blossoms took delight ;

And on the steps would make a stand

To scent its fragrance—fan in hand.

Long have been dead those ladies gay ;

Their very heirs have passed away ;

And their old portraits, prim and tall,

Are mould'ring in the mould'ring hall ;

The terrace and the balustrade

Lie broken, weedy and decayed.

But blithe and tall the Rose of May

Shoots upward through the ruin grey ;

With scented flower, and leaf pale green,

Such rose as it hath never been,

Left, like a noble deed, to grace

The memory of an ancient race.

Mary Howitt.

A ROSEBUD.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,

Adown a corn-enclosed baw,

Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,

All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou sweet rosebud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parents' evening ray
That watch thy early morning.

Robert Burns.

TO A PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale Primrose! starting
up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak,
that strew
The sunny lawn, the wood, and
coppice through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker
green;
How much thy presence beautifies
the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected
pride
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's
warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups
are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly
along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude
delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his
simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing
sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly
bring
The welcome news of sweet returning
spring.

John Clare.

WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Prim-
rose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in
the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to keep across,
And the Elm-tree for our King!

Nay—nay! I wish I were an Elm-
tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green
leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The Birds would house among the
boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere
to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or
dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

William Allingham.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers;
Coming ere the spring time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,—

Somewhere on the sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door.
Purple with the north-wind,
Yet alert and bold;
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is winter!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardships
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

Mary Howitt.

THE ROSE.

THE rose has been washed, just washed
in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the
flower,
And weighed down its beautiful
head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves
were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with
regret,
On the flourishing bush where it
grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and
drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely,
alas!
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless
part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a
heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner
awhile,
And the tear that is wiped with a little
address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

William Cowper.

THE MAZE.

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

FROM right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth, you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain;—
Stand still and breathe, and take from
me
A clue that soon shall set you free
Not Ariadne, if you met her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You entered easily—find where—
And make with ease your exit there.

William Cowper.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse
you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon
you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with
fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups
gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into
dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and
echoing streams—
And of birchen glades breathing
their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in
sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-
pigeon's note,
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song had a pleasanter
tune

Than ye speak to my heart, little wild-
ings of June ;

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your
beauties to find,

When the magic of Nature first
breathed on my mind,

And your blossoms were part of her
spell.

Even now what affections the violet
awakes !

What loved little islands, twice seen in
their lakes,

Can the wild water lily restore !
What landscape I read in the primrose's
looks,

And what pictures of pebbled and
minnowy brooks,

In the vetches that tangled their
shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart
ye were dear,

Ere the fever of passion, or ague of
fear,

Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's
passionless stage ;

With the visions of youth to revisit
my age,

And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BLUEBELL.

THE Bluebell is the sweetest flower

That waves in summer air :

Its blossoms have the mightiest power
To soothe my spirit's care.

There is a spell in purple heath

Too wildly, sadly dear ;

The violet has a fragrant breath,
But fragrance will not cheer.

The trees are bare, the sun is cold,

And seldom, seldom seen ;

The heavens have lost their zone of
gold,

And earth her robes of green,

And ice upon the glancing stream
Has cast its sombre shade ;
The distant hills and valleys seem
In frozen mist arrayed.

The Bluebell cannot charm me now,
The heath has lost its bloom ;

The violets in the glen below,
They yield no sweep perfume.

But though I mourn the sweet Blue-
bell,

'Tis better far away ;

I know how fast my tears would swell
To see it smile to-day.

For, oh ! when chill the sunbeams fall
Adown that dreary sky,

And gild yon dank and darkened wall
With transient brilliancy.

How do I weep, how do I pine

For the time of flowers to come,
And turn me from that fading shrine,
To mourn the fields of home.

Emily Brontë.

LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden,
Cankered not the whole year long !

Do ye teach us to be strong,

Howsoever pricked and holden,

Like your thorny blooms, and so

Trodden on by rain or snow,

Up the hillside of this life, as bleak as
where ye grow ?

Mountain blossoms, shining blos-
soms,

Do ye teach us to be glad

When no summer can be had,

Blooming in our inward bosoms ?

Ye whom God preserveth still,

Set as lights upon a hill,

Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty
hieth still !

Mountain gorse, do ye teach us

From that academic chair

Canopied with azure air,

That the wisest word man reaches

Is the humblest he can speak ?

Ye, who live on mountain peak,

Yet live low along the ground, beside
the grasses meek !

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
 Knelt beside you on the sod,
 For your beauty thanking God,—
 For your teaching, ye should see us
 Bowing in prostration new !
 Whence arisen—if one or two
 Drops be on our cheeks—O, world,
 they are not tears but dew.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen
 sire !
 Whose modest form so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first ques-
 tioned Winter's sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the
 fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the
 year,
 Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid
 the storms
 Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved.

While every bleaching breeze that on
 her blows,
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

Henry Kirke White.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story .
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as them, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out.
 Little Flower ! I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
 Since we needs must first have met,
 I have seen thee high and low,
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know ;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In a time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal ;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
 Travel with the multitude :
 Never heed them ; I aver
 That they all are wanton wooers ;
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home ;
 Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming spirit !
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane—there's not a place
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours !
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no ;
 Others, too, of lofty mien ;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth ;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing, as dost behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love.

William Wordsworth.

MINE HOST OF THE "GOLDEN APPLE."

A GOODLY host one day was mine,
 A Golden Apple his only sign,
 That hung from a long branch, ripe
 and fine.

My host was the beautiful Apple-tree :
 He gave me shelter and nourished me
 With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a
 few,

To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
 And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
 Of moss, and my Host benignly spread
 His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there
 might be,
 He shook his broad boughs cheerily :—
 A blessing be thine, green Apple-
 tree !

Thomas Westwood.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOUGH.
 WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
 For I must crush among the stoures
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power ;
 Thou bonny gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonny lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe to
 meet

The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter biting north
 Upon thy early humble birth,
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm ;
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens
 yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun
 shield,
 But thou, beneath the random field*
 Of clod or stane.
 Adorn'st the histie stubble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lift'st thy unassuming head.
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies.

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

NARCISSUS.

I SAW the pride of all the meadows
 At morn, a gay Narcissus, blow
 Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 Bloomed in the silver waves below.
 By noontide's heat its youth was
 wasted,
 The waters as they passed com-
 plained ;
 At eve its glories were all blasted,
 And not one former grace remained.
 While the wild rose, more safely growing
 Low in the unaspiring vale,
 Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
 Long sheds its sweetness on the gale.

William Cowper.

THE DAISY.

ON FINDING ONE IN BLOOM ON CHRIST-
 MAS DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour
 And weathers every sky ;

* Shelter.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine ;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses
run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale ;
But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page : in every place
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.
On waste and woodland, rock and
plain,
The humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

James Montgomery.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils :
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but
they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon :
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run

But to the evensong ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.

We die
As your hours do ; and dry
Away,

Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own
blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are
flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draws near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven as I depart.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE COFFEE SLIPS.

WHENE'ER I fragrant coffee drink,
For the generous Frenchman think,
Whose noble perseverance bore
The tree to Martinico's shore.
While yet her colony was new,
Her island products but a few,
Two shoots from off a coffee-tree
He carried with him o'er the sea.
Each little tender coffee slip
He waters daily in the ship,
And as he tends his embryo trees,
Feels he is raising 'midst the seas
Coffee groves, whose ample shade
Shall screen the dark Creolian maid.
But soon, alas! his darling pleasure
In watching this his precious treasure
Is like to fade,—for water fails
On board the ship in which he sails.
Now all the reservoirs are shut,
The crew on short allowance put;
So small a drop is each man's share,
Few leavings you may think there are
To water these poor coffee plants:—
But he supplies their gasping wants,
Even from his own dry parched lips
He spares it for his coffee slips.
Water he gives his nurslings first,
Ere he allays his own deep thirst,
Lest, if he first the water sip,
He bear too far his eager lip.
He sees them droop for want of more;

Yet when they reach the destined shore,
With pride the heroic gardener sees
A living sap still in his trees.
The islanders his praise resound;
Coffee plantations rise around;
And Martinico loads her ships
With produce from those dear-saved
slips.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE BROOM FLOWER.

O THE Broom, the yellow Broom I
The ancient poet sung it;
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow:
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies lie enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering
gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden:
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as
light
The mountain water gushes.

Take all the rest: but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the Broom—
The green and yellow linnet!

Well—call the Rose the queen of
flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of Lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron—

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man or woman;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom !
 The ancient poet sung it ;
 And dear it is on summer days
 To lie at rest among it.

Mary Howitt.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :
 To his music, plants, and flowers,
 Ever spring ; as sun and showers.
 There has been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art ;
 Killing care and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing die.

William Shakespeare.

AMPHION.

My father left a part to me,
 But it was wild and barren,
 A garden too with scarce a tree
 And waster than a warren :
 Yet say the neighbours when they call,
 It is not bad but good land,
 And in it is the germ of all
 That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great
 In days of old Amphion,
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
 Nor cared for seed or scion !
 And had I lived when song was great,
 And legs of trees were limber,
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
 And fiddled in the timber !

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
 Such happy intonation,
 Wherever he sat down and sung
 He left a small plantation ;
 Wherever in a lonely grove
 He set up his forlorn pipes,
 The gouty oak began to move,
 And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
 And, as tradition teaches,
 Young ashes pirouetted down,
 Coquetting with young beeches ;
 And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
 Ran forward to his rhyming
 And from the valleys underneath
 Came little cosses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
 The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
 And down the middle buzz ! she went
 With all her bees behind her :
 The poplars, in long order due,
 With cypress promenaded,
 The shock-head willows two and two
 By rivers galloped.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
 Came yews a dismal coterie ;
 Each pluck'd his one foot from the
 grave,
 Pousetting with a sloe-tree :
 Old elms came breaking from the vine,
 The vine stream'd out to follow,
 And sweating rosin, plumb'd the pine
 From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
 When, ere his song was ended,
 Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
 The country-side descended ;
 And shepherds from the mountain-eves,
 Look'd down, half pleased, half
 frighten'd,
 As dash'd about the drunken leaves
 The random sunshine lighten'd !

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,
 And wanton without measure,
 So youthful and so flexile then,
 You moved her at your pleasure.
 Twang out, my fiddle ! shake the
 twigs,
 And make her dance attendanee ;
 Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs
 And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain ! in such a brassy age
 I could not move a thistle ;
 The very sparrows in the hedg
 Scarce answer to my whistle ;
 Or at the most, when three-parts sick
 With strumming and with scraping,
 A jackass hee-haws from the rick,
 The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear ? a sound
 Like sleepily counsel pleading :
 O Lord !—'tis my neighbour's ground,
 The modern Muses reading.
 They read Botanic Treatises,
 And Works on Gardening thro' there
 And Methods of transplanting trees,
 To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd misses ! how they prose
 O'er books of travell'd seamen,
 And show you slips of all that grows
 From England to Van Dieman.
 They read in arbours clipt and cut,
 And alleys, faded places,
 By squares of tropic summer shut
 And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these tho' fed with careful dirt,
 Are neither green nor sappy ;
 Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
 The spindlings look unhappy.
 Better to me the meanest weed
 That blows upon its mountain,
 The vilest herb that runs to seed
 Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
 And years of cultivation,
 Upon my proper patch of soil
 To grow my own plantation.
 I'll take the showers as they fall,
 I will not vex my bosom :
 Enough if at the end of all
 A little garden blossom.

Lord Tennyson.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

THE owl to her mate is calling ;
 The river his hoarse song sings ;
 But the oak is marked for falling,
 That has stood for a hundred springs.
 Hark ! a blow, and a dull sound fol-
 lows ;
 A second—he bows his head ;
 A third—and the wood's dark hollows
 Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven ;
 His body all barked and squared ;
 And he's now, like a felon, driven
 In chains to the strong dock-yard !

He's sawn through the middle, and
 turned
 For the ribs of a frigate free ;
 And he's caulked, and pitched, and
 burned ;
 And now—he is fit for sea !

Oh ! now—with his wings outspread
 Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
 He will triumph again, though dead,
 And be dreaded in every sea :
 The lightning will blaze about,
 And wrap him in flaming pride :
 And the thunder-loud cannon will
 shout,
 In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought, and won,
 And been honoured from shore to
 shore ;
 And his journey on earth is done,—
 Why, what can he ask for more ?
 There is nought that a king can claim,
 Or a poet or warrior bold,
 Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
 And to mix with the common mould !

Barry Cornwall.

THE OAK AND THE BEECH.

FOR the tender beech and the sapling
 oak,
 That grew by the shadowy rill,
 You may cut down both at a single
 stroke,
 You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long
 as they grow,
 Whatever change may be,
 You can never teach either oak or
 beech
 To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the
 shade,
 And the whispering sound of the cool
 colonnade ;
 The winds play no longer and sing in
 the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image
 receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last
took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank
where they grew ;
And now in the grass behold they are
laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent
me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another
retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen
from the heat ;
And the scene, where his melody
charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty
no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting
away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as
they ;
With a turf on my breast, and a stone
at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in
its stead.

The change both my heart and my
fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his
joys ;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures,
we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner
than we.

William Cowper.

ENGLAND'S OAK.

LET India boast its spicy trees.
Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give to each faint and languid breeze
Its rich and rare perfume.
Let Portugal and haughty Spain
Display their orange-groves ;
And France exult her vines to train
Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
As stately as them all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage and in hall.
'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
Its greenness to the grave ;
Nor willow, though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave ;

Nor birch, although its slender tress
Be beautifully fair,
As graceful in its loveliness
As maiden's flowing hair.
'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen ;
Nor beech, although its boughs be
dight
With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me :
My favourite, and the forest's king,
The British Oak shall be !
Its stem, though rough, is stout and
sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round
O'er man and beast below ;

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath,
But having open'd plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to childhood dear ;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing
stage,
Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine
And braves the bursting storm ;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above,
Of Gospel-truths sublime :

Oh ! then, triumphant in its might,
O'er waters dim and dark,
It seems, in Heaven's approving sight,
A second glorious Ark.
On earth the forest's honour'd king !
Man's castle on the sea !
Who will, another tree may sing,
Old England's Oak for me !

Bernard Barton.

YARDLY OAK.

* * * * *

THOU wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball

Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay.

Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd

The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down

Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs, And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.

But Fate thy growth decreed : autumnal rains,

Beneath thy parent tree, mellow'd the soil,

Designed thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,

With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd

The soft receptacle, in which secure

Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

* * * * *

Thou fell'st mature, and in the loamy clod,

Swelling with vegetative force instinct,

Didst burst thine egg, as their's the fabl'd Twins,

Now stars : two lobes protruding, pair'd exact ;

A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,

And all the elements thy puny growth

Fostering propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Time made thee what thou wast—king of the woods !

And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave

For owls to roost in ! Once thy spreading boughs

O'erhung the champaign, and the numerous flock

That grazed it, stood beneath the ample cope

Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the storm.

No flock frequents thee now ; thou hast outliv'd

Thy popularity, and art become

(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing

Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth !

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd

Of treeship—just a seedling, hid in grass ;

Then twig ; then sapling, and as century roll'd

Slow after century, a giant-bulk,

Of girth enormous with moss-cushion'd root

Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd

With prominent wens globose—till at the last,

The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict

On other mighty ones, found also thee.

William Cowper.

MUSTARD SEED.

BEHOLD this ground ! There's nothing here

Save earth,—nor hast there been this year

Grass, moss, nor flower, nor weed, Yet in a week, here shall be seen

Your name, dear George, in leaves of green,

Spring from this round seed.

Now clear and plain before your sight, In this dark mould your name I'll write.

There's every letter clear—

Now fill the lines with mustard seed—

Well done, a dunce your name might read,

So plain it doth appear.

Cover the seeds beneath this mould, That looks so dark, and damp, and cold,

Until not one is seen.

And in a week, I dare be bound,

The name of GEORGE will here be found

In double leaves of green.

Though I can write your name in gold,

And many a curl and flourish bold

Around the letters throw ;

Were I a thousand years to try,

To make a plant but one inch high,

I could not make it grow.

The simplest flower by which we pass
Deep buried in the summer grass,

Man hath not skill to make ;
Although he's power to build a town,
He cannot form the thistle's down,
Which every wind doth shake.

Thomas Miller.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our
solitudes,

I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp
nook,

To please the desert and the sluggish
brook :

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their
beauty gay ;

Here night the red-bird comes his
plumes to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his
array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and
sky,

Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made
for seeing,

Then beauty is its own excuse for
being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the
rose !

I never thought to ask ; I never
knew,

But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought
me there, brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
meadows brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
the withered leaves lie dead ;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and
to the rabbits' tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and
from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-tops calls the crow,
through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a
beauteous sisterhood ?

Alas ! they all are in their graves, the
gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the
fair and good of ours,

The rain is falling where they lie, but
the cold November rain,

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they
perished long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchid died
amid the summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the
aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook
in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold
heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was
gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild
day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from
out their winter home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is
heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the
waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers
whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and
by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her
youthful beauty died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew up
and faded by my side ;

In the cold moist earth we laid her,
when the forest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should
have a life so brief :

Yet not unmet it was that one, like
that young friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should
perish with the flowers.

William Cullen Bryant.

HIE AWAY.

Hie away, hie away !
 Over bank and over brae,
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady ferns grow strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it :
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green ;
 Over bank and over brae,
 Hie away, hie away !

Sir Walter Scott.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day ;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk and horse and hunting-
 spear !
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knell-
 ing,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they.
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
 And foresters have busy been
 To trace the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers
 fray'd ;
 You shall see him brought to bay.
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Sir Walter Scott.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn ;
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay :
 " My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
 You cannot hunt to-day."
 Yet a-hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch ;
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown
 out,
 And some thrown in the ditch.
 Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale ;
 And when the hounds too near he spies,
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a-hunting we will go.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
 And join the jovial cry ;
 The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky,
 When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then, hungry, homeward we return,
 To feast away the night,
 And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
 Prepare then for the chase ;
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,
 And health with sport embrace
 When a-hunting we do go.

Henry Fielding.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE ! Sleep no more ! 'Tis a noble
 morn !
 The dews hang thick on the fringed
 thorn,
 And the frost shrinks back, like a
 beaten hound,
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.
 Behold where the billowy clouds
 flow by,
 And leave us alone in the clear gray
 sky !
 Our horses are ready and steady,—
 So, ho !
 I'm gone like a dart from the Tartar's
 bow.

*Hark, hark! who calleth the maiden
morn*

*From her sleep in the woods and the
stubble corn?*

The horn—the horn!

*The merry sweet ring of the hunter's
horn!*

* * * * *

Sound, sound the horn! To the
hunter good

What's the gully deep, or the roaring
flood?

Right o'er he bounds, as the wild stag
bounds,

At the heels of his swift, sure, silent
hounds.

Oh! *what* delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's
back,

With his stirrups short, and his snaffle
strong;

And the blast of the horn for his morn-
ing song!

*Hark, hark! Now home! and dream
till morn*

*Of the bold sweet sound of the hunter's
horn!*

The horn—the horn!

*Oh, the sound of all sounds is the
hunter's horn!*

Barry Cornwall.

UP, UP! YE DAMES AND LASSES GAY!

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!

To the meadows trip away.

'Tis you must tend the flocks this
morn,

And scare the small birds from the
corn,

Not a soul at home may stay:

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house

To the cricket and the mouse:

Find grannam out a sunny seat,

With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Not a soul at home may stay:

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE HUNT IS UP.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,

And it is well-nigh day;

And Harry our king is gone hunting

To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,

And darkness it is fled;

And the merry horn wakes up the
morn

To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes

Are glowing all around;

The grass is green, and so are the
treen

All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at sport,

The dogs are running free,

The woods rejoice at the merry noise

Of Hey tantara tee ree!

The sun is clad to see us glad

All in our lusty green,

And smiles in the sky as he riseth high

To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,

Be merry as you may;

For Harry our king is gone hunting,

To bring his deer to bay.

A HAWKING PARTY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HARK! hark! the merry warder's horn

Far o'er the wooded hills is borne,

And then out breaks a general din

From those without, as those within

Upon the terrace steps are seen

In such a bright array!

The kenneled hounds' long bark is
heard,

The falconer talking to his bird,

The neighing steeds, the angry word

Of grooms impatient there.

But soon the bustle is dismissed,

The falconer sets on every wrist

A hooded hawk, that's stroked and
kissed

By knight and lady fair.

And sitting in their saddles free,
The brave, the fair of high degree,
Forth rides that gallant company,

Each with a bird on hand ;

And falconers with their hawking gear,
And other birds, bring up the rear,
And country-folk from far and near
Fall in and join the band.

And merrily thus in shine and shade,
Gay glancing through the forest glade,
On rides the noble cavalcade,

To moorlands wild and grey ;

And then the noble sport is high ;
The jess is loosed, the hood thrown by ;
And "*leurre !*" the jolly falconers cry,
And wheeling round the falcons fly
Impatient of their prey.

A moment and the quarry's ta'en,
The falconer's cry sounds forth amain,
The true hawk soars and soars again,

Nor once the game is missed !

And thus the jocund day is spent,
In joyous sport and merriment :

And baron old were well content
To fell his wood, and pawn his rent,
For the hawk upon his wrist.

Oh, falcon proud, and goshawk gay,
Your pride of place has passed away,
The lone wood is your home by day,

Your resting perch by night ;

The craggy rock your castle-tower.

The gay green wood your "ladies'
bower,"

Your own wild will the master power
That can control your flight !

Yet, noble bird, old fame is thine,
Still liv'st thou in the minstrel's line ;
Still in old pictures art the sign

Of high and pure degree ;

And still, with kindling hearts we read,
How barons came to Runnymede,
Falcon on wrist, to do the deed

That made all England free !

Mary Howitt.

HOME.

THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE sun doth arise
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play
And soon they all say :
" Such, such, were the joys
When we, all girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till, the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry ;
The sun doth descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest ;
And sport no more seen
On the echoing green.

William Blake.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs
there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager ;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle-bowers
That breathe a gale of fragrance
round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic
sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade ;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a hill ;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my
ear ;
A willow brook that turns a mill
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built
nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome
guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring,
Each fragrant flower that drinks the
dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were
given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

Samuel Rogers.

PLEASANT THINGS.

—'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moon-
 lit deep
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters
 sweep;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star
 appear;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night
 winds creep
 From leaf to leaf, 'tis sweet to view on
 high
 The rainbow, bared on ocean, span
 the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's
 honest bark,
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we
 draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
 mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when
 we come;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet
 the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the songs of
 birds,
 The lisp of children, and their
 earliest words.

Lord Byron.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
 A little prop best fits a little vine;
 As my small cruse best fits my little
 wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
 A little trade best fits a little toil;
 As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
 A little garland best fits a little head;
 As my small stuff best fits my little
 shed.

A little hearth best fits my little fire,
 A little chapel fits a little choir;
 As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
 A little lead best fits a little float;
 As my small pipe best fits my little note.

Robert Herrick.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
 Whose lives are others', not their own,
 But, serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee:—
 —Thou never plough'st the ocean's
 foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper home;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched
 clove;
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the west:
 No! thy ambition's masterpiece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year:
 But walk'st about thine own dear
 bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds
 For well thou know'st 'tis not the
 extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content,
 When now the cock, the ploughman's
 horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
 Then to thy cornfields thou dost go,
 Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost
 know
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands:
 There at the plough thou find'st thy
 team,
 With a hind whistling there to them;
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how
 Thy kingdom's portion is the plough:
 This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there
 treads,
 Thou seest a present God-like power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower;
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed
 kine
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine:
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek
 neat
 Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
 And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,

These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.

For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holydays;
On which the young men and maids
meet

To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.

Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou
hast,

Thy May-poles too with garlands
graced,

Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
That's toss'd up after Fox'i'th'hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,—
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it:—
To these, thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous
snow;

Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
Thy lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls
then

To catch the pilfering birds, not men.

O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood;
Who all the day themselves do please
And younglings, with such sports as
these;
And, lying down, have nought t'affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the
night.

Robert Herrick.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock

To tell how night draws hence, I've
none,

A cock

I have to sing how day draws on:

I have

A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
To save

That little, Fates me gave or lent:

A hen

I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when

She goes her long white eggs to lay:

A goose

I have, which, with jealous care,
Lets loose

Her tongue, to tell what danger's near:

A lamb

I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam

An orphan left him lately dead:

A cat

I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat

With eating many a miching mouse:

To these

A Tracy* I do keep, whereby
I please

The more my rural privacy:

Which are

But toys, to give my heart some ease.
Where care

None is, slight things do slightly please.

Robert Herrick.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village
street

Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico

Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall

An ancient time-piece says to all—

“For ever—never!

Never—for ever!”

* * * * *

By day its voice is low and light;

But in the silent dead of night,

Distinct as a passing footstep's fall

It echoes along the vacant hall,

Along the ceiling, along the floor,

And seems to say, at each chamber
door—

“For ever—never!

Never—for ever!”

* His spaniel.

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of
birth

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has
stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming
strayed;

Oh precious hours! Oh golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece
told—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding
night;

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the
prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient time-piece makes reply—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Never here—for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here!

The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MY PRETTY CHIMNEY- ORNAMENTS.

“I HAVE a dog who never barks,
A cat who never mews,
A shoe-maker who never works,
Or mends a pair of shoes;
A parrot too, who does not talk,
Nor do my shepherds ever walk!

“Mister Toby see stand
With a jug in his hand.
How many years there he has stood!
Never raises the mug
But keeps it so snug!
When sober, he always is good.

“A shepherdess too,
With sheep not a few,
There sits on my shelf with a snile,
She never heeds smoke,
She never once spoke,
Or ever got over that stile!

“They’re all pretty indeed
And none I’ve to feed,
Yet not one would *refuse* a nice crust,
So all I’ve to do
Is to keep them in view
And guard them from breaking and
dust.”

Thus Mary cried,
Then heavily sighed!—
Her father was pleased at the whim,
Of addressing thus mere chinaware
But guessed well her thoughts when
she *sighed*
And could not her sorrow well bear.

An only child was she,
Brought up on father’s knee,
Nor aunt, nor sister, no, nor mother
knew,—
Of other relatives she had but few,
And now lived quite alone,
With him, who loved his own!

* * * * *

A few days after—joy to see !
 The little girl with company,
 And all *alive* and merry !
 Here was a linnet in a cage,
 There was a parrot sage,
 Eating a fine red cherry !

And see ! a kitten too !
 Her tricks not few,—
 A lovely spaniel, brown and white,
 Now bounded in, to Mary's great
 delight !

"The linnet sang, the parrot squall'd,
 Young puss climbed on her knee,
 Obedient Rover came when call'd,—
 It was a sight to see !

Upon her curly head,
 His hand her father laid,
 "They're yours, my child—and need
 I say,
 Yourself attend, and feed them every
 day !"

Adelaide O'Keefe.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-
 chair !
 I've treasured it long as a sainted
 prize—
 I've bedewed it with tears, I've em-
 balmed it with sighs ;
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my
 heart,
 Not a tie will break, not a link will
 start ;
 Would you learn the spell ?—A mother
 sat there,
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-
 chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near,
 The hallowed seat with listening ear ;
 And gentle words that mother would
 give,
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
 She told me shame would never betide
 With truth for my creed, and God for
 my Guide ;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest
 prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
 When her eyes were dim and her locks
 were grey,
 And I almost worshipped her when
 she smiled
 And turned from her Bible to bless
 her child.
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
 My idol was shattered—my earth-star
 fled ;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-
 chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing
 brow ;
 'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there
 she died,
 And memory flows with lava tide !
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding tears run down my
 cheek ;
 But I love it—I love it, and cannot
 tear
 My soul from my mother's old arm-
 chair.

Eliza Cook.

SONG OF THE FIRE.

'Tis a sad sight
 To see the year dying,
 When Autumn's last wind
 Sets the yellow woods sighing :
 Sighing, O sighing.

When such a time cometh
 I do retire
 Into an old room
 Beside a bright fire :
 O pile a bright fire !

And there I sit,
 Reading old things,
 Of knights and ladies,
 While the wind sings—
 O drearily sings !

I never look out
 Nor attend to the blast ;
 For all to be seen
 Is the leaves falling fast ;
 Falling, falling !

But close at the hearth,
 Like a cricket sit I
 Reading of summer
 And chivalry—
 Gallant chivalry !

* * * * *

Then the clouds part,
 Swallows soaring between ;
 The spring is awake,
 And the meadows are green !

I jump up like mad,
 Break the old pipe in twain,
 And away to the meadows,
 The meadows again.

Edward FitzGerald.

A CEREMONY FOR CANDLE- MAS DAY.

Down with the rosemary and so
 Down with the bays and mistletoe ;
 Down with the holly, ivy, all
 Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas
 hall ;
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind ;
 For look, how many leaves then be
 Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
 So many goblins you shall see.

Robert Herrick.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now, he who knows old Christmas,
 He knows a carle of worth ;
 For he is as good a fellow,
 As any upon the earth.

He comes warm-cloaked and coated,
 And buttoned up to the chin ;
 And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
 We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
 So we sweep the hearth up clean ;
 We set him the old armed-chair,
 And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
 We make the house look gay,
 Just out of an old regard to him,—
 For 'twas his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale barrel,
 And bring out wine and meat ;
 And thus we have all things ready,
 Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon as the time wears round,
 The good old carle we see,
 Coming a-near—for a creditor
 Less punctual is than he.

He comes with a cordial voice,
 That does one good to hear ;
 He shakes one heartily by the hand,
 As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
 He asks in a cheerful tone,
 Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
 He remembers them every one !

What a fine old fellow he is !
 With his faculties all as clear,
 And his heart as warm and light.
 As a man's in his fortieth year !

What a fine old fellow, in troth !
 Not one of your griping elves,
 Who, with plenty of money to spare,
 Think only about themselves.

Not he ! for he loveth the children,
 And holiday begs for all ;
 And comes with his pockets full of gifts,
 For the great ones and the small.

With a present for every servant,—
 For in giving he doth not tire,—
 From the red-faced jovial butler,
 To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
 And singeth with might and main ;
 And we talk of the old man's visit,
 Till the day that he comes again.

Oh ! he is a kind old fellow,
 For though the beef be dear,
 He giveth the parish paupers,
 A good dinner once a year.

And all the workhouse children,
 He sets them down in a row.
 And giveth them rare plum pudding,
 And twopence apiece also !

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
 Have heard those children young.
 You would wish with them, that
 Christmas
 Came often and tarried long !

He must be a rich old fellow,—
 What money he gives away !
 There is not a lord in England
 Could equal him any day !

Good luck unto old Christmas,
 And long life, let us sing,
 For he doth more good unto the poor,
 Than many a crownéd king !

Mary Howitt.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is
 chill ;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deem'd the new-born
 year
 The fittest time for festal cheer :
 And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had
 roll'd, .
 And brought blithe Christmas back
 again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night ;
 On Christmas Eve the bells were
 rung ;
 On Christmas Eve the mass was
 sung :
 That only night in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner
 choose ;
 The lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the Crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;
 Then the grim boar's head frown'd on
 high,

Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
 How, when, and where, the monster
 fell ;

What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas
 pie ;

Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;—
 But, O ! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest
 ale ;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the
 year.

Sir Walter Scott.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

COME, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys.
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand,
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here.
The while the meat is a-shredding ;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by.
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

Robert Herrick.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the
plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the
labouring swain ;
Where smiling spring its earliest visits
paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom
delayed ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport
could please !
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each
scene ;
How often have I paused on every
charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the
neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath
the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers
made !
How often have I blessed the coming
day.

When toil remitting lent its turn to
play,
And all the village train, from labour
free,
Led up their sports beneath the
spreading tree :
While many a pastime, circled in the
shade,
The young contended as the old
surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the
ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength
went round ;
And still, as each repeated pleasure
tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band
inspired ;
The dancing pair that simply sought
renown,
By holding out to tire each other down :
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted
face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the
place :
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of
love,
The matron's glance that would those
looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village !
sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil
to please :
These round thy bowers their cheerful
influence shed,
These *were* thy charms—but all these
charms are fled.

Oliver Goldsmith.

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six.
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on :
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.
He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm :
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew

He makes all toil, all hardship light ;
 Would all men were the same !
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame !
 Folks need not be unkind, austere ;
 For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain ;
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful firelight, through the
 dark.

And we'll do all that father likes ;
 His wishes are so few ;
 Would they were more ; that every
 hour
 Some wish of his I knew !
 I'm sure it makes a happy day,
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
 That baby's almost wild,
 See how he laughs, and crows, and
 stares—
 Heaven bless the merry child !
 His father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now,
 He's through the garden gate ;
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait.
 Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy
 hands,
 For father on the threshold stands.

Mary Howitt.

BABY MARY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches ;
 Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness ; round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise.
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
 Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes.
 Lights and shadows swifter form
 Than on wind-swept autumn corn,
 Ever some new tiny notion,
 Making every limb all motion,

Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
 Twining feet, whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever new surprisings.
 Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under.
 Tiny scorns of smiled reproving,
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness, that we prize such sinning.

William Cox Bennett.

FORESIGHT.

OR THE CHARGE OF A CHILD TO HIS
 YOUNGER COMPANION.

THAT is work of waste and ruin,
 Do as Charles and I are doing !
 Strawberry blossoms, one and all,
 We must spare them—here are many ;
 Look at it—the flower is small,
 Small and low, though fair as any.
 Do not touch it ! summers two
 I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, Sister Anne !
 Pull as many as you can,
 Here are daisies, take your fill,
 Pansies and the cuckoo-flower ;
 Of the lofty daffodil
 Make your bed, and make your bower ;
 Fill your lap, and fill your bosom,
 Only spare the strawberry-blossom.

Primroses, the Spring may love them—
 Summer knows but little of them ;
 Violets, a barren kind,
 Withered on the ground must lie ;
 Daisies leave no fruit behind
 When the pretty flow'rets die,
 Pluck them, and another year
 As many will be blooming here.

God has given a kindlier power,
 To the favoured strawberry-flower.
 When the months of Spring are fled
 Hither let us bend our walk ;
 Lurking berries, ripe and red,
 Then will hang on every stalk,
 Each within its leafy bower ;
 And for that promise, spare the flower.

William Wordsworth.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;
 The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
 Or tree, or butterfly, or flower.
 Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
 Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
 Nor had a melancholy mind ;
 For God took pity on the boy,
 And was his friend ; and gave him joy
 Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt, above
 Her other children him did love !
 For, was she here, or was she there,
 She thought of him with constant care,
 And more than mother's love.

And proud was she of heart, when, clad
 In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
 And bonnet with a feather gay,
 To Kirk he on the Sabbath day,
 Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he ; not for need,
 But one to play with and to feed ;
 Which would have led him, if bereft
 Of company or friends, and left
 Without a better guide.

And then the bag-pipes he could blow ;
 And thus from house to house would go,
 And all were pleased to hear and see ;
 For none made sweeter melody
 Than did the poor blind boy.

William Wordsworth.

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

" Up, Timothy, up with your staff and
 away !
 Not a soul in the village this morning
 will stay :
 The hare has just started from
 Hamilton's grounds,
 And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of
 the hounds."

Of coats, and of jackets, grey, scarlet,
 and green,
 On the slopes of the pastures all
 colours were seen ;
 With their comely blue aprons and
 caps white as snow,
 The girls on the hills made a holiday
 show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six
 months before,
 Fill'd the funeral basin at Timothy's
 door ;
 A coffin through Timothy's threshold
 had past ;
 One Child did it bear, and that Child
 was his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise
 and the fray,
 The horse and the horn, and the hark !
 hark ! away !
 Old Timothy took up his staff, and he
 shut,
 With a leisurely motion, the door of
 his hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment
 he said :
 " The key I must take, for my Ellen is
 dead."
 But of this, in my ears, not a word did
 he speak ;
 And he went to the chase with a tear
 on his cheek.

William Wordsworth.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud.
 Lately made of flesh and blood ;
 Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her.

Robert Herrick.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—————A SIMPLE Child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death ?

I met a little Cottage Girl :
 She was eight years old, she said ;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad ;
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
 —Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you
tell;"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my
mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white
with snow,
And I could run and slide;
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh, master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are
dead!"
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

William Wordsworth.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

"O, CALL my brother back to me;
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flowers and
bee—
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,
O, call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we
sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load;
O, call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time
smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer
hours,
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !"

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSE- HOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are
dressed
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, oh Earth !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better
land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy
band ;
Mother ! O where is that radiant
shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no
more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange
blooms.
And the fire-flies dance through the
myrtle-boughs ?"

"Not there—not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees
rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny
skies ?
Or midst the green islands of glittering
seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the
breeze,
And strange bright birds on their
starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious
things ?"

"Not there—not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands
of gold ?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby
shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret
mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the
coral strand ?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better
land ?"

"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle
boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of
joy :
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless
bloom.
For beyond the clouds, and beyond
the tomb,
—It is there—it is there, my child !"

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,

And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,

Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place :

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power

By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;

Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,

More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,

He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast ;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed,

The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,

Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,

Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,

His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,

And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,

To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies :

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise,

At church with meek and unaffected grace.

His looks adorned the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,

With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;

E'en children followed, with endearing wile,

And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till
night,

You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy
sledge,

With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school

Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy
friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

INSECTS, BIRDS, AND BEASTS.

INSECTS.

OBSERVE the insect race, ordained
to keep
The lazy Sabbath or a half-year's sleep
Entombed beneath the filmy web they
lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sunbeams pierce their dark
retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital
heat;
The full-formed brood, impatient of
their cell,
Start from their trance and burst their
silken shell;
Trembling awhile they stand, and
scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried
air;
At length assured, they catch the
favouring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils, and high
in ether sail.

Lo! the bright train their radiant
wings unfold.
With silver fringed and freckled o'er
with gold.
On the gay bosom of some fragrant
flower
They, idly fluttering, live their little
hour;
Their life all pleasure, and their task
all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all
their day.

* * * * *

What atom forms of insect life appear!
And who can follow Nature's pencil
here?
Their wings with azure, green, and
purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with
gems embossed,

Inlaid with pearl, and marked with
various stains
Of lively crimson through their dusky
veins.
Some shoot like living stars athwart
the night
And scatter from their wings a vivid
light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny
loves,
As through the wood with cautious
steps he moves.

See the proud giant of the beetle
race;
What shining arms his polished limbs
enchase!
Like some stern warrior, formidably
bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming
light;
On his large forehead spreading horns
he wears;
And high in air the branching antlers
bears;
O'er many an inch extends his wide
domain,
And his rich treasury swells with
hoarded grain.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE TOAD'S JOURNAL.*

IN a land for antiquities greatly
renowned,
A traveller had dug wide and deep
under ground

* It is related by the traveller Pelzoni, in the
narrative of his discoveries in Egypt, that hav-
ing succeeded in clearing a passage to the
entrance of an ancient Temple which had for
ages been buried in the sand, the first object
that presented itself upon entering was a living
toad of enormous size. The first twelve lines
of the poem are by some unknown hand.

A temple for ages entombed to disclose—
 When lo! he disturbed in its secret repose
 A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears
 It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of years.
 The roll, which this reptile's long history records,
 A treat to the sage antiquarian affords:
 The sense by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,
 Deep learning, at length, with long labour revealed.
 The first thousand years as a specimen take ;—
 The dates are omitted for brevity's sake.
 —“ Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked with one eye ;
 Half opened the other, but could not tell why ;
 Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,
 Then drew all together and slept for a year.
 Awakened, felt chilly—crept under a stone ;
 Was vastly contented with living alone.
 One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,
 Could not get it away—had the cramp in my leg ;
 Began half to wish for a neighbour at hand
 To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand ;
 Pulled harder—then dozed, as I found 'twas no use ;—
 Awoke the next summer, and lo ! it was loose.
 Crawled forth from the stone when completely awake ;
 Crept into a corner and grinned at a snake.
 Retreated, and found that I needed repose ;
 Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze :
 Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,
 And did not wake for a century or more ;
 But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe :—

Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve ;
 And I in some garden deliciously fed
 In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry bed.
 There fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,
 And others that hopped, most enchanting to see.
 Here long I regaled with emotion extreme ;—
 Awoke—disconcerted to find it a dream ;
 Grew pensive—discovered that life is a load ;
 Began to get weary of being a toad ;
 Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears.”—
 Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

MORAL.

It seems that life is all a void,
 On selfish thought alone employed :
 That length of days is not a good,
 Unless their use be understood ;
 While if good deeds *one* year engage,
That may be longer than an age :
 But if a year in trifles go,
 Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so.
 Time cannot stay to make us wise—
 We must improve it as it flies.

Jane Taylor.

THE GLOW-WORM.*

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
 A worm is known to stray,
 That shows by night a lucid beam,
 Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
 From whence its rays proceed ;
 Some give that honour to his tail,
 And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of Night,
 That kindles up the skies.
 Gives *him* a modicum of light,
 Proportioned to his size.

* From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod ;

Nor crush a worm whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

William Cowper.

THE LADY-BIRD IN THE HOUSE.

Oh ! lady-bird, lady-bird, why do you
roam
So far from your children, so far from
your home ?

Why do you, who can revel all day
in the air,
And the sweets of the grove and the
garden can share,
In the fold of a leaf who can find a
green bower,
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a
flower—

Ah ! why, simple lady-bird, why do
you venture
The dwellings of men so familiar to
enter ?

Too soon you may find that your trust
is misplaced,

When by some cruel child you are
wantonly chased ;

And your bright scarlet coat, so be-
spotted with black,

Is torn by his barbarous hands from
your back :

Ah ! then you'll regret you were
tempted to rove

From the tall climbing hop, or the
hazel's thick grove,

And will fondly remember each arbour
and tree,

Where lately you wandered contented
and free :—

Then fly, simple lady-bird !—fly away
home,

No more from your nest and your
children to roam.

Charlotte Smith.

THE SNAIL.*

To grass or leaf, or fruit or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides,
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself, has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than
blind
(He and his house are so combined),
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

William Cowper.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm !
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free ;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive ;

O ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give !

Thomas Gishorne.

* From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee,
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice:
 Man for thee does sow and plough;
 Farmer he and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently joy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee, country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year:
 Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know:
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced,
 and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal)
 Sated with the summer feast
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Abraham Cowley.

**TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND
THE CRICKET.**

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel
 of June:
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the
 lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the sum-
 moning brass;
 And you, warm little housekeeper,
 who class
 With those who think the candle's
 come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your trick-
 some tune

Nick the glad silent moments as they
 pass!
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that
 belong
 One to the fields, the other to the
 hearth,
 Both have your sunshine; both,
 though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem
 given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears their
 natural song—
 In doors and out, summer and
 winter, Mirth.

Leigh Hunt.

**THE GRASSHOPPER AND
THE CRICKET.**

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with
 the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice
 will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-
 mown mead:
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes
 the lead
 In summer luxury—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired
 out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
 weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the
 frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove
 there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth in-
 creasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half
 lost,
 The grasshopper's among the grassy
 hills.

John Keats.

THE CRICKET.*

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wheresoe'er be thy abode
 Always harbinger of good:
 Pay we for thy warm retreat
 With a song more soft and sweet;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.

* From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest !
While the rat is on the scout
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish and spoil the best ;
Frisking thus before the fire
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are ;
Theirs is but a summer song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play :
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

William Cowper.

TO A CRICKET.

VOICE of summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will,
For thy song with summer's filled—
Filled with sunshine, filled with June ;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away,
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of summer, keen and shrill,

William Cox Bennett.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

THOU has burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight :

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
In summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh-open'd flowers.

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
Bloom sweetest for thee ;

And fondly inhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest.

And there dost betake thee
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
And, little butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless !—not frozen seas
More motionless ; and then,
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are
weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !

Come to us often, fear no wrong,
 Sit near us on the bough!
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
 And summer days when we were young;
 Sweet childish days that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

William Wordsworth.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Float near me; do not yet depart!
 Dead times revive in thee:
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
 The time when, in our childish plays,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly!
 A very hunter did I rush
 Upon the prey—with leaps and
 springs
 I followed on from brake to bush,
 But she, God love her, feared to brush
 The dust from off its wings.

William Wordsworth.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

METHOUGHT I heard a butterfly
 Say to a labouring bee:
 "Thou hast no colours of the sky
 On painted wings like me."
 "Poor child of vanity! those dyes,
 And colours bright and rare,"
 With mild reproof, the bee replies
 "Are all beneath my care."
 "Content I toil from morn to eve,
 And scorning idleness,
 To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
 The vanity of dress."

William Lisle Bowles.

"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS."

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowlip's bell I lie:
 There I couch, when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After summer, merrily:
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bough.

William Shakespeare.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.*

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
 Or the spot that we till for our
 pleasure,
 From the largest to least, but it
 yields
 The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
 With a diligence truly exact;
 Yet steal what she may for her hoard,
 Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
 And pilfers with so much address,
 That none of their odour they lose,
 Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Nor thus inoffensively preys
 The canker-worm, indwelling foe!
 His voracity not thus allays
 The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm more expensively fed,
 The pride of the garden devours;
 And birds peck the seeds from the bed,
 Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with much delicate skill,
 Her pillage so fits for her use,
 That the chemist in vain with his still,
 Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
 Nor a benefit blame as a theft,
 Since, stole she not all that she steals,
 Neither honey nor wax would be
 left.

William Cowper.

From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

SONG OF THE BEES.

WE watch for the light of the morn to break,

And colour the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake ;

Then say to each other, "Awake ! awake !

For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."

And off we hie to the hill and dell,
To the field, to the meadow and bower ;

We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,

To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,

To search for the balm in its fragrant cell,

The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the painted thistle and brier ;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,

Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And aim at a state still higher.

While each, on the good of her sister bent,

Is busy, and cares for all,
We hope for an evening of heart's content

In the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, or its hours misspent,

And the harvest is past recall.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee !

As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace

On the meadow, with dew so gay,
Saw I thee, thou, busy, busy bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee !

After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,

I heard thee last, as I saw thee first ;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee !
Late and early at employ ;

Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summers in keeping and hoarding is spent,

What thy winter will never enjoy.
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee !

What is the end of thy toil,
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,

And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil ;
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Robert Southey.

TO A FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I ;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up,
Make the most of life you may ;
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline :—
Thine's a summer: mine's no more,
Though repeated to three-score :—
Three-score summers, when they're gone
Will appear as short as one.

William Oldys.

MISTER FLY.

WHAT a sharp little fellow is Mister Fly,
He goes when he pleases, low or high,
And can walk just as well with his feet to the sky
As I can on the floor ;

At the window he comes
 With a buzz and a roar,
 And o'er the smooth glass
 Can easily pass
 Or through the keyhole of the door.
 He eats the sugar, and goes away,
 Nor ever once asks what there is to
 pay;
 And sometimes he crosses the tea-
 pot's steam,
 And comes and plunges his head in
 the cream;
 Then on the edge of the jug he stands,
 And cleans his wings with his feet
 and hands.
 This done, through the window he
 hurries away,
 And gives a buzz, as if to say,
 "At present I have'n't a minute to
 stay,
 But I'll peep in again in the course
 of the day."
 Then again he'll fly
 Where the sunbeams lie,
 And neither stop to shake hands
 Nor bid good-bye:
 Such a strange little fellow is Master
 Fly,
 Who goes where he pleases, low or
 high,
 And can walk on the ceiling
 Without ever feeling
 A fear of tumbling down "sky-high."

Thomas Miller.

THE FLY.

LITTLE fly,
 Thy summer's play,
 My thoughtless hand
 Has brush'd away.

Am not I
 A fly like thee?
 Or art not thou
 A man like me?

For I dance,
 And drink and sing,
 Till some blind hand
 Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
 And strength and breath,
 And the want
 Of thought is death;

Then am I
 A happy fly
 If I live
 Or if I die.

William Blake.

THE TRUE STORY OF WEB- SPINNER.

WEB-SPINNER was a miser old,
 Who came of low degree;
 His body was large, his legs were thin,
 And he kept bad company;
 And his visage had the evil look
 Of a black felon grim;
 To all the country he was known,
 But none spoke well of him.
 His house was seven stories high,
 In a corner of the street,
 And it always had a dirty look,
 When other homes were neat;
 Up in his garret dark he lived,
 And from the windows high,
 Looked out in the dusky evening
 Upon the passers by.
 Most people thought he lived alone,
 Yet many have averred
 That dismal cries from out his house
 Were often loudly heard;
 And that none living left his gate,
 Although a few went in;
 For he seized the very beggar old,
 And stripped him to the skin.
 And though he prayed for mercy,
 Yet mercy ne'er was shown—
 The miser cut his body up,
 And picked him bone from bone.
 Thus people said, and all believed
 The dismal story true;
 As it was told to me, in truth,
 I tell it so to you.

There was an ancient widow—
 One Madgy de la Moth,
 A stranger to the man, or she
 Had ne'er gone there in troth;
 But she was poor and wandered out,
 At night-fall in the street,
 To beg from rich men's tables
 Dry scraps of broken meat.
 So she knocked at old Web-Spinner's
 door
 With a modest tap, and low,
 And down stairs came he speedily
 Like an arrow from a bow.

"Walk in, walk in, mother," said he,
And shut the door behind—
She thought, for such a gentleman,
That he was wondrous kind.
But ere the midnight clock had tolled,
Like a tiger of the wood,
He had eaten the flesh from off her
bones,
And drunk of her heart's blood !

Now after this foul deed was done,
A little season's space,
The Burly Baron of Bluebottle
Was riding from the chase.
The sport was dull, the day was hot,
The sun was sinking down,
When wearily the Baron rode
Into the dusty town.
Says he, "I'll ask a lodging,
At the first house I come to ;"
With that, the gate of Web-Spinner
Came suddenly in view :
Loud was the knock the Baron gave :
Down came the churl with glee ;
Says Bluebottle, "Good Sir, to-night
I ask your courtesy ;
I am wearied by a long day's chase—
My friends are far behind."
"You may need them all," said Web-
Spinner,
"It runneth in my mind."
"A Baron am I," said Bluebottle ;
"From a foreign land I come ;"
"I thought as much," said Web-
Spinner,
"Fools never stay at home !"
Says the Baron, "Churl, what meaneth
this ?

I defy you, villain base !"
And he wished the while, in his in-
most heart,

He was safely from the place.
Web-Spinner ran and locked the door,
And a loud laugh laughed he,
With that, each one on the other
sprang,
And they wrestled furiously.
The Baron was a man of might,
A swordsman of renown ;
But the Miser had the stronger arm,
And kept the Baron down.
Then out he took a little cord,
From a pocket at his side,
And with many a crafty, cruel knot.
His hands and feet he tied ;
And bound him down unto the floor,
And said in savage jest,

"There is heavy work for you in
store ;
So, Baron, take your rest !"
Then up and down his house he went,
Arranging dish and platter,
With a dull and heavy countenance.
As if nothing were the matter.
At length he seized on Bluebottle,
That strong and burly man,
And, with many and many a desperate
tug,

To hoist him up began :
And step by step, and step by step,
He went with heavy tread ;
But ere he reached the garret door,
Poor Bluebottle was dead

Now all this while, a magistrate,
Who lived in a house hard by,
Had watched Web-Spinner's cruelty
Through a window privily :
So in he burst, through bolts and bars,
With a loud and thundering sound,
And vowed to burn the house with fire,
And level it with the ground ;
But the wicked churl, who all his life
Had looked for such a day,
Passed through a trap-door in the wall,
And took himself away.
But where he went, no man could tell :
'Twas said that under ground
He died a miserable death—
But his body ne'er was found.
They pulled his house down, stick
and stone,
"For a catiff vile as he,"
Said they, "within our quiet town
Shall not a dweller be !"

Mary Howitt.

THE LOCUST.

THE locust is fierce, and strong, and
grim,
And a mailed man is afraid of him :
He comes like a winged shape of
dread,
With his shielded back and his armed
head,
And his double wings for hasty flight,
And a keen, unwearying appetite.

He comes with famine and fear along,
An army a million million strong ;


The Goth and the Vandal, and dwarfish Hun,
 With their swarming people, wild and dun,
 Brought not the dread that the locust brings,
 When is heard the rush of their myriad wings.

From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
 Where the Lions roam and the Serpents breed,
 Far over the sea, away, away !
 And they darken the sun at noon of day.
 Like Eden the land before them they find,
 But they leave it a desolate waste behind.

The peasant grows pale when he sees them come,
 And standeth before them weak and dumb ;
 For they come like a raging fire in power,
 And eat up a harvest in half an hour ;
 And the trees are bare, and the land is brown,
 As if trampled and trod by an army down.

There is terror in every monarch's eye,
 When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh ;
 For he knows that the might of an armed host
 Cannot drive the spoilers from out his coast,
 That terror and famine his land await,
 And from north to south 'twill be desolate.

Thus, the ravening locust is strong and grim ;
 And what were an armed man to him ?
 Fire turneth him not, nor sea prevents,
 He is stronger by far than the elements !
 The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,
 And he darkens the sun at the noon of the day.

Mary Howitt. 

THE NAUTILUS.

WHERE southern suns and winds prevail,
 And undulate the summer seas,
 The Nautilus expands his sail,
 And scuds before the freshening breeze.

Off is a little squadron seen
 Of mimic ships, all rigged complete ;
 Fancy might think the fairy-queen
 Was sailing with her elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is designed
 Each channeled bark of purest white !
 With orient pearl each cabin lined,
 Varying with every change of light

While with his little slender oars,
 His silken sail and tapering mast,
 Th' dauntless mariner explores
 The dangers of the watery waste ;

Prepared, should tempests rend the sky,
 From harm his fragile bark to keep,
 He furls his sail, his oars lays by,
 And seeks his safety in the deep.

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,
 He hears the storm above him roar,
 'Mid groves of coral glowing red,
 And rocks o'erhung with madrepore

So let us catch life's favouring gale :
 But, if fate's adverse winds be rude
 Take calmly in the adventurous sail,
 And find repose in solitude.

Charlotte Smith.

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
 When drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool
 Waiting till his supper cool,
 And maid, whose cheek out-blooms the rose,
 As bright the blazing fagot glows ;
 Come show thy tricks and sportive graces,
 Thus circled round with merry faces,

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
 With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
 The house-wife's spindle whirling round,
 Or thread or straw, that on the ground
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
 Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
 Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
 Upon the futile, faithless thing ;
 Now, wheeling round with bootless
 skill,

Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
 As oft beyond thy curving side
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide.
 And see ! the start, the jet, the bound,
 The giddy scamper round and round,
 With leap, and jerk, and high eurve,
 And many a whirling somerset ;
 But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
 Applauses now thy feats repay ;
 For now, beneath some urchin's hand,
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy
 stand,

While many a stroke of fondness glides
 Along thy back and tabby sides.
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
 And loudly sings thy busy purr ;
 As, tuning well the equal sound,
 Thy clutched feet be-pat the ground,
 And all their harmless claws disclose,
 Like prickles of an early rose ;
 While softly from thy whisker'd cheek
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and
 meek.

Joanna Baillie.

THE KITTEN AT PLAY.

SEE the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves, one, two, and three
 Falling from the elder-tree,
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of the morning bright and fair.

See the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws and darts ;
 With a tiger-leap half way
 Now she meets her coming prey.
 Lets it go as fast and then
 Has it in her power again.

Now she works with three and four,
 Like an Indian conjurer ;
 Quick as he in feats of art,

Gracefully she plays her part ;
 Yet were gazing thousands there,
 What would little Tabby care ?

William Wordsworth.

THE RETIRED CAT.

A POET's cat, sedate and grave
 As poet well could wish to have,
 Was much addicted to inquire
 For nooks to which she might retire,
 And where, secure as mouse in chink,
 She might repose, or sit and think

* * * * *

Sometimes ascending, debonnaire.
 An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
 Lodged with convenience in the fork
 She watched the gardener at his work ;
 Sometimes her ease and solace sought
 In an old empty watering-pot ;
 There, wanting nothing but a fan,
 To seem some nymph in her sedan,
 Apparelled in exactest sort,
 And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
 Not only in our wiser race ;
 Cats also feel, as well as we,
 That passion's force, and so did she.
 Her climbing, she began to find,
 Exposed her too much to the wind,
 And the old utensil of tin
 Was cold and comfortless within ;
 She therefore wished, instead of those,
 Some place of more secure repose,
 Where neither cold might come, nor air
 Too rudely wanton with her hair,
 And sought it in the likeliest mode
 Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
 With linen of the softest kind—
 A drawer impending o'er the rest,
 Half open, in the top-most chest,
 Of depth enough, and none to spare,
 Inviting her to slumber there.
 Puss, with delight beyond expression,
 Surveyed the scene and took possession.
 Then resting at her ease, ere long,
 And lulled by her own hum-drum song,
 She left the cares of life behind,
 And slept as she would sleep her last ;
 When in came, housewifely inclined,

The chambermaid, and shut it fast ;
 By no malignity impelled,
 But all unconscious whom it held.
 Awakened by the shock, cried Puss,
 " Was ever cat attended thus !
 The open drawer was left I see,
 Merely to prove a nest for me ;
 For soon as I was well composed,
 Then came the maid, and it was closed.
 How smooth these kerchiefs and how
 sweet ;

Oh ! what a delicate retreat,
 I will resign myself to rest,
 Till Sol declining in the west,
 Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
 Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
 And Puss remained still unattended.
 The night rolled tardily away
 (With her, indeed, 'twas never day),
 The sprightly moon her course renewed,
 The evening grey again ensued ;
 And Puss came into mind no more
 Than if entombed the day before.
 With hunger pinched, and pinched
 for room,

She now presaged approaching doom,
 Nor slept a single wink or purred,
 Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet
 watching,
 Heard an inexplicable scratching ;
 His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
 And to himself he said, " What's
 that ? "

He drew the curtain at his side,
 And forth he peeped, but nothing
 spied ;

Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
 Something imprisoned in the chest,
 And doubtful what, with prudent care,
 Resolved it should continue there.
 At length a voice which well he knew,
 A long and melancholy mew,
 Saluting his poetic ears,
 Consoled him and dispelled his fears.
 He left his bed, he trod the floor,
 And 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
 The lowest first, and without stop
 The rest in order, to the top ;
 For 'tis a truth well known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it ere it come to light
 In every cranny but the right.

Forth skipped the cat, not now replete,
 As erst, with airy self-conceit.
 Nor in her own fond apprehension
 A theme for all the world's attention ;
 But sober, modest, cured of all
 Her notions so hyperbolic,
 And wishing for her place of rest
 Anything rather than a chest.
 Then stepped the poet into bed
 With this reflection in his head :

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence !
 The man who dreams himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight,
 That all around in all that's done,
 Must move and act for *him* alone,
 Will learn in school of tribulation,
 The folly of his expectation.

William Cowper.

INDUSTRY OF ANIMALS.

THE lute-voice birds rise with the light,
 Their nestling young to feed,
 Pursue the insects in their flight,
 Or pluck the feathery seed.

The golden-belted humming bee
 Goes toiling hour by hour,
 Over the moor and distant lea,
 Wherever grows a flower.

With weary journeys up and down,
 He home his honey brings,
 From gardens in the distant town,
 And while he labours sings.

The long-tailed field-mouse to the wood
 Makes journeys many a score,
 And in a granary piles his food,
 And hoards his wintry store.

Within the hollow of a tree
 The nimble squirrel hides
 His meat and nuts right cunningly,
 And for the cold provides.

His home the mole makes underground,
 With runs and chambers crossed,
 And galleries circling round and round,
 In which you would be lost.

Although the swallow in her nest
 Displays such art and skill,
 She has no tools save her white breast,
 And small sharp-pointed bill.

There's not an insect crawls or flies
 But what has work to do,
 And the same God their want supplies
 Who watcheth over you.

No single thing did God create,
 But he for it gave food,
 And whether it be small or great,
 "He saw that it was good."

Thomas Miller.

She hath neither wish nor heart ;
 Hers is now another part :
 A loving creature she, and brave !
 And fondly strives her struggling
 friend to save.

From the brink her paw she stretches.
 Very hands, as you would say,
 And afflicting moans she fetches
 As he breaks the ice away
 For herself she hath no fears :
 Him alone she sees and hears,
 Makes efforts and complainings, nor
 gives o'er
 Until her fellow sank, and reappeared
 no more.

William Wordsworth.

INCIDENT.

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds, the master
 Goes to learn how all things fare ;
 Searches pasture after pasture,
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care :
 And for silence or for talk,
 He hath comrades in his walk ;
 Four dogs, each pair of different
 breed,
 Distinguished two for scent, and two
 for speed.

See a hare before him started !
 Off they fly in earnest chase ;
 Every dog is eager-hearted ;
 All the four are in the race :
 And the hare whom they pursue
 Knows from instinct what to do ;
 Her hope is near ; no turn she
 makes ;
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
 Thinly by a one night's frost,
 But the nimbler hare has trusted
 To the ice, and safely crossed ;
 She hath crossed, and without heed
 All are following at full speed ;
 When lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
 Breaks—and the greyhound, Dart, is
 over-head !

Better fate have Prince and Swallow :
 See them cleaving to the sport !
 Music hath no heart to follow,
 Little Music she stops short,

THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Onse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
 And high in pedigree
 (Two nymphs, adorned with every
 grace,
 That spaniel found for me).

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
 His lilies newly blown ;
 Their beauties I intent surveyed,
 And one I wished my own.

With cane extended, far I sought
 To steer it close to land ;
 But still the prize, though nearly
 caught,
 Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains,
 With fixt considerate face,
 And puzzling set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned,
Beau trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he
dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, the world,
I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed:

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.

William Cowper.

ON A SPANIEL CALLED "BEAU" KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

A SPANIEL, *Beau*, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have killed a tiny bird
Which flew not till to-day.
Against my orders, when you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat
And ease a doggish pain;
For him, though chased with furious
heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures.
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since teach you all I can.
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man.

William Cowper.

BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard
And harder to withstand.

You cried, "Forbear!"—but in my
breast
A mightier cried, "Proceed!"—
'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impelled me to the deed.

Yet much as Nature I respect,
I ventured once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had fluttered all his strength away,
And panting, pressed the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kissed his ruffled wing,
And licked the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now;
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved Bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime
(Which I can hardly see),
What think you, sir, of killing Time
With verse addressed to me?

William Cowper.

THE WOODMAN'S DOG.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving
unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield
the axe,

And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with
 pointed ears,
 And tail cropped short, half lurcher and
 half cur.
 His dog attends him. Close behind
 his heel
 Now creeps he—slow; and now, with
 many a frisk
 Wide scampering, snatches up the
 drifted snow
 With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with
 his snout,
 Then shakes his powdered coat, and
 barks for joy.
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy
 churl
 Moves right towards the mark, nor
 stops for aught;
 But now and then, with pressure of
 his thumb,
 To adjust the fragrant charge of a
 short tube
 That fumes beneath his nose; the
 trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him scenting all
 the air.

William Cowper.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies one who never drew
 Blood himself, yet many slew;
 Gave the gun its aim, and figure
 Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
 Armed men have gladly made
 Him their guide, and him obeyed;
 At his signified desire,
 Would advance, present, and fire.
 Stout he was, and large of limb,
 Scores have fled at sight of him;
 And to all this fame he rose
 Only following his nose.
 Neptune was he called, not he
 Who controls the boisterous sea,
 But of happier command,
 Neptune of the furrowed land;
 And your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

William Cowper.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts, and searches with his eye
 Among the scattered rocks:
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern;
 And instantly a dog is seen.
 Glancing through that covert green.
 The Dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry:
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height;
 Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear—
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below;
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer:
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere:
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud
 And mists that spread the flying shroud
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
 That if it could would hurry past—
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
 The Shepherd stood; then makes his
 way
 O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
 As quickly as he may;
 Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground!
 The appall'd discoverer with a sigh
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The Man had fallen—that place of fear!
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind
 It breaks and all is clear:
 He instantly recalled the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came;
 Remembered, too, the very day
 On which the Traveller passed that way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell—
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This Dog had been, through three
 months' space,
 A dweller in that savage place !

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
 When this ill-fated Traveller died,
 The Dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side :
 How nourished here through such long
 time
 He knows, who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate.

William Wordsworth.

TO A DOG.

DEAR faithful object of my tender care,
 Whom but my partial eyes none
 fancy fair ;
 May I unblamed display thy social
 mirth,
 Thy modest virtues, and domestic
 worth :
 Thou silent, humble flatterer, yet
 sincere,
 More swayed by love than interest
 or fear ;
 Solely to please thy most ambitious
 view,
 As lovers fond, and more than lovers
 true.
 Who can resist those dumb beseeching
 eyes,
 Where genuine eloquence persuasive
 lies ?
 Those eyes, when language fails, dis-
 play thy heart
 Beyond the pomp of phrase and pride
 of art.
 Thou safe companion, and almost a
 friend,
 Whose kind attachment but with life
 shall end—
 Blest were mankind if many a prouder
 name
 Could boast thy grateful truth and
 spotless fame !

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN
 CONFINED ALL NIGHT.

OH ! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
 For liberty that sighs ;
 And never let thine heart be shut
 Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
 Within the wiry grate ;
 And tremble at the approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
 And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force
 A free-born Mouse detain.

O ! do not stain with guiltless blood
 Thy hospitable hearth ;
 Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
 A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
 My frugal meals supply :
 But if thine unrelenting heart
 That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
 Are blessings widely given ;
 Let nature's commoners enjoy
 The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
 To all compassion gives ;
 Cast round the world an equal eye,
 And feel for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
 A never dying flame,
 Still shifts through matter's varying
 forms,
 In every form the same :

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
 A brother's soul you find ;
 And tremble lest thy luckless hand
 Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
 Be all of life we share ;
 Let pity plead within thy breast,
 That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
 With health and peace be crowned ;
 And every charm of heart-felt ease
 Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when Destruction lurks unseen,
 Which men like mice may share ;
 May some kind angel clear thy path,
 And break the hidden snare.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE WOUNDED HARE.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous
 art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming
 eye ;
 May never pity soothe thee with a
 sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel
 heart !

—Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood
 and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains ;
 No more the thickening brakes and
 verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime
 yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of
 wonted rest.
 No more of rest, but now thy dying
 bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er
 thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom
 prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing,
 wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful
 dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy
 lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn
 thy hapless fate.

Robert Burns.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er
 pursue,
 Nor swifter greyhound follow,

Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew
 Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo ;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
 Who, nursed with tender care,
 And to domestic bounds confined,
 Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
 His pittance every night
 He did it with a jealous look,
 And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
 And milk, and oats, and straw ;
 Thistles, or lettuces instead,
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
 On pippins russet peel,
 And, when his juicy salads failed,
 Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
 Whereon he loved to bound
 To skip and gambol like a fawn
 And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
 For then he lost his fear,
 But most before approaching showers
 Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling
 moons,
 He thus saw steal away,
 Dozing out all his idle noons,
 And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
 For he would oft beguile
 My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
 And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade,
 He finds his long, last home,
 And waits in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
 From which no care can save,
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,
 Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper.

THE MONKEY.

Look now at his odd grimaces,
Saw you e'er such comic faces?
Now like learned judge sedate,
Now with nonsense in his pate.

Look now at him. Shily peep,
He pretends he is asleep—
Fast asleep upon his bed.
With his arm beneath his head.

Ha! he is not half asleep,
See, he shily takes a peep!
Monkey, though your eyes are shut,
You could see this little nut.

There, the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as e'er he can;
Now, good-bye, you funny fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello!

Mary Howitt.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt
and seen
Spring's morning smiles and soul-
enlivening green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport
way?
Did your eye brighten, when young
lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated
pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your
side?
Ye who can smile—to wisdom no dis-
grace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face:
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise or gives reflection
birth;
In shades like these pursue your
favourite joy,
'Midst Nature's revels, sports that never
cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous
race,
And Indolence, abashed, soon flies
the place:
Thus challenged forth, see thither,
one by one,

From every side assembling playmates
run;
A thousand wily antics mark their
stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay:
Like the fond dove from fearful prison
freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try
our speed."
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent,
strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound
along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock
climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of
thyme;
There, panting, stop; yet scarcely
can refrain.
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual
blow,
Scattering the wild-briar roses into
snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts
try,
Like the torn flower, the fair assem-
blage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their
doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they
bloom!

Robert Bloomfield.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
All his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane, a stormy river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—around his straining throat,
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through
his veins.
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man,

He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourlon dare aspire.—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Gueph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trode like one of race divine!
And yet—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with
green:

With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day).—
And died untamed, upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

Barry Cornwall.

THE SQUIRREL.

"THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel
is gay,"

Little Henry exclaim'd to his
brother;

"He has nothing to do or to think of
but play,
And to jump from one bough to
another."

But William was older and wiser, and
knew
That all play and no work would not
answer,
So he ask'd what the squirrel in winter
must do,
If he spent all the summer a dancer.

"The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and
wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go to-
gether;
He lays up in summer his winter
supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold
weather."

Bernard Barton.

THE SQUIRREL.

DRAWN from his refuge in some lonely
elm
That age or injury hath hollowed
deep,

Where, in his bed of wool and matted
leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures
forth

To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm
sun:

He sees me, and at once, swift as a
bird,

The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of
play,

Ascends the neighbouring beech: there
whisks his brush,

And perks his ears, and stamps and
cries aloud,

With all the prettiness of feigned alarm
And anger insignificantly fierce.

William Cowper.

THE CAMEL.

CAMEL, thou art good and mild,
Might'st be guided by a child;

Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless:

Thou dost clothe him; thou dost
feed;

Thou dost lend to him thy speed;
And through wilds of tractless sand,

In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws,

Where no cooling water flows,
Where the hot air is not stirred

By the wing of singing bird;
There thou goest, untired and meek,

Day by day, and week by week,
With thy load of precious things—

Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,

Damascene and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap—

Freighted like a costly ship!
And when week by week is gone,

And the traveller journeys on
Feebly; when his strength is fled,

And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye

On him kindly, soothingly,
As if thou wouldst, cheering, say,

"Journey on for this one day—
Do not let thy heart despond!

There is water yet beyond!
I can scent it in the air—

I'll not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveller there

Mary Howitt.

THE LION.

LION, thou art girt with might !
 King by uncontested right ;
 Strength, and majesty, and pride,
 Are in thee personified !
 Slavish doubt, or timid fear,
 Never came thy spirit near ;
 What is it to fly, or bow
 To a mightier than thou,
 Never has been known to thee,
 Creature, terrible and free !

Power the mightiest gave the Lion,
 Sinews like to bands of iron ;
 Gave him force which never failed ;
 Gave a heart that never quailed.
 Triple-mailed coat of steel,
 Plates of brass from head to heel.
 Less defensive were in wearing,
 Than the Lion's heart of daring ;
 Nor could towers of strength impart
 Trust like that which keeps his heart.

When he sends his roaring forth,
 Silence falls upon the earth ;
 For the creatures, great and small,
 Know his terror-breathing call ;
 And, as if by death pursued,
 Leave him to a solitude.

Lion, thou art made to dwell
 In hot lands, intractable,
 And thyself, the sun, the sand,
 Are a tyrannous triple band ;
 Lion-king and desert throne,
 All the region is your own !

Mary Howitt.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests in the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?

And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand ? and what dread
 feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
 In what furnace was thy brain ?
 What the anvil ? what dread grasp
 Dares its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And water'd heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see ?
 Did he who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy symmetry ?

William Blake.

THE GIRL AND HER FAWN.

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my fingers nursed ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than
 they :—

It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
 I blush'd to see its foot more soft
 And white,—shall I say,—than my
 hand ?

Nay, any lady's of the land !
 It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet :
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race :—
 And when 't had left me far away
 'Twould stay, and run again, and
 stay :

For it was nimbler much than hinds,
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness :
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It only lov'd to be there.
 Among the bed of lilies I
 Have sought it oft, where it should
 lie ;

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
 Find it, although before mine eyes :—
 For in the flaxen lilies' shad
 It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed :
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus itself to fill,
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold :—
 Had it lived long, it would have been
 Lilies without,—roses within.

Andrew Marvell.

THE KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye
 To think yon playful kid must die ;
 From crystal spring and flowery mead
 Must, in his prime of life, recede.

Erewhile in sportive circles, round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and
 bound ;
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell :
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure
 bright,
 And seem all ravished at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
 To trace his footsteps in the flood :
 Then skipped aloof with quaint amaze,
 And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed,
 He flew to bear my vocal reed :
 And how with critic face profound,
 And steadfast ear, devoured the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
 And tears bedew her tender eye
 To think the playful kid must die.

William Shenstone.

SING ON, BLITHE BIRD !

I've plucked the berry from the bush,
 The brown nut from the tree,
 But heart of happy little bird ne'er
 broken was by me.

I saw them in their curious nests,
 close couching, slyly peer
 With their wild eyes, like glittering
 beads, to note if harm were near :
 I passed them by, and blessed them all :
 I felt that it was good
 To leave unmoved the creatures small
 whose home was in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a
 lusty ronge doth sing ;
 He pecks his swelling breast and neck,
 and trims his little wing.
 He will not fly ; he knows full well,
 while chirping on that spray,
 I would not harm him for a world, or
 interrupt his lay.
 Sing on, sing on, blithe bird ! and fill
 my heart with summer gladness ;
 It has been aching many a day with
 measures full of sadness !

William Motherwell.

THE BIRD.

A Nursery Song.

" BIRDIE, Birdie, will you pet ?
 Summer-time is far away yet,
 You'll have silken quilts and a velvet
 bed,
 And a pillow of satin for your head ! "

" I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall ;
 No rain comes through, tho' I hear it
 fall ;
 The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
 And I sing, and wing away, away ! "

" Oh, Birdie, Birdie, will you pet ?
 Diamond-stones and amber and jet
 We'll string for a necklace fair and fine,
 To please this pretty bird of mine ! "

" O thanks for diamonds, and thanks
 for jet,
 But here is something daintier yet—
 A feather-necklace round and round,
 That I wouldn't sell for a thousand
 pound ! "

" Oh, Birdie, Birdie, won't you pet ?
 We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
 A golden cup and an ivory seat,
 And carpets soft beneath your feet. "

"Can running water be drunk from
gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the
air—
Good-bye, good-bye to my lady fair!"

William Allingham.

THE CAGED BIRD.

OH! who would keep a little bird
confined
When cowslip-bells and nodding in the
wind,
When every hedge as with "good-
morrow" rings,
And, heard from wood to wood, the
blackbird sings?
Oh! who would keep a little bird
confined
In his cold wiry prison?—Let him fly,
And hear him sing. "How sweet is
liberty!"

William Lisle Bowles.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

BEHOLD the treasure of the nest,
The winged mother's hope and
pride:
See how they court her downy breast,
How soft they slumber, side by
side.

Strong is the life that nestles there,
But into motion and delight
It may not burst, till soft as air
It feel Love's brooding, timely might.

Now steal once more across the lawn,
Steop gently through the cyprus
bough,
And mark which way life's feeble
dawn
Works in their little hearts, and
how

Still closer and closer, as you pry,
They nestle 'neath their mother's
plume,
Or with a faint forlorn half-cry,
Shivering bewail her empty room.

Or haply, as the branches wave,
The little round of tender bills
Is raised, the due repast to crave
Of her who all their memory fills.

John Keble.

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling
dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
O Nightingale! what doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And her's is of the earth.
By day and night she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Hartley Coleridge.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud
Love gives it energy, love gave it
birth

Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on
earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green.
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, roar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of
love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated
art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run:
Like an unbodied joy whose race is
just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere

Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon's rains out her beams, and
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which over-
flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbidden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which
screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music
doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine—
I have never heard

Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture
so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what
ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest : but ne'er knew love's
sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such
a crystal stream ?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should
come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner
of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That my brain must know,
Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow,
The world should listen, then as I am
listening now

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something
well :
While all the neighbours shoot thee
round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful
ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and
dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine ; the range of lawn and
park.
The unnetted black-hearts ripen
dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared ye all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry :
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when
young.

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to
coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning ! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are
new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

Lord Tennyson.

MY DOVES.

My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest

Or motion from the sea ;
For, ever there the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,
And there my little doves did sit
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their
right
To general Nature's deep delight.

My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling grey,
And tempest-clouded airs.
My little doves who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and
blue.

And now, within the city prison
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content,
For lapse of water, smell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"I HAD A DOVE."

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove
died ;
And I have thought it died of
grieving ;
O, what could it grieve for ? Its feet
were tied
With a ribbon thread of my own
hand's weaving.
Sweet little red feet ! why should you
die ?
Why would you leave me, sweet bird !
why ?
You lived alone in the forest tree :
Why, pretty thing ! would you not
live with me ?
I kissed you oft and gave you white
peas ;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green
trees ?

John Keats.

THE DEAD SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy ! there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone :

He just as you,
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me ;
He would hang the wing awhile—
Till at length he saw me smile :
Oh ! how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting, let it go again ;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip ;
He would from my trencher feed ;
Then would hop, and then would run.
And cry " *phillip* " when he'd done !
Oh ! whose heart can choose but
bleed ?

Oh ! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt, though he did bite !
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark and do
What I did ; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall :
And then straightway sleek them too.

Where will Cupid get his darts
Feathered now, to pierce our hearts
Now this faithful bird is gone ;
Oh ! let mournful turtles join
With loving red-breasts, and com-
bine
To sing dirges o'er his stone !

William Cartwright.

SPARROWS, SELF- DOMESTICATED.*

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
None ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome,
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he viewed the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell,
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nest they weave in hope of
crumbs,
Which, kindly given, may serve with
food
Convenient their unfeathered brood !

* From the Latin of Vincent Bourne

And oft, as with its summons clear
 The warning bell salutes their ear,
 Sagacious listeners to the sound,
 They flock from all the fields around,
 To reach the hospitable hall,
 None more attentive to the call.
 Arrived, the pensionary band,
 Hopping and chirping close at hand
 Solicit what they soon receive,
 The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
 Thus is a multitude, though large,
 Supported at a trivial charge ;
 A single doit would overpay
 The expenditure of every day,
 And who can grudge so small a grace
 To suppliants, natives of the place ?

William Cowper.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

LITTLE flutt'rer ! swifter flying,
 Here is none to harm thee near ;
 Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
 Little flutt'rer ! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever,
 From the school-boy, kite and hawk,
 Masing, now obtrudes, but never
 Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel, stealing slyly,
 Would permit thy eggs to take ;
 Nor the polecat, nor the wily
 Adder, nor the writhéd snake.

May no cuckoos, wandering near thee,
 Lay her egg within thy nest ;
 Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
 Be destroyed by such a guest !

Little flutt'rer ! swiftly flying,
 Here is none to harm thee near ;
 Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
 Little flutt'rer ! cease to fear.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,

Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring,
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the Nightingale alone,
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
 Tereu, Tereu, by and by :
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs so lively shewn
 Made me think upon mine own.
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in
 vain,

None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer
 thee ;
 King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead.
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee
 None alive will pity me.

Richard Burnfield.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant, with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the
 wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vane
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make with joyous wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring

Michael Bruce.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear ;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
 Even yet thou art to me
 No Bird, but an invisible Thing,
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my Schoolboy days
 I listened to ; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways,
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green,
 And thou wert still a hope, a love,
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ; the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

William Wordsworth.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering
 wing !
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers
 of spring ?
 —“ We come from the shores of the
 green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of
 Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through
 the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing
 Araby.

“ We have swept o'er cities in song
 renowned,
 Silent they lie with the desert round !
 We have crossed the proud rivers
 whose tide hath rolled
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
 And each worn wing hath regained
 its home
 Under peasant's roof or monarch's
 dome.”

And what have ye found in the mon-
 arch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's
 foam ?
 —“ We have found a change ;—we have
 found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the ban-
 quet hall ;
 And a mark on the floor as of life-
 drops spilt ;—
 Nought looks the same save the nest
 we built.”

Oh ! joyous birds, it hath ever been
 so ;
 Through the halls of kings doth the
 tempest go,
 But the huts of hamlets lie still and
 deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil
 keep :—
 Say, what have ye found in the
 peasant's cot
 Since last ye parted from that sweet
 spot ?

“ A change we have found there, and
 many a change,
 Faces and footsteps, and all things
 strange ;

Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow
of care;
And the place is hushed where the
children played;
Nought looks the same save the nest we
made."

Sad is your tale of the beautiful
earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and
mirth;
Yet through the wastes of the track-
less air
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed,
So may we reach our bright home
at last.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath:
The banks with speed-well flowers
are gay;
The oaks are budding, and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last:
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the
thatch,
At the grey dawn of day.

Charlotte Smith.

THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW! that on rapid wing
Sweep'st along in sportive ring,
Now here, now there, now low, now
high,
Chasing keen the painted fly:—
Could I skim away with thee
Over land and over sea,

What streams would flow, what cities
rise!
What landscapes dance before mine
eyes!
First from England's southern shore
'Cross the channel we would soar,
And our venturous course advance
To the plains of sprightly France;
Sport among the feathered choir
On the verdant banks of Loire;
Skim Garonne's majestic tide,
Where Bordeaux adorns his ride;
Cross the towering Pyrenees,
'Mid myrtle grove and orange trees;
Enter then the wild domain
Where wolves prowl round the flocks
of Spain,
Where silkworms spin, and olives grow,
And mules plod surely on and slow.
Steering thus for many a day
Far to south our course away,
From Gibraltar's rocky steep,
Dashing o'er the foaming deep,
On sultry Afric's fruitful shore
We'd rest at length, our journey o'er,
Till vernal gales should gently play,
To waft us on our homeward way.

Lucy Aikin.

THE SWALLOW AND RED-BREAST.

THE swallows, at the close of day,
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes, where soon the winter drear
Should close an unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As counsel and advice to take,
Ere they the chilly north forsake;—
Then one, disdainful, turned his eye
Upon a red-breast twittering nigh,
And thus began with taunting scorn:—
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn,
Through the deep winter's dreary day,
Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou
stay,
Whilst we, who make the world our
home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where summer still on some green isle
Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.

Thus, speeding far and far away,
We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true," the red-breast answered meek.

"No other scenes I ask, or seek ;
To every change alike resigned,
I fear not the cold winter's wind.
When spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me still contented here ;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home."

William Lisle Bowles.

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN- REDBREAST.

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
Nor more in lone or leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;
Gone to the world where birds are
blest !

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or school-boy's giant form is seen ;
But love, and joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing !

Samuel Rogers.

THE REDBREAST CHASING A BUTTERFLY.

CAN this be the bird to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children
So painfully in the wood ?
What ailed thee, Robin, that thou
couldst pursue
A beautiful creature
That is gentle by nature ?
Beneath the summer sky,
From flower to flower let him fly ;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.

The cheerer thou of our in-door sadness,

He is the friend of our summer glad-
ness ;

What hinders then that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together ?
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own :
If thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,
O pious bird ! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone !

William Wordsworth.

THE HORNED OWL.

IN the hollow tree in the old grey
tower,

The spectral owl doth dwell ;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine
hour ;

But at dusk he's abroad and well :
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates
with him ;

All mock him outright by day ;
But at night, when the woods grow still
and dim,

The boldest will shrink away.

O, when the night falls, and roosts
the fowl,

Then, then is the reign of the
hornéd owl !

And the owl hath a bride who is fond
and bold,

And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;
And with eyes like the shine of the
moonshine cold

She awaiteth her ghastly groom !
Not a feather she moves, not a carol
she sings,

As she waits in her tree so still ;
But when her heart heareth his flapping
wings,

She hoots out her welcome shrill !
O, when the moon shines, and dogs
do howl,

Then, then is the joy of the hornéd
owl.

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy
plight !

The owl hath his share of good :
If a prisoner he be in the broad day-
light,

He is lord in the dark green wood ;

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly
mate ;

They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange
dark fate

Hath rent them from all beside !
So when the night falls, and dogs do
howl,

Sing ho ! for the reign of the hornéd
owl !

We know not alway who are kings by
day,

But the king of the night is the bold
brown owl.

Barry Cornwall.

THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is
come,

And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,

And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round ;

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the
thatch

Twice or thrice his roundelay,

Twice or thrice his roundelay ;

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Lord Tennyson.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that
shed

Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me
spread

Of Spring's unclouded weather ;
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard seat !

And flowers and birds once more to
greet,

My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this corner of the blest,
Hail to thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion,
Thou Linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to day.

Dost lead the revels of the May,

And this is thy dominion.

While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A brother of the leaves he seems,
When in a moment forth he teems,

His little song in gushes :
As if it pleas'd him to disdain
And mock the form which he did feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves among the bushes.

William Wordsworth.

A WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds

In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness can compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof ;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious and storm proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook ;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird, her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song ;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
When, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
 There is a better and a best ;
 And, among fairest objects, some
 Are fairer than the rest.

This, one of those small builders proved
 In a green covert, where, from out
 The forehead of a pollard oak,
 The leafy antlers sprout.

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
 Mistrusting her evasive skill,
 Had to a Primrose looked for aid
 Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunks' projecting brow,
 And fixed an infant's span above
 The budding flowers, peeped forth the
 nest,
 The prettiest of the grove !

The treasure proudly did I show
 To some whose minds without disdain
 Can turn to little things ; but once
 Looked up for it in vain.

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prize,
 Who needs not beauty, love or song.
 'Tis gone ! (so seemed it) and we
 grieved
 Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
 In cleaner light the moss-built cell
 I saw, espied its shady mouth,
 And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil has spread
 The largest of her upright leaves ;
 And thus for purposes benign,
 A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might
 disturb
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
 Secure from evil eyes and hands,
 Or barbarous plunder bent.

Rest, Mother-bird ! and when thy
 young
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
 When withered is the Guardian Flower,
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and
 thine,
 Amid the unviolated grove
 Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
 In foresight, or in love.

William Wordsworth.

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER- WAGTAIL.

" HEAR your sovereign's proclamation,
 All good subjects, young and old !
 I'm the Lord of the Creation,
 I—a water-wagtail bold !
 All around, and all you see,
 All the world was made for ME !

" Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
 Rises—when I leave my nest ;
 And, behind the hills declining,
 Sets—when I retire to rest.
 Morn and evening, thus you see,
 Day and night, were made for ME !

" Vernal gales to love invite me ;
 Summer sheds for me her beams ;
 Autumn's genial scenes delight me ;
 Winter paves with ice my streams ;
 All the year is mine you see,
 Seasons change like moons for ME ;

" On the heads of giant mountains,
 Or beneath the shady trees ;
 By the banks of warbling fountains
 I enjoy myself at ease :
 Hills and valleys, thus you see,
 Groves and rivers, made for ME !

" Boundless are my vast dominions ;
 I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
 When I please, my towering pinions
 Trace my empire through the sky :
 Air and elements, you see,
 Heaven and earth, were made for ME !

" Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
 All their humble distance keep ;
 Man, subservient to my wishes,
 Sows the harvest which I reap :
 Mighty man himself, you see,
 All that breathe, were made for ME !

" 'Twas for my accommodation
 Nature rose when I was born ;
 Should I die—the whole creation

Back to nothing would return :
Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
Sprung—exist—will fall with ME."

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
Spread his wings to soar away ;
But a cruel hawk, descending,
Pounced him up—a helpless prey.
Couldst thou not, poor wagtail, see
That the hawk was made for THEE ?

James Montgomery.

TO THE CROW.

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night
Tends through the midnight air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care ?

The wren within her mossy nest
Has hushed her little brood to rest ;
The wood wild pigeon, rocked on high,
Has cooed his last soft note of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove.
To guard their downy young from
an inclement sky.

Haste bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on heaven and thee for food,
Bleak—on some cliff's neglected
tree ;
Haste weary bird, thy lagging flight—
It is the chilling hour of night,
Fit hour of rest for thee.

THE PARROT.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things im-
parts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came
o'er
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's* shore.

* *Mulla*.—The island of Mull, one of the
Hebrides.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted, in our climate cold
He live and chattered many a day ;
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.

At last when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no
more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous
screech,
Dropped down and died.

Thomas Campbell.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

A CONTRAST.

I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A parrot of that famous kind,
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes ;
And smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plummy mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an after Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven !
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given ;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired ;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired.

II.

This moss-lined shed, green, soft and
dry,
Harbours a self-contented wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human
ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
She never tired ; the very nest
In which the Child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, thro' winter by her
feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain ;
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought
in vain.

Say, Dora ! tell me, by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the
favoured pair,
Which would you be—the bird of the
saloon

By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy
shed ?

William Wordsworth.

THE DYING SWAN.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.

With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did
sigh ;

Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and
still

The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and
yellow.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the
soul

Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow : at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear :
And floating about the under sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach
stole

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear,
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and
harps of gold.

And the tumult of their acclaim is
roll'd

Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the
evening star.

And the creeping mosses and clamber-
ing weeds,

And the willow-branches hoar and
dank,

And the wavy swell of the sighing
reeds,

And the wave-worn horns of the
echoing bank,

And the silvery marish-flowers that
throng

The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

Lord Tennyson.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

WITHIN a thick and spreading haw-
thorn bush,
That overhung a mole-hill large and
round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry
thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank
the sound
With joy; and oft, an unintruding
guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day
to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form
her nest,
And modell'd it within with wool
and clay.
And bye and bye, like heath-bells gilt
with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright
as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and
blue;
And there I witness'd, in the summer
hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp
and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laugh-
ing sky.

John Clare.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE Humming-bird! the Humming-
bird!
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand Humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to
tree
The scarlet passion-flower;

Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plate and Amazon,
The cayman, like an old tree trunk,
Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest the Humming-
bird,
Within the ancient wood—
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou, happy, happy Humming-bird,
No winter round thee lours;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey from the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven!

Mary Howitt.

**THE GOLDFINCH STARVED
IN HIS CAGE.**

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For, caught, and caged, and starved to
death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill!

More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

William Cowper.

THE CHAFFINCH'S NEST AT SEA.

IN Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chanced of late—
The history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a
breast
With genial instinct filled ;
They paired, and would have built a
nest,
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered, and the moors,
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores,
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew vexed and tired ;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

A ship ! could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest ?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest ?

Hush ;—silent readers profit most—
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast,—
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree ! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast ;
And had a hollow with a wheel,
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity, aloft,
Their roofless home they fixed ;
Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
With russet specks bedight :
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea
As she had changed her kind ;
But goes the male ? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind.

No :—soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love ;

Then perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along ;
The billows and the blasts defied,
And cheered her with a song.

The seaman, with sincere delight,
His feathered shipmate eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And, from a chance so new,
Each some approaching good divines ;
And may his hopes be true !

William Cowper.

TO A WATER FOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost
thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do
thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds
shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form : yet on
my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE SEA-MEW.

How joyously the young sea-mew
Lay dreaming on the waters blue,
Whereon our little bark had thrown
A little shade, the only one,
But shadows ever man pursue.

Familiar with the waves and free
As if their own white foam were he,
His heart upon the heart of ocean
Lay learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.

We were not cruel, yet did sunder
His white wing from the blue waves
under,
And bound it while his fearless eyes
Shone up to ours in calm surprise,
As' deeming us some ocean wonder.

We bore our ocean bird unto
A grassy place where he might view
The flowers that curtsy to the bees,
The waving of the tall green trees,
The falling of the silver dew.

But flowers of earth were pale to him
Who had seen the rainbow fishes swim ;
And when earth's dew around him lay,
He thought of ocean's winged spray,
And his eye waxed sad and dim.

The green trees round him only made
A prison with their darksome shade,
And drooped his wing, and mourned he
For his own boundless glittering sea—
Albeit he knew not they could fade.

He lay down in his grief to die.
(First looking to the sea-like sky
That hath no waves,) because, alas !
Our human touch did on him pass,
And, with our touch, our agony.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scattered abroad like
weeds ;
The stroug masts shake like quivering
reeds ;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength
disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts
like stone
Their natural proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !
From the base of the wave to the
billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery
foam.

The Stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air
And only seeketh her rocky lair.
To warm her young, and to teach them
to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy
wing !

Barry Cornwall.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

THE JOVIAL WELSHMEN.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
But nothing could they find ;
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said nay ;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said nay ;
The other said it was a cheese,
The half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedge-hog,
The second he said nay ;
The third it was a pin-cushion
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip-field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said nay ;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly-tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other he said nay ;
The third said twas an old man,
And his beard growing grey.

CAPTAIN REECE.

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy CAPTAIN REECE,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad
Their captain danced to them like mad.
Or told to make the time pass by
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn
Lo ! seltzogenes at every turn,
And all on very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the " tops ;"
And also, with amusement rife,
A " Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea,
From MISTER MUDIE'S librarée ;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kindhearted CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men ;
In point of fact, good CAPTAIN REECE
Beautified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men) :
" Come tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

" By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can ;
My own convenience count as *nil* :
It is my duty and I will."

Then up and answered WILLIAM LEE,
The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, close-spoken man,
He cleared his throat and thus began :

" You have a daughter, CAPTAIN REECE,
Ten female consins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

" Now somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife ;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal ! "

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan :
" I quite agree," he said, " Oh ! Bill ;
It is my duty, and I will.

" My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familiee
To peers of various degree.

" But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew !
The word I gave I'll fulfil ;
It is my duty, and I will. ✓

" As you desire it shall befall,
'Ill settle thousands on you all,

And I shall be despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN
REECE :

" I beg your honour's leave," he said,
" If you should wish to go and wed,

" I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you--
She long has loved you afar :
She washes for you, CAPTAIN R."

The Captain saw the dame that day--
Addressed her in his playful way :
" And did it want a wedding ring ?
It was a tempting iekle sing !

" Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week,
At yonder church upon the hill ;
It is my duty, and I will ? "

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,
Attended there as they were bid ;
It was their duty, and they did.

W. S. Gilbert.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring
 streets

The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied;
 The man recovered of the bite
 The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
 She saw: and purred applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The genii of the stream:
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Through richest purple to the view,
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw;
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the
 prize:
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent,
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between
 (Maligant Fate sat by, and smil'd).
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every wat'ry god
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
 A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glitters gold.

Thomas Gray.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all with one accord
 Lament for Madame Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word,
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux or more:
 The King himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short-all;
 The doctors found when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth
 more—
 She had not died to-day.

Oliver Goldsmith.

I fear no plots against me,
 I live in open cell,
 Then who would be a king,
 When beggars live so well?
 And a-begging we will go, will go,
 will go;
 And a-begging we will go!

John Playford.

THE JOVIAL BEGGARS.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
 He had a wooden leg,
 Lame from his cradle,
 And forced for to beg.
 And a-begging we will go, will go,
 will go;
 And a-begging we will go!

A bag for his oatmeal,
 Another for his salt,
 And a pair of crutches,
 To show that he can halt.
 And a-begging, etc.

A bag for his wheat,
 Another for his rye.
 And a little bottle by his side,
 To drink when he is dry.
 And a-begging, etc.

Seven years I begged
 For my old master Wild;
 He taught me to beg
 When I was but a child.
 And a-begging, etc.

I begged for my master,
 And I got him store of pelf;
 But Jove now be praised,
 I'm begging for myself.
 And a-begging, etc.

In a hollow tree
 I live and pay no rent;
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content
 And a-begging, etc.

Of all the occupations,
 A beggar's is the best,
 For whenever he's a-weary.
 He can lay him down to rest.
 And a-begging, etc.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round our
 coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone on a piece of stone
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was
 long,
 And weedy and long was he.
 And I heard this wight on the shore
 recite.
 In a singular minor key:

"Oh! I am a cook and a captain
 bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midship-
 mite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his
 hair,
 Till I really felt afraid.
 For I couldn't help thinking the man
 had been drinking,
 And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand
 How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midship-
 mite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers,
 which
 Is a trick all seamen larn,

And having got rid of a thumping
quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

" 'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

" And pretty nigh all the crew was
drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said ' Here ! ' to the muster-roll.

" There was me and the cook and the
captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midship-
mite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

" For a month we'd neither wittles nor
drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we draw'd a lot, and accordin'
shot
The captain for our meal.

" The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midship-
mite,
We seven survivors stayed.

" And then we murdered the bo'sun
tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook
and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

" Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ' Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ' arose
And we argued it out as sich.

" For I loved that cook as a brother,
I did,
And the cook, he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either
be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" ' I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says
Tom ;
' Yes, that,' says I, ' you'll be,—

' I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth
I ;
And ' Exactly so,' quoth he.

" Says he, ' Dear JAMES, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't
cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you ! '

" So he boils the water, and takes the
salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some
chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" ' Come here,' says he, with a proper
pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
' It will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell ! '

" And he stirred it round and round
and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming
froth ;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers
his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

And I eat that cook in a week or less
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost
drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

" And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say :

" Oh ! I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midship-mite,
And the crew of the captain's gig ! "

W. S. Gilbert.

BELL'S DREAM.

It was the little Isabel,
Upon the sand she lay,
The summer sun struck hotly down,

And she was tired of play ;
And down she sank into the sea,
Though how, she could not say.

She stood within a dreadful court,
Beneath the rolling tide,
There sat a sturgeon as a judge,
Two lobsters at her side ;
She had a sort of vague idea
That she was being tried.

And then the jurymen came in,
And, as the clock struck ten,
Rose Sergeant Shark and hitched his
gown,
And trifled with a pen.
"Ahem ! May't please your Lordship,
And gentle jurymen !

"The counts against the prisoner
Before you, are that she
Has eaten salmon once at least,
And soles most constantly ;
Likewise devoured one hundred shrimps
At Margate with her tea."

"Call witnesses !" — An oyster rose,
He spoke in plaintive tone :
"Last week her mother bought a fish,"
(He scarce could check a moan) ;
"He was a dear, dear friend of mine,
His weight was half a stone !"

"No oysters, ma'am ?" the fishman
said ;
'No, not to-day !' said she ;
My child is fond of salmon, but
Oysters do not agree !
The fishman wiped a salt, salt tear,
And murmured, 'Certainly !'

"Ahem ! but," interposed the judge,
"How do you know," said he,
"That she did really eat the fish ?"
"My Lord, it so must be,
Because the oysters, I submit,
With her did not agree !"

"Besides, besides," the oyster cried,
Half in an injured way,
"The oysters in that fishman's shop
My relatives were they :
They heard it all, they wrote to me,
The letter came to-day !"

"'Tis only hearsay evidence,"
The judge remarked, and smiled ;

"But it will do in such a case,
With such a murd'rous child.
Call the next witness !" for he saw
The jury getting wild.

And then up rose a little shrimp :
"I am the last," said he,
"Of what was once, as you all know,
A happy familiee !
Without a care we leapt and danced
All in the merry sea !

"Alack ! the cruel fisherman,
He caught them all but me,
The pris'ner clapped her hands and
yelled—
I heard her— 'Shrimps for tea !'
And then went home and ate them all
As fast as fast could be."

The foreman of the jury rose
(All hope for Bell had fled),
"There is no further need, my Lord,
Of witnesses," he said ;
"The verdict of us one and all
Is, *Guilty* on each head !"

"*Guilty*," his Lordship said, and
sighed ;
"A verdict sad but true :
To pass the sentence of the court
Is all I have to do ;
It is, that as you've fed on us,
Why, we must feed on you !"

She tried to speak, she could not speak ;
She tried to run, but no !
The lobsters seized and hurried her
Off to the cells below,
And each pulled out a carving-knife,
And waved it to and fro.

* * * * *
But hark ! there comes a voice she
knows,
And someone takes her hand ;
She finds herself at home again
Upon the yellow sand ;
But how she got there safe and sound
She cannot understand.

And many a morning afterwards,
Whene'er she sees the tide,
She still retains that vague idea,
That she is being tried,
And seems to see the sturgeon judge
And the lobsters at her side.

Fred. E. Weatherly.

LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol
city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's
biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling
Jimmy.

And the youngest he was little Billee,
Now when they got so far as the
Equator

They'd nothing left but one split
pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat
we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another, we shouldn't
agree!

There's little Bill, he's young and
tender,

We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and
eat you,

So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to
me."

"Make haste, make haste," says
guzzling Jimmy

While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top
gallant mast,

And down he fell on his bended
knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth
commandment

When up he jumps, "There's land I
see.

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:

There's the British flag a-riding at
anchor,

With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the
Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged
Jimmee;

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-Three

William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city ✓
The river Weser deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern
side ✓
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;

But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago ✓
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats ! /

They fought the dogs, and killed the
cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles, ✓
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's
own ladles, ✓

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats, ✓
And even spoiled the women's chats,

By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking, ✓
"Tis clear," cried they, "our
Mayor's a noddy ;

And as for our Corporation--
shocking

To think that we buy gowns lined
with ermine

For dolts that can't or won't
determine

What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and
obese,

To find in the furry civic robe
ease ?

Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brain
a racking

To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you
packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence;
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown
sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's
brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should
hap
At the chamber door but a gentle
tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's
that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew
mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and
glutinous,
"Only a scraping of shoes on
the mat!
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in!"—the Mayor cried,
looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest
figure.

His queer long coat from heel to
head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin.
With sharp blue eyes, each like a
pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy
skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and
in—
There was no guessing his kith and
kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one / "It's as my great grand-
sire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's
tone,
Had walked this way from his
painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table;
And, "Please, your honours," said he,
"I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to
draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and
viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his
neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame
cheque.

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe,
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying

As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I
am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of
gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire
bats:

And, as for what your brain be-
wilders,

If I can rid your town of rats/
Will you give me a thousand
guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!"—was the
exclamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-
tion.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled

Like a candle-flame where salt is
sprinkled;

And ere three thrill notes the pipe
uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ✓
And the muttering grew to a grum-
bling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty
rumbling:

And out of the house the rats came
tumbling ✓

Great rats, small rats, lean rats,
brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats,
tawny rats

~~Grave old plodders, gay young
friskers,~~

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ✓

~~Families by tens and dozens,~~

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped ad-
vancing,

And step by step they followed
dancing ✓

Until they came to the river Weser

Wherein all plunged and perished—

—Save one who, stout as Julius
Cesar,

Swam across and lived to carry

(As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary.

~~Which was, "At the first shrill
notes of the pipe,~~

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe:

And a moving away of pickle-tub-
boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-
boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-
oil-flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter
easks;

And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by
psaltery

Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats!
rejoice!

The world is grown to one vast dry-
saltery!

To munch on, crunch on, take your
muncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!

And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun
shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come,
bore me!

—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin
people

Ringing the bells till they rocked the
steeple.

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get
long poles!"

Poke out the nests and block up
the holes ✓

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a
trace

Of the rats!"—when suddenly up
the face

Of the Piper perked in the market-
place,

With a, "First, if you please, my
thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor
looked blue;

So did the Corporation too.

~~For council dinners made rare have~~

With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
Hock;

And half the money would replenish

~~Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhineish,~~

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow ✓

"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a
knowing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's
brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life.

I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to
shrink

From the duty of giving you some-
thing to drink ✓

And a matter of money to put in your
poke ✓

But, as for the guilders, what we
spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was
in joke.

Besides, our losses have made us
thrifty ✓

A thousand guilders! Come, take
fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,

"No trilling! I can't wait, beside!

I've promised to visit by dinner-time

Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's
rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's
kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-
driver,

With you, don't think I'll bate a
stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye
think I'll brook

Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your
worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight
cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such
sweet

Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),

There was a rustling, that seemed like a
bustling

Of merry crowds justling, at pitching
and hustling.

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering.

Little hands clapping, and little tongues
chattering.

And, like fowls in a farmyard when
barley is scattering,

Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like
pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily
after

The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter,

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
stood

As if they were changed into blocks of
wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—

And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back,
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms
beat,

As the piper turned from the High
Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and
daughters!

However he turned from South to
West,

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps
addressed,

And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty
top!

He's forced to let the piping drop
And we shall see our children stop!"

When lo! as they reached the moun-
tain's side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced, and the
children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut
fast.

Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the

way;

And in after years, if you would
blame

His sadness, he was used to say:
"It's dull in our town since my
playmates left;

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous
land,

Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees
grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue.
And everything was strange and new

The sparrows were brighter than pea-
cocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;

And horses were born with eagle's
wings;

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,

The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,

Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's
pate

A text which says, that Heaven's
Gate

Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !

The Mayor sent East, West, North and
South,

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find
him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went.

And bring the children all behind
him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost en-
deavour,

And Piper and dancers were gone for
ever

They made a decree that lawyers
never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,

These words did not as well appear,
“And so long after what happened
here

On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : ”

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,

They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or

tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his

labour.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so

solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window

painted

The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away

And there it stands to this very day,
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe

The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such

stress,

To their fathers and mothers having
risen

Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned

Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick

land,
But how or why they don't under-
stand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially

pipers ;
And, whether they pipe us free from
rats or from mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us
keep our promise.

Robert Browning.

THE LOBSTER AND THE MAID.

HE was a gentle lobster
(The boats had just come in),
He did not love the fishermen,
He could not stand their din ;
And so he quietly stole off,
As if it were no sin.

She was a little maiden,
He met her on the sand,
“And how d'you do ? ” the lobster said,
“Why don't you give your hand ? ”
For why she edged away from him
He could not understand.

“Excuse me, sir,” the maiden said :
“Excuse me, if you please,”
And put her hands behind her back,
And doubled up her knees ;
“I always thought that lobsters were
A little apt to squeeze.”

“Your ignorance,” the lobster said,
“Is natural, I fear ;
Such scandal is a shame,” he sobbed,
“It is not true, my dear,”
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped away a tear.

So out she put her little hand,
As though she feared him not,

When someone grabbed him suddenly
 And put him in a pot,
 With water which, I think he found
 Uncomfortably hot.

It may have been the water made
 The blood flow to his head,
 It may have been that dreadful fib
 Lay on his soul like lead;
 This much is true—he went in grey,
 And came out very red.

Fred. E. Weatherly.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's
 chair!
 Bishop and abbot and prior were
 there;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser
 degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company;
 And they served the Lord Primate on
 bended knee.
 Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in
 dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of
 Rheims!

In and out through the motley
 rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping
 about;
 Here and there like a dog in a fair,
 Overcomfits and cakes, and dishes
 and plates.
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
 With saucy air, he perch'd on the
 chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord
 Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great
 red hat;
 And he peer'd in the face of his Lord-
 ship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would
 say,
 "We two are the greatest folks here
 to-day!"

The feast was over, the board was
 clear'd,
 The flawns and the custards had all
 disappear'd,
 And six little singing-boys—dear little
 souls!
 In nice clean faces, and nice white
 stoles,
 Came, in order due, two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through!
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as
 pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and
 Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready
 to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to
 match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more
 grown,
 Carried lavender-water and eau de
 Cologne;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake
 of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the
 Pope.
 One little boy more a napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with
 pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in
 "permanent ink."

The Great Lord Cardinal turns at the
 sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in
 white:
 From his finger he draws his costly
 turquoise;
 And, not thinking at all about little
 Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight by the side of
 his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his
 Eminence wait;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any
 such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the
 ring!
 There's a cry and a shout, and no
 end of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what
 they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets all
 turn'd inside out;
 The friars are kneeling, and
 hunting, and feeling

The carpet, the floor, and the walls,
 and the ceiling,
 The Cardinal drew off each plum-
 colour'd shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to
 the view ;
 He peeps, and he feels in the toes
 and the heels ;
 They turn up the dishes—they turn
 up the plates—
 They take up the poker and poke out
 the grates,
 —They turn up the rugs, they
 examine the mugs :
 But no !—no such thing :—They
 can't find THE RING !
 And the Abbot declared that, " when
 nobody twigg'd it,
 Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and
 prigg'd it ! "

The Cardinal rose with a dignified
 look,
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and
 his book !
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally
 thief !
 He cursed him at board, he cursed
 him in bed ;
 From the sole of his foot, to the crown
 of his head ;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every
 night
 He should dream of evil, and wake in
 a fright ;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed
 him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in
 sneezing, in winking ;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing,
 in lying ;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding,
 in flying,
 He cursed him in living, he cursed
 him in dying !—
 Never was heard such a terrible curse !
 But what gave rise to no little
 surprise,
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone, the night came
 on,
 The Monks and the Friars they search'd
 till dawn ;
 When the Sacristan saw, on
 crumpled claw,

Come limping a poor little lame
 Jackdaw ;
 No longer gay, as on yesterday ;
 His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd
 the wrong way :—
 His pinions droop'd—he could hardly
 stand—
 His head was as bald as the palm of
 your hand :
 His eyes so dim, so wasted each
 limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all
 cried, " THAT'S HIM !—
 That's the scamp that has done this
 scandalous thing !
 That's the thief that has got my Lord
 Cardinal's Ring ! "

That poor little Jackdaw, when
 the monks he saw,
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a
 caw ;
 And turn'd his bald head, as much
 as to say,
 " Pray be so good as to walk this way ! "
 Slower and slower, he limp'd on
 before,
 Till they came to the back of the
 belfry door.
 When the first thing they saw,
 Midst the sticks and the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little
 Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd
 for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took ;
 The mute expression served in lieu
 of confession,
 And, being thus coupled with full
 restitution,
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
 —When those words were heard,
 that poor little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas
 really absurd.
 He grew sleek, and fat ; in ad-
 dition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick
 as a mat !

His tail waggl'd more even than
 before ;
 But no longer it wag'd with an
 impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's
 chair.

He hopp'd now about with a gait
devout ;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was
out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering
deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's
beads.
If any one lied—or if any one swore—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and hap-
pened to snore.

That good Jackdaw would give a
great "Caw,"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any
more !"
While many remark'd, as his manners
they saw,
That they "never had known such a
pious Jackdaw !"

He long lived the pride of that
country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity
died ;

When, as words were too faint, his
merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him
a Saint !
And on newly-made Saints and Popes,
as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names
to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name
of Jim Crow !

Rev. Richard Harris Barham.

A TRAGIC STORY.

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much, and sorrowed
more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's
place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him
round ;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down and in and out
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and
tack,
Alas ! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

(From the German of Chamisso.)

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE were three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high ;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him
down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head well arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee,
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
And heaved in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe ;
And still as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all—
He crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's
blood,
And drunk it round and round ;
And still the more and more they
drank,
Their joy did more abound.

* * * *

Robert Burns.

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY-TREE.

DID you hear of the curate who
mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair ?
Of creature more tractable none ever
heard ;
In the height of her speed she would
stop at a word ;
But again with a word, when the
curate said " Hey !"
She put forth her mettle and galloped
away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all bril-
liantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes
of desire,
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild
brier ;

On boughs long and lofty, in many a
green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the
beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to
boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he
longed for the fruit ;
With a word he arrested his courser's
keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of
his steed ;
On the saddle he stood while the
creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took
his good fill.

" Sure never," he thought, " was a
creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent
mare ;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed
all around,
" As safe and as steady as if on the
ground ;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller
this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced
to cry ' Hey ' ?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry-
tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond
reverie.
At the sound of the word the good
mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-
brier bush,
He remember'd too late, on his thorny
green bed,
MUCH THAT WELL MAY BE THOUGHT
CANNOT WISELY BE SAID.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD.

THE lawns were dry in Euston park ;
(Here truth* inspires my tale,)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

* This ballad is founded on fact.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still;
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill,

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely
hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from their paths with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short, quick step she
hears,
Come patting close behind.

She turned, it stopped; nought could
she see
Upon the gloomy plain;
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, where her path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same—
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When, through the cheating glooms of
night,
A MONSTER! stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain;
She owned her sins, and down she
knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung,
That ghost and all passed through!

Loud fell the gate against the post,
Her heart-strings like to crack;

For much she feared the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on—pit—pat—the goblin went,
As it had done before:
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the
night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park;
And, simple as a playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known;—
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive;

For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too—
Each thought some other goblin tale
Perhaps was just as true.

Robert Bloomfield.

THE HORKEY.*

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

WHAT gossips prattled in the sun,
Who talk'd him fairly down,
Up, memory! tell; 'tis Suffolk fun,
And lingo of their own.

* The Horkey is the Suffolk harvest-home
feast.

Ah! Judie Twitchet! though thou'rt
 dead,
 With thee the tale begins;
 For still seem thrumming in my head
 The rattling of thy pins!

Thou Queen of knitters; for a ball
 Of worsted was thy pride;
 With dangling stockings great and
 small
 And world of clack beside!

We did so laugh; the moon shone
 bright;
 More fun you never knew;
 "Twas Farmer Cheerum's Horkey
 night,
 And I, and Grace, and Sue—

"But bring a stool, sit round about,
 And boys, be quiet, pray;
 And let me tell my story out;
 'Twas sich a merry day!

"The butcher whistled at the door,
 And brought a load of meat;
 Boys rubb'd their hands, and cried,
 'there's more.'
 Dogs wagg'd their tails to see't.

"On went the boilers till the hake*
 Had much ado to bear 'em;
 The magpie talk'd for talking sake,
 Birds sung;—but who could hear
 'em?

"Creak went the Jack; the cats were
 scar'd,
 We had not time to heed 'em,
 The owd hins cackled in the yard,
 For we forgot to feed 'em!

"Yet 'twas not I, as I may say,
 Because as how, d'ye see;
 I only helped there for the day;
 They couldn't lay't to me.

"Now Mrs. Cheerum's best lace cap
 Was mounted on her head;
 Guests at the door began to rap,
 And now he cloth was spr ad.

"Then clatter went the earthen plates—
 'Mind Judie,' was the cry;

I could have cop't* them at their
 pates!
 'Trenchers for me,' said I.

"That look so clean upon the ledge.
 And never mind a fall;
 Nor never turn a sharp knife's edge;—
 But fashion rules us all.'

"Home came the jovial Horkey load,
 Last of the whole year's crop;
 And Grace amongst the green boughs
 rode,
 Right plump upon the top.

"This way and that the waggon reel'd,
 And never queen rode higher;
 Her cheeks were colour'd in the field,
 And ours before the fire.

"The laughing harvest-folks and John,
 Came in and look'd askew;
 'Twas my red face that set them on,
 And then they leer'd at Sue.

"And Farmer Cheerum went, good
 man,
 And broach'd the Horkey beer;
 And sitch a mort† of folk began
 To eat up our good cheer.

"Says he, 'Thank God for what's
 before us;
 That thus we meet agen,'
 The mingling voices, like a chorus,
 Joined cheerfully, 'Amen.'

"Welcome and plenty, there they
 found 'em
 The ribs of beef grew light;
 And puddings—till the boys got round
 'em,
 And then they vanish'd quite!

"Now all the guests with Farmer
 Cronder,
 Began to prate of corn;
 And we found out they talk'd the
 louder,
 The oft'ner pass'd the horn.

"Out came the nuts; we set a crackin';
 The ale came round our way;
 My word, we women fell a clacking,
 As loud again as they.

* Hake, sliding pot-hook.

* Cop't is Suffolk for thrown.

† Sitch a mort—such a number.

"John sung 'Old Benbow,' loud and strong,
And I, 'The Constant Swain.'
'Cheer up, my Lads,' was Simon's song,
'We'll conquer them again!'

"Now twelve o'clock was drawing nigh,
And all in merry cue;
I knock'd the cask, 'O, ho!' said I,
'We've almost conquered you!'

"My Lord* begg'd round, and held his hat,
Says Farmer Gruff, says he,
'There's many a Lord, Sam, I know that,
Has begg'd as well as thee.'

"Bump in his hat the shillings tumbld
All round among the folks;
'Laugh if you wool,' said Sam and mumbld,
'You pay for all your jokes.'

"Joint stock, you know, among the men,
To drink at their own charges;
So up they got full drive, and then
Went to halloo largess.†

"And sure enough the noise they made!
But let me mind my tale;
We follow'd them, we worn't afraid,
We 'ad all been drinking ale.

"As they stood hallooing back to back,
We, lightly as a feather,
Went sliding round, and in a crack
Had pinn'd their coats together.

"'Twas near upon t as light as noon
'A Largess,' on the hill,
They shouted to the full round moon—
I think I hear them still!

"But when they found the trick, my stars!
They well knew who to blame,
Our giggles turn'd to ha, ha, ha's!
And arter us they came.

"Grace by the tumbril made a squat,
Then ran as Sam came by;
They said she could not run for fat;
I know she did not try.

"Sue round the neat-house* squalling
ran,
Where Simon scarcely dare;
He stopt,—for he's a fearful man—
'My word! there's suffen † there!'

"And off set John, with all his might,
To chase me down the yard,
Till I was nearly gran'd‡ outright;
He hugg'd so woundly hard.

"Still they kept up the race and laugh,
And round the house we flew;
But, hark ye! the best fun by half
Was Simon arter Sue.

"She car'd not, dark nor light, not she,
So near the dairy door
She pass'd a clean white hog, you see,
They'd kilt the day before.

"High on the spirket§ there it hung,—
'Now, Susie—what can save ye?'
Round the cold pig his arms he flung,
And cried, 'Ah! here I have ye!'

"The farmers heard what Simon said,
And what a noise, good lack!
Some almost laugh'd themselves to dead,
And others clapt his back

"We all at once began to tell
What fun we had abroad;
But Simon stood our jeers right well;
He fell asleep and snor'd.

"Then in his button-hole upright,
Did Farmer Crouder put
A slip of paper twisted tight,
And held the candle to't.

"It smok'd and smok'd beneath his nose,
The harmless blaze crept higher
Till with a vengeance up he rose,
'Grace, Judie, Sue! fire, fire!'

"The clock struck one—some talk'd
of parting,
Some said it was a sin,
And hitch'd their chairs; but those
for starting
Now let the moonlight in.

* My Lord—the leader of the reapers.
† To halloo largess—to make a frolic.

• Neat-house—cowhouse.
† Suffen—something.
‡ Gran'd—strangled.
§ Spirket—an iron hook.

"Owd women, loitering for the nonce,*
 Stood praising the fine weather;
 The menfolks took the hint at once,
 To kiss them altogether;

"And out ran every soul beside,
 A shanny pated! crew;
 Owd folks could neither run nor hide,
 So some ketched one, some tew;

"They skriggl'd† and began to scold,
 But laughing got the master;
 Some quacklings‡ cried, 'let go your
 hold!'
 The farmers held the faster.

"All innocent, that I'll be sworn,
 There worn't a bit of sorrow,
 And women, if their gowns are torn,
 Can mend them on the morrow

"Our shadows helter skelter danc'd
 About the moonlight ground;
 The wandering sheep, as on we pranc'd,
 Got up and gaz'd around.

"And well they might--till Farmer
 Cheerum,
 Now with a hearty glee,
 Ba'e all good morn as he came near 'em,
 And then to bed went he.

"Then off we stroll'd this way and
 that,
 With merry voices ringing;
 And Echo answered us right fat,
 As home we rambled singing.

"For when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again,
 And to our own doors follow'd!
 'Yo, ho!' we cried; 'Yo, ho!' so plain
 'Tne misty meadows halloo'd.

"That's all my tale, and all the fun;
 Come, tu n your wheels about;
 My worsted, see!--that's nicely done,
 Just held my story out!"

Poor Judie!--thus time knits or spins
 The worsted from Life's ball!
 D a h stopt thy tales, and stopt thy
 ins,
 And so he'll serve us all.

Robert Bloomfield.

* Nonce--purpose.

† Skriggl'd--struggled.

‡ Quacklings--giddy ones.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN
 HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME
 AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he,
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender,
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find,
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
 brought
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smaek went the whip, ound went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad ;
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again ;

For saddl -tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When turning round his head he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers,
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down
 stairs,
 "The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he ; "yet bring
 it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword,
 When I do exercise."

Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipp'd from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brush'd and
 neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full lowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which gall'd him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain ;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his
 hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button, failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children
 scream'd,
 Up fl w the windows all ;
 And every sou cried out, "Well
 done !"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he
 His fame soon spread around ;
 He carries weight ! he rides a race
 'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle-necks,
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 Those gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony espied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the
 house!"
 They all aloud did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired";
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amized to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your
 tidings tell!
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spok :

"I came because your horse would come,
 And, if I will forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here;
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and
 wig;
 A wig that flowed behind;
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed his ready wit:
 "My head is twice as big as yours.
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said:
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast
 For which he paid full dear:
 For, whil' he spake, a braying ass
 Did ring most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
 He lost them sooner than the first;
 For why?—they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring
 back,
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels;
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highway-
 man!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that pass'd that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking as before
 That Gilpin ran a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
 He did again get down

Now let us sing, long live the King!
 And Gilpin, long live he!

And, when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

William Cowper.

FIVE NONSENSE VERSES.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

THERE was an Old Man with a beard,
 who said, "It is just what I feared!
 Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and
 a Wren,
 Have all built their nests in
 my beard!"

There was an Old Man in a tree, who
 was horribly bored by a bee;
 When they said, "Does it buzz?"
 he replied, "Yes, it does!
 It's a regular brute of a bee!"

There was an Old Man in a boat, who
 said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"
 When they said, "No you ain't!"
 he was ready to faint,
 That unhappy old man in a boat.

There was an Old Man with a poker, who
 painted his face with red ochre;
 When they said, "You're a Guy!"
 he made no reply,
 But knocked them all down with
 his poker.

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!
 I perceive a young bird in this
 bush!"

When they said, "Is it small?" he
 replied, "Not at all!
 It is four times as big as the
 bush!"

THE FATHERLAND.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stones, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares :
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares.
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds and brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair !
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great :
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

James Russell Lowell

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN
THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alchouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows
And drank the precious wine.
The landlord's daughter fill'd their cups,
Around the rustic board ;

Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing.—
And dashed his beard with wine,—
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !"

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian
and Saxon !"
A bold Bohemian cries ;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land !"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span

For the soul's love of home than this ?
Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's
gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birth place
grand,
His is the world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help
another,—
Thank God for such a birthright,
brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace,
grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

James Russell Lowell.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

HURRAH ! for merry England, no
longer will I roam,
But pray the winds will swiftly blow
the vessel towards home :
I oft have been on foreign shores,
exploring far and wide,
With empty purse, and not a friend my
wand'ring steps to guide.

By land and sea, by night and day, I've
every danger shared
And tho' full many my escapes, as yet
I have been spared.
I've crossed the seas when hurricanes
have swept along the main,
And been 'mongst those who bravely
fought upon the battle plain.

O'er Afric's burning sands I've toiled
and trod Norwegian's snows.
And Lapland's forests, Spain's olive
woods, and where the palm tree
grows ;
But farther as I journey'd on, each
feeling of my breast,
Was bound to dear old England, the
country I love best.

I love my country and my king, their
glory is my pride,
That urged my arm when fighting by
my comrades side by side ;
And now that I'm returned again, no
more to be a ranger,
Tho' long since I have left my home, I
shall not feel a stranger.

They'll find me altered, for I left my
home in bloom of youth ;
But then they shall not find me
changed in honour or in truth.
Then hurrah ! for merry England,
no longer will I roam,
But pray the winds will swiftly blow
the vessel towards home.

AGINCOURT.

AGINCOURT, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where English slew and hurt
All their French foemen ?
With their pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat down,
Shot by our Bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
English of every sort,
High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well,
All our stories tell,
Thanks to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where our fifth Harry taught
Frenchmen to know men :
And, when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
Good English Bowman !

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags,
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But, oh ! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

Robert Southey.

THE UNREGARDED TOILS OF THE POOR.

ALAS ! what secret tears are shed,
What wounded spirits bleed ;
What loving hearts are sundered,
And yet man takes no heed !

He goeth in his daily course,
Made fat with oil and wine,
And pitieth not the weary souls
That in his bondage pine,
That turn for him the mazy wheel,
That delve for him the mine !
And pitieth not the children small
In noisy factories dim,
That all day long, lean, pale and faint,
Do heavy tasks for him !

To him they are but as the stones
Beneath his feet that lie ;
It entereth not his thoughts that they
From him claim sympathy :
It entereth not his thoughts that God
Heareth the sufferer's groan,
That in His righteous eye, their life
Is precious as his own.

Mary Howitt.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that !
 Our toils obscure, and a' that :
 The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
 wine,

A man's a man, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares and a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star and a' that,
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o'
 worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that ;
 For a that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that ;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes best !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,

Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall await repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

TRUE GREATNESS.

THE fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
 For who forgives without a further strife
 His adversary's heart to him doth tie ;
 And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said
 To win the heart, than overthrow the
 head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth, it must be nobly
 done :—
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour
 won.
 Who would a worthy courage over-
 throw ?
 And who would wrestle with a worth-
 less foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot
 yield ;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves
 them poor ;
 Great hearts are task'd beyond their
 power but seld ;
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain does this
 same allow,
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach
 to bow.

Lady Elizabeth Carew.

**THE DESTRUCTION OF
SENNACHERIB.**

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf
 on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in
 purple and gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when
Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when
Autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his
wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe
as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed
deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and
for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his
nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the
breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-
beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the
rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the
banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet
unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud
in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple
of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance
of the Lord !

Lord Byron.

THE ISLE OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and
sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus
sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores
refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be
free :
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

* * * * *

Lord Byron.

ENGLAND.

I.

THIS royal throne of Kings, this
sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of
Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for
herself,
Against infection and the hand of
war ;
This happy breed of men, this little
world ;
This precious stone set in the silver
sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier
lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this
realm, this England.

William Shakespeare.

ENGLAND.

II.

THIS England never did, nor never
shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror

But when it first did help to wound
itself.
Now these her princes are come home
again,
Come the three corners of the world
in arms
And we shall shock them: Naught
shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

William Shakespeare.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

The trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone ;
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England !
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's
field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-
wreaths play'd,
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known ;
By a thousand streams the hearts
lie low,
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy !
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have rolled since foeman's march
Passed o'er that old, firm sod ;
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of free thought
From every chainless mind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie
Which poured forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, midst oak and yew !
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords
hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from
stain :
Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free heart's
blood
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful
years,
Unfettered to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English boy !
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy.

Those waves in many a fight have
closed
Above her faithful dead ;
That red-crossed flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perished—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstained,

These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's
light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy hearts, my English boy!
And pray, like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

"I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN."

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time: for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among the mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights
concealed
The bowers where Lucy played:
And thine, too, is the last green field
That Lucy's eye surveyed.

William Wordsworth.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh! to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-
wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny
leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the
orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all
the swallows—

Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree
in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on
the clover

Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent
spray's edge—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each
song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could
recapture

The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with
hoary dew,

All will be gay when noon-tide wakes
anew

The buttercups, the little children's
dower,

—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower.

Robert Browning.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to
the north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,
reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in
face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance,
dawned Gibraltar grand and gay;
"Here and here did England help me—
How can I help England?—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn
to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent
over Africa.

Robert Browning.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their
blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood.

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery.
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants !—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny,
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !

Thomas Campbell.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with
the sound
Of some rejected stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in
song,
Or childish tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's
chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlets fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they
peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YE gentlemen of England
That live at home in ease
Ah ! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and all the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds do blow

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound nor scar ;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know
Whilst they reel on the kneel,
And the stormy winds do blow
And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed ;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade :
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth we know ;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Martyn Parker.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand
years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
From the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep :
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow :
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,

When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hearts we fix,
God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King !

Henry Carey.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's com-
mand,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land.
And guardian angels sung the strain :

Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the
waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee.
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign
stroke ;

As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses still, with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty
crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :

Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the
waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

James Thomson.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;

Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe ;

Ruffians, pitiless and proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait on you.

William Cowper.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow break its chain :—
Why comes not death to those who
mourn ?
He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms before his
throne,
The stately and the brave ;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train ;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright
hair—
He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing :

He saw the tourney's victor crowned
 Amidst the knightly ring;
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the
 trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place
 At many a joyous board;
 Graves, which true love had bathed
 with tears,
 Were left to heaven's bright rain,
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
 He never smiled again!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our
 noble England's praise;
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she
 wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible,
 against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest
 hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm
 summer's day,
 There came a gallant merchant ship
 full sail to Plymouth bay;
 The crew had seen Castile's black fleet,
 beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie
 heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by
 God's especial grace;
 And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had
 held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was
 placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of
 Edgcombe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing bark put out, to
 pry along the coast;
 And with loose rein, and bloody spur,
 rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the
 stout old sheriff comes,

Behind him march the halberdiers,
 before him sound the drums:
 The yeomen, round the market cross,
 make clear and ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the
 standard of Her Grace:
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and
 gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the
 royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up
 his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads
 the gay lilies down!
 So stalked he when he turned to flight,
 on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow,
 and Cæsar's eagle shield:
 So glared he when, at Agincourt, in
 wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath
 his claws, the princely hunters
 lay.
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir
 knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair
 maids!
 Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho,
 gallants! draw your blades!
 Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! y
 breezes, waft her wide!
 Our glorious *semper eadem*! the banner
 of our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled
 that banner's massy fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed
 that haughty scroll of gold:
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and
 on the purple sea;
 Such night in England ne'er had been,
 nor ne'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
 from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright,
 as busy as the day;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the
 warning radiance spread—
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—
 it shone on Beachy Head:
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw,
 along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range,
 those twinkling points of fire.
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on
 Tamar's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners poured to war, from
 Mendip's sunless caves;

O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's
oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stone-
henge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells rang
out all night from Bristol town ;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse
had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked
forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill,
that streak of blood-red light :
The bugle's note, and cannon's roar,
the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry,
the royal city woke ;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose
the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all
her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower
pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames
sent back a louder cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard
the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and
pikes dashed down each rousing
street :

And broader still became the blaze,
and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the
horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight, for wild Black-
heath, the warlike errand went ;
And roused, in many an ancient hall,
the gallant squires of Kent :
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills,
flew those bright coursers forth ;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy
moor, they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause,
untimed they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they
sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag
o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven
the stormy hills of Wales ;
Till, twelve fair counties saw the blaze
on Malvern's lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind,
the Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came
forth, on Ely's stately fane,

And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er
all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to
Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er
the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on
Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused
the burghers of Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay.

A CAVALIER SONG.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey,
(*Chorus*) Boot, saddle, to horse
and away !

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd
say ;
Many's the friend there, will listen
and pray
" God's luck to gallants that strike up
the lay,
(*Chorus*) Boot, saddle, to horse,
and away ! "

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth, the Round-
heads' array ;
Who laughs, " Good fellows, ere this, by
my fay,
(*Chorus*) Boot, saddle, to horse,
and away ? "

Who ? My wife Gertrude ; that honest
and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering,
" Nay !
I've better counsellors ; what counsel
they ?
(*Chorus*) Boot, saddle, to horse,
and away ! "

Robert Browning.

BEFORE BATTLE.

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo ;
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow !

You, Gunnel, keep your helm in hand—
 Thus, thus, boys! steady, steady
 Till right ahead you see the land,—
 Then soon as we are ready,
 —The signal to engage shall be
 A whistle and a hollo;
 Be one and all but firm, like me,
 And conquest soon will follow!

Keep, boys, a good look out, d'ye hear?
 'Tis for Old England's honour;
 Just as you brought your lower tier
 Broad-side to bear upon her,
 —The signal to engage shall be
 A whistle and a hollo;
 Be one and all but firm, like me,
 And conquest soon will follow!

All hands then, lads, the ship to clear;
 Load all your guns and mortars;
 Silent as death th' attack prepare;
 And, when you're all at quarters,
 —The signal to engage shall be
 A whistle and a hollo;
 Be one and all but firm, like me,
 And conquest soon will follow!

Charles Dibdin.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA. 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
 note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we
 hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell
 shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we
 buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty
 light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound
 him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
 said,

And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face
 that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow
 bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would
 tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
 gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid
 him;—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him
 sleep on.
 In the grave where a Briton has laid
 him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for
 retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random
 gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and
 gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised
 not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory!

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

THE OFFICER'S GRAVE.

THERE is in the wide lone sea,
 A spot unmark'd but holy;
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean-bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep
 That oft to triumph bore him,
 He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep
 With the salt waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
 From tempest or from billow,
 Where the storms that high above him
 chafe
 Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
 They did not dare to sever ;
 It was his home while he had breath ;
 'Tis now his rest for ever !

Sleep on, thou mighty dead !
 A glorious tomb they've found thee ;
 The broad blue sky above thee spread :
 The boundless waters round thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part ;
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
 If yet my task be done !"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father !" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone !"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair ;
 And look'd from that lone post of death,
 In still, yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father ! must I stay ?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and
 shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED
 SEPTEMBER, 1782.

TOLL for the brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea fight is fought ;
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,

Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;

By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene:
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried;
when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly
boom:
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose,
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose.
As death withdrew his shades from the
day,
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou: *
Soft sighs the winds of heaven o'er
their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Thomas Campbell.

TRAFALGAR.

WHEN Frenchmen saw, with coward
art,
The assassin shot of war
That pierced Britain's noblest heart,
And quenched her highest star,

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant
and the good by Lord Nelson, when he wrote
home his dispatches.

Their shout was heard—they triumph'd
 now,
 Amidst the battle's roar,
 And thought the British oak would bow,
 Since Nelson was no more.

But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
 And—mark the vengeance due,
 "Down, down, insulting ship," she
 cried,
 "To death, with all thy crew !

"So perish ye for Nelson's blood,
 If death like thine can pay
 For blood so brave, or ocean wave
 Can wash that crime away !"

Thomas Campbell.

NELSON.

DEEP grav'd in every British heart,
 O never let his name depart !
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave :
 To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fatal thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Rolled, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no
 more.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns !" he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade !"
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Someone had blunder'd :
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd :
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd !
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

Lord Tennyson.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by
 night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered
 then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women
 and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily,
 and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous
 swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which,
 spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage
 bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but
 the wind,
 Or the ear rattling o'er the stony
 street ;
 On with the dance, let joy be un-
 confined ;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and
 pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with
 flying feet.
 But hark ! that heavy sound breaks
 in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would
 repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
 before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's
 opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that
 high wall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he
 did hear
 That sound, the first amidst the
 festival,
 And caught its tone with death's
 prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he
 deemed it near
 His heart more truly knew that peal
 too well
 Which stretched his father on a
 bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood
 alone could quell ;
 He rushed into the field, and foremost
 fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying
 to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings
 of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an
 hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own
 loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such
 as press
 The life from out young hearts, and
 choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who
 might guess
 If ever more should meet those
 mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful
 morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot
 haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the
 clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with im-
 petuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of
 war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal
 afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming
 drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morn-
 ing star ;
 While thronged the citizens with
 terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The
 foe ! They come ! They come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
 gathering" rose,
 The war note of Lochiel, which
 Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have
 her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that
 pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill ! But with the
 breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the
 mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which
 instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand
 years
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in
 each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves about them
 her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as
 they pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er
grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the
grass
Which now beneath them, but above
shall grow
In its next verdure, when the fiery
mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty
life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly
gay,
The midnight brought the signal-
sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—
the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder clouds close o'er it,
which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other
clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,
heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one
red burial blent !

Lord Byron.

When the sour-looking folks sent me
heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog
Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the
night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown
weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat
of grey,
And he licked me for kindness—my
poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I re-
membered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his
pitiful face ;
But he died 'at my feet one cold
winter's day,
And I played a sad lament for my
poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken,
and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful
and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far,
far away,
I can never more return with my
poor dog Tray.

Thomas Campbell.

THE IRISH HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when
Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily
play,
And wherever I went was my poor
dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my
Sheelah to part,
She said—while the sorrow was big
at her heart :
“ Oh ! remember your Sheelah, when
far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our
poor dog Tray.”

Poor dog ! he was faithful, and kind,
to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although
I was poor ;

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor
Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy
and chill :
For his country he sighed, when at
twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-
beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad
devotion
For it rose o'er his own native isle
of the ocean
Where once in the fire of his youthful
emotion
He sang the bold anthem of “ Erin go
bragh.” *

* Ireland for ever.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,

A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers,

Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,

And strike to the numbers of " Erin go bragh ! "

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;

But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !

Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me

In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?

They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?

Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?

Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :

Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !

Land of my forefathers ! Erin-go-bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle, of the ocean !

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,

Erin mavournin,*—Erin-go-bragh !

Thomas Campbell.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,

In the ranks of death you'll find him ;

His father's sword he has girded on,

And his wild harp slung behind him.

" Land of song ! " said the warrior-bard,

" Though all the world betrays thee,

One sword at least thy rights shall guard,

One faithful harp shall praise thee ! "

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain

Could not bring his proud soul under ;

The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,

For he tore its chords asunder ;

And said, " No chains shall sully thee,

Thou soul of love and bravery !

Thy songs were made for the brave and free,

They shall never sound in slavery ! "

Thomas Moore.

SCOTLAND.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires, what mortal hand

Can untie the tilial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand ?

Still, as I view each well-known scene,

Think what is now, and what hath been,

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,

Sole friends thy woods and streams

were left ;

* Ireland my Darling

And thus I love them better still.
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray
 Though none shall guide my feeble
 way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick
 break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
 Though there forgotten and alone.
 The bard may draw his parting groan.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BLUEBELL OF SCOTLAND.

OH where! and oh where! is your
 Highland laddie gone?
 He's gone to fight the French for King
 George upon the throne;
 And it's oh! in my heart how I wish
 him safe at home.

Oh where! and oh where! does your
 Highland laddie dwell?
 He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign
 of the Bluebell;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my
 laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your
 Highland laddie clad?
 His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his
 waistcoat's of the plaid;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love
 my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose, that your High-
 land lad should die?
 The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll
 lay me down and cry;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish
 he may not die!

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose
 aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day,
 Guild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
 When the broken arches are black in
 night,

And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory,
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to
 live and die;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead
 man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

Sir Walter Scott.

CONRACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font reappearing,
 From the raindrops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary
 But the voice of the weeper
 Waits manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray.
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever.

Sir Walter Scott.

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to
the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country
of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I
love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered
with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green
valleys, below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hang-
ing woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-
pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go!

Robert Burns.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars
keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting
hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs
fast:
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's
past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to
curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs
fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's
past.

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
Saint of this green isle! hear our
prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens, and favour-
ing airs!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs
fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's
past.

Thomas Moore.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land where the gloom
of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth
with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of
her story,

The brightest or blackest, is filled
 with my fame.
 I have warred with a world which
 vanquished me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured
 me too far;
 I have coped with the nations which
 dread me thus lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in
 war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy
 diadem crowned me
 I made thee the gem and the wonder
 of earth—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave
 as I found thee,
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in
 thy worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were
 wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their
 battles were won—
 Then the eagle, whose gaze in that
 moment was blasted,
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on
 victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France! but when
 Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy region, remember
 me then—
 The violet still grows in the depths of
 thy valleys:
 Though withered, thy tears will
 unfold it again—
 Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that
 surround us,
 And yet may my heart leap awake to
 thy voice—
 There are links which must break in the
 chain that has bound us.
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of
 thy choice!

Lord Byron.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came,
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,—
 They shook the depths of the desert's
 gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim
 wood rang
 To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves'
 foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest
 roared,—
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim-band;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely
 high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there
 they found,—
 Freedom to worship God!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

POCAHONTAS.

WEARIED arm and broken sword
 Wage in vain the desperate fight:

Round him press a countless horde,
 He is but a single knight.
 Hark a cry of triumph shrill
 Through the wilderness resounds,
 As with twenty bleeding wounds
 Sinks the warrior fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
 And the torch of death they light ;
 Ah ! 'tis hard to die of fire !
 Who will shield the captive knight ?
 Round the stake with fiendish cry
 Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
 Cold the victim's mien and proud,
 And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart ?
 Who avert the murderous blade ?
 From the throng, with sudden start,
 See there springs an Indian maid.
 Quick she stands before the knight :
 " Loose the chain, unbind the ring ;
 I am daughter of the king,
 And I claim the Indian right ! "

Dauntlessly aside she flings
 Lifted axe and thirsty knife ;
 Fondly to his heart she elings,
 And her bosom guards his life !
 In the wood of Powhattan,
 Still 'tis by Indian fires,
 How a daughter of their sires
 Saved the captive Englishman.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

INDIAN NAMES.

YE say they all have passed away,
 That noble race and brave ;
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave ;
 That, mid the forests where they
 roamed,
 There rings no hunter's shout ;
 But their name is on your waters,
 Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world,
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the west,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have disappeared, as withered leaves
 Before the autumn's gale ;
 But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown.
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
 Within its rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart.
 Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust,
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Mrs. Sigourney.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

OH say, can you see by the dawn's
 early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the
 twilight's last gleaming ?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
 through the perilous fight
 On the ramparts we watched, were
 so gallantly streaming.
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
 bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that
 our flag was still there ;
 Oh say, does the star-spangled banner
 yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home
 of the brave ?

On the shores dimly seen, through the
 mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in
 dread silence reposes,
 What is it that which the breeze o'er
 the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals,
 half discloses ?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morn-
 ing's first beam :
 In full glory reflected, now shines on
 the stream ;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long
 may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the
 home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN freedom, from her mountain
 height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white,
 With streakings of the morning light ;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She call'd her eagle bearer down ;
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

* * * *

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
 By angel hands to valour given ;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 For ever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe that falls
 before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er
 us !

Joseph Rodman Drake.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !
 O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful
 trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the
 prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the
 people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the
 vessel grim and daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and
 hear the bells :
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for
 you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths
 —for you the shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass,
 their eager faces turning ;
 Here, Captain ! dear father !
 This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips
 are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has
 no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
 voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes
 in with object won ;
 Exult O shores ! and ring, O bells !
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

WHEN banners are waving,
 And lances a-pushing ;
 When captains are shouting,
 And war-horses rushing ;
 When cannon are roaring,
 And hot bullets flying,
 He that would honour win,
 Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
That it seems to be snowing ;
Though streamlets with blood
More than water are flowing ;
Though with sabre and bullet
Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it, heroes !
The heathen are coming ;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running ;
Maidens and matrons all
Arm ! arm ! are crying,
From petards the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying ;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing ;
As waves in the ocean
The dark plumes are dancing ;
As stars in the blue sky
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping ;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousand are leaping ;
Like the flash of the levin,
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon !
I looked from the turret
For crescent and pennon :
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted for ever.

WAR.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth,
Respect the brethren of their birth ;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned :
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck at the spring ;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair,
The greyhound presses on the hare,

The eagle pounces on the lamb,
The wolf devours the fleecy dam :
E'en tiger fell and sullen bear
Their likeness and their lineage spare
Man only mars kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man,
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade ;
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE WAR HORSE.

THE fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground ;
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe

John Dryden (from Virgil).

FROM INDIA.

“ Oh, come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well ?
O soldier, say my son is safe (for nothing else I care),
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's prayer ! ”

“ Oh, I've come from the Indies, I've just come from the war,
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are :
From colonel down to rank and file,
I know my comrades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me tell.”

"And do you know my Robert now!
oh, tell me, tell me true—
O soldier, tell me word for word all
that he said to you!
His very words—my own boy's words—
O tell me every one!
You little know how dear to his old
mother is my son!"

"Through Havelock's fights and
marches the 90th were there;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert
did his share:
Twice he went into Lucknow, un-
touched by steel or ball;
And you may bless your God, old
dame, that brought him safe through
all."

"Oh, thanks unto the living God that
heard his mother's prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her
only son to spare!
O bless'd be God, that turned from him
the sword and shot away!—
And what to his old mother did my
darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life,
and bravely it was done;
In the despatch they told it all, and
named and praised your son;
A medal and a pension's his; good
luck to him, I say;
And he has not a comrade but will wish
him well to-day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your
tongue! O husband, that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for
all that I've gone through;
All I have done and borne for him the
long years since you're dead!
But, soldier, tell me how he looked,
and all my Robert said."

"He's bronzed, and tanned, and
bearded, and you'd hardly know
him, dame:
We've made your boy into a man, but
still his heart's the same;
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and
always to one tune;—
But there, his ship is nearly home, and
he'll be with you soon."

"Oh! is he really coming home, and
shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home?
and when, when will it be?
Did you say soon?"—"Well, he is
home; keep cool, old dame; he's
here."—
"O Robert, my own blessed boy!"
—"O mother!—mother dear!"

William Cox Bennett.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night
cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their
watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded
to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet
of straw,

By the wolf-scaring fagot that
guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision
I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt
it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dread-
ful array,

Far, far I had roamed on a desolate
track:

'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose
on the way

To the home of my fathers, that
welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed
so oft

In life's morning march, when my
bosom was young,

I heard my own mountain goats bleat-
ing aloft,

And knew the sweet strain that the
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and
fondly I swore,

From my home and my weeping
friends never to part.

My little ones kissed me a thousand
times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her
fulness of heart

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art
weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier
to stay—
But sorrow returned with the dawning
of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear
melted away.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF HOHEN- LINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder
riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Thomas Campbell.

NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR BOY.

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman;
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy—they could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been
dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—
doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest
shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder!

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
 And thus equipped he would have
 passed
 The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the
 beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering ;
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger,
 And in his wonted attitude
 Addressed the stranger :

" Rash man, that wouldst yon channel
 pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely
 fashioned !
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned."

" I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;
 " But, absent long from one another,
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother."

" And so thou shalt ! " Napoleon said ;
 " Ye've both my favour fairly won :
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And with a flag of truce commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner plain and hearty ;
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparté.

Thomas Campbell.

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused, " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there
 flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-gallop ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro')
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's
 grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans,
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him ! " The Chief's eye
 flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," his
 soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, sire ! " And, his Chief
 beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratis-
 bon :
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoléon
 Stood on our storming day ;

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
 And sad pale Adelgitha came,
 When forth a valiant champion
 bounded,
 And slew the slanderer of her fame,

She wept, deliver'd from her danger ;
But when he knelt to claim her
glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant
stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me
free ;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is
tainted!"
He raised his vizor—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted ;
It was indeed her own true knight!

Thomas Campbell.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in
glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly
blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens
replying:
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying,
dying, dying.

Lord Tennyson.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and
he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we
galloped all three ;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as
the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us
galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights
sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped
abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept
the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its
girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set
the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained
slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while
we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight
dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out
to see ;
At Duffield, 'twas morning as plain as
could be ;
And from Meeheln church-steeple we
heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there
is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the
sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,
To stare through the mist at us gallop-
ing past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at
last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting
away
The haze, as some bluff river headland
its pray.

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice and the other pricked
out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever
that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own
master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes
which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-
ing on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried
Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's
not in her.
We'll remember at Aix "—for one
heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck
and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered
and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle
bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire
sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix
is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! " and all in a
moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over ; lay dead
as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the
whole weight
Of the news which alone could save
Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood
to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
his ear,

Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
any noise, good or bad,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking
round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees
on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this
Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common
consent)
Was no more than his due who brought
good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY
HIM DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE
ON A DESERT ISLAND.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, Solitude ! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon I would taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of
youth

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Besides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

William Cowper.

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions
 round ;
 It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the
 skies ;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
 I am where I would ever be ;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go :

If a storm should come and awake the
 deep
 What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love !) to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the
 moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and
 more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy
 breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's
 nest ;
 And a mother she was and is to me ;
 For I was born on the open sea !

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to
 range,
 But never have sought nor sighed for
 change ;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

Barry Cornwall.

"TO SEA ! TO SEA !"

To sea ! to sea ! the calm is o'er,
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
 And rattles down the pebbly shore,
 The dolphin wheels, the sea cows
 snort ;
 And unseen mermaid's pearly song
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
 To sea ! to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea ! to sea ! our white winged bark
 Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Triton's azure day.
 Like mountain eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height,
 The anchor heaves ! the ship swings
 free !
 Our sails swell full ! To sea ! to sea !

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

THE OCEAN.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious ;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity !

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow ;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below

Whether morning's splendours steep
thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey ;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous ocean !
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be ?

Bernard Barton.

THE SEA-DEEPS.

DEEPER than the narwhal sinketh,
Deeper than the sea-horse drinketh,
There are miles and miles of sea,
Where darkness reigns eternally.
Nor length of line, nor sounding lead,
Have ever reached the deep sea-bed ;
Nor aught again beheld the light,
Which touched that land of endless
night.

Above, a ship might strike and ground,
Below, no bottom could be found ;
Though, o'er the rocks the white waves
hiss,
Unfathomed lay the dark abyss.
Depths measureless—rocks that were
hurled

From the foundations of the world.
Deeper than plummet e'er can go
Lie those grim endless depths below
Which neither wind nor wave come near
For all is dark and silent there.

Perchance, huge monsters, feed and
sleep

Below that black and soundless deep ;
Monsters of such weight and size,
That they have no power to raise :
The mighty kraken, which they say,
Will heave upon that awful day,
When the last trumpet's startling sound
Shall pierce the inmost depths profound ;
And many a league of ocean part,
While his huge bulk he doth unpear,
And like an island vast appear.
Such monstrous things, they say, now
sleep

Within the caverns of the deep.

Thomas Miller.

THE NORTHERN SEAS.

Up ! up ! let us a voyage take ;
Why sit we here at ease ?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendours, fly,
Like living things, with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful
deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall ;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide ;
Perfect as when, in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,

And away to the rocky isles of mist
To rouse the northern fowl.

Up then shall start ten thousand wings
With a rushing whistling din ;
Up shall the auk and fulmar start—
All but the fat penguin.

And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly will we tread
By island streams, to see
Where the pelican of the silent north
Sits there all silently.

William Howitt.

THE SHIP IS READY.

FARE-THEE-WELL ! the ship is ready,
And the breeze is fresh and steady.
Hands are fast the anchor weighing ;
High in air the streamer's playing.
Spread the sails—the waves are swell-

ing
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.
FARE-THEE-WELL ! and when at sea,
Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee !
Then, as down to ocean glancing,
In the waves his rays are dancing
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping,
All below thee still and sleeping,—
As the needle points the quarter,
O'er the wide and trackless water,
Let thy vigils ever find thee
Mindful of the friends behind thee !
Let thy bosom's magnet be
Turned to those who wake for thee.

When with slow and gentle motion,
Heaves the bosom of the ocean,—
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding

O'er the sky with tranquil splendour,
Where the shining hosts attend her :
Let the brightest visions be,
Country, home, and friends, to thee !

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,
Danger, wreck, and death before thee ;
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then, a pious suppliant bending,
Let thy thoughts, to Heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy-seat, to be
Met by prayers that rise for thee !

Hannah Flagg Gould.

THE SAILOR.

THOU that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head ;
Oh, give her to an old man,
Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea !

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die !
He sees no tender mother,
No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him—
Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.

Thou sayst to me, "Stand, stand up ;"
I say to thee, take hold.
Lift me a little from the deck,
My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound :
There, take my love's own handker-
chief,
And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart ;
See where these mountains meet—
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet :
Cast anchor here ; 'tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft ;
The little anchor on the right,
The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
In church or cloister gray ;—
But on the windy sea-beach,
At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at casting of the anchor
The yo-ho loud and clear ;
And at hauling of the anchor
The yo-ho and the cheer—
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I nevermore may steer !

William Allingham.

THE SAILOR.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native
shore,

As all its lessening turrets blue-ly
fade ;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes
once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now, each dear, domestic scene he
knew,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign
clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight
view,
Its colours mellowed, not impaired
by time.

True as the needle, homeward points
his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy
main ;
This, the last wish that would with life
depart,
To meet the smile of her he loves
again.

When Morn first faintly draws her
silver line,
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink
the wave ;
When sea and sky in midnight-dark-
ness join,
Still, still he sees the parting look
she gave.

Her gentle spirit lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to
pole ;
And, when the beating billows round
him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his
troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy
grove
In many a plantain-forest, waving
wide ;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage
rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden
tide.

But lo ! at last he comes with crowded
sail !
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures
bend !
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell
the gale !
In each he hears the welcome of a
friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself ! she waves
her hand !
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas
furled ;
Soon through the whitening surge he
springs on land,
And clasps the maid he singled from
the world.

Samuel Rogers.

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

How gaily a sailor's life passes
Who roams o'er the watery main ;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enriched with the blessings of life ;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

The various blessings of Nature
In various countries we try ;
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

THEN fare thee well ! my dear loved isle,
Once more, once more, adieu.
See where yon gallant vessel's moor'd,
To bear me far from you.

Mark how the breezes fill her sails,
And gallantly she'll ride
Thro' heavy seas and stormy gales,
For England's boast and pride.

Tho' ever first in danger's hour,
The British sailor's found,
Where cannon roar, and tempests lour,
He thinks on English ground.

The sails are set, the signals made,
Yet still I lingering stand,
To view the blue shores as they fade,
Farewell my native land.

WINDLASS SONG.

HEAVE at the windlass !—Heave O,
cheerly, men !
Heave all at once, with a will !
The tide quickly making,
Our cordage a-creaking,
The water has put on a frill,
Heave O !

Fare you well, sweethearts !—Heave
O, cheerly, men !
Fare you well, frolic and sport !
The good ship all ready
Each dog-vane is steady,
The wind blowing dead out of port,
Heave O !

Once in blue water — Heave O,
cheerly, men !
Blow it from north or from south ;
She'll stand to it tightly,
And curtsey politely,
And carry a bone in her mouth,
Heave O !

Short cruise or long cruise—Heave O,
cheerly, men !
Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one.
No latitude dreads he
Of White, Black, or Red Sea,
Great icebergs, or tropical sun,
Heave O !

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly,
men !
Heave, and good-bye to the shore !
Our money, how went it ?
We shared it and spent it ;
Next year we'll come back with some
more,

Heave O !

William Allingham.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea

Allan Cunningham.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom
Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful, below, he did his duty ;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair :
 And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant
 weather,

When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe "all hands."

Thus Death, who kings and tars
 despatches,

In vain Tom's life has doff'd :
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

Charles Dibden.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the *Nancy*,
 My jib how she smack'd through the
 breeze !

She's a vessel as tight to my fancy

As ever sail'd on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,

Our girls and our dear native shore !

For if some hard rock we should split on,

We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers,

Great guns let it blow, high or low,

Our duty keeps us to our tethers,

And where the gale drives we must go.

When we entered the Straits of
 Gibraltar

I verily thought she'd have sunk,

For the wind began so for to alter,

She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.

The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,

Helm a-weather, the hoarse boat-
 swain cries ;

Brace the foresail athwart, see she
 quivers,

As through the rough tempest she
 flies.

But sailors were born for all weathers,

Great guns let it blow, high or low,

Our duty keeps us to our tethers,

And where the gale drives we must go.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful disaster
 Befel three poor sailors and I.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick
 Handsail,

By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we were furling the mainsail,

Were every soul swept from the yard.

But sailors were born for all weathers,

Great guns let it blow, high or low,

Our duty keeps us to our tethers,

And where the gale drives we must go.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick cried peccavi,

As for I, at the risk of my neck,

While they sank down in peace to old
 Davy,

Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.

Well, what would you have ? We were
 stranded,

And out of a fine jolly crew

Of three hundred that sail'd, never
 landed

But I, and I think, twenty-two.

But sailors were born for all weathers,

Great guns let it blow, high or low,

Our duty keeps us to our tethers,

And where the gale drives we must go.

Charles Dibden.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

LOD roar'd the dreadful thunder,

The rain a deluge showers,

The clouds were rent asunder

By lightning's vivid powers ;

The night both drear and dark,

Our poor devoted bark,

Till next day, there she lay,

In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,

Our opening timbers creak ;

Each fears a watery pillow,—

None stops the dreadful leak ;

To cling to slippery shrouds

Each breathless seaman crowds,

As she lay, till the day,

In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow,

Broke through the hazy sky ;

Absorbed in silent sorrow,

Each heaved a bitter sigh ;

The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heaven, all bounteous ever;
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears.
We hail her with three cheers;
Now we sail, with the gale
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

Andrew Cherry.

For some bleak pittance e'er compelled
to roam;
Few hearts to cheer him through his
dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy
strife;
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare:
Without the comfort, hope—with scarce
a friend.
He looks through life and only sees its
end!

Barry Cornwall.

THE FISHING-BOAT.

GOING OUT.

BRISKLY blows the evening gale,
Fresh and free it blows:
Blessings on the fishing boat,
How merrily she goes!
Christ He loved the fisherman;
Walking by the sea,
How He blessed the fishing-boats
Down in Galilee!
Dark the night, and wild the wave,
Christ the boat is keeping;
Trust in Him, and have no fear,
Though He seemeth sleeping.

COMING IN.

Briskly blows the morning breeze,
Fresh and strong it blows:
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How steadily she goes!
Christ He loved the fisherman,
And he blessed the net
Which the hopeless fishers threw
In Gennesaret.
He blessed our going out,
Blessed, too, our returning;
Gave us laden nets at night,
And fair wind in the morning.

Mary Howitt.

THE FISHERMAN.

A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Fath the lone fisher, on the lonely sea,
O'er the wild waters labouring far from
home,

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some
landsman
Yonder down in town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass button or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton."
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him o'er the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I never was aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,

Her owners can afford her !
 I say, how's my John ? "
 " Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

" How's my boy—my boy ?
 What care I for the men, sailor ?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy ?
 Tell me of him and no other !
 How's my boy—my boy ? "

Sydney Dobell.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet
 A foggy day in winter time)
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her
 prime :
 Majestic in her person, tall and
 straight ;
 And like a Roman's matron was her
 mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead :
 Old times, thought I, are breathing
 there ;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :
 She begged an alms, like one in poor
 estate :
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride
 abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I
 woke,
 " What is it," said I, " that you bear.
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from this cold damp air ? "
 She answered, soon as she the
 question heard
 " A simple burden, Sir, a little singing-
 bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
 " I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;
 In Denmark he was cast away ;
 And I have travelled many miles to
 see
 f aught which he had owned might
 still remain for me.

" The bird and cage they both were
 his ;
 'Twas my son's bird : and neat and
 trim

He kept it ; many voyages
 This singing-bird had gone with him :
 When last he sail'd, he left the bird
 behind :
 From bodings, as might be, that hung
 upon his mind.

" He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety ;—there
 I found it when my son was dead :
 And now, God help me for my little
 wit !
 I bear it with me, Sir :—he took so much
 delight in it."

William Wordsworth.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along
 The listening winds received this song :
 " What should we do but sing His
 praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own ?
 Where He the huge sea monsters wracks
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's
 rage :
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Æmus shows :
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet ;
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice !
 With cedars chosen by his hand
 From Lebanon he stores the land ;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.
 O let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which then perhaps rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay ! ”
 —Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note :
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED ! a steed of matchless speed,
 A sword of metal keen !
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.

The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,

The clangour of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come.

And oh ! the thundering press of
 knights
 Whenas their war cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount ! then mount, brave
 gallants, all,
 And don your helms amain :
 Death's couriers, Fame and Honour,
 Call us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit
 sigh
 For the fairest of the land !

Let piping swain, and craven wight,
 Thus weep and puling cry,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die !

William Motherwell.

BALLADS.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter, Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl.
No friends have else they here :

To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"Oh brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery :

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small :
"God bless you both, my children
dear !"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke,
To this sick couple there :
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear :
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have.
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children
young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes
Rejoicing at their tide,
Rejoicing in a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain;
"Stay here," quoth he; "I'll bring
you bread
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery:
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
Such was God's blessed will;
So did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed;
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN he was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

He sail'd east, and he sail'd west,
 Until he came to proud Turkéy;
 When he was taken and put to prison,
 Until his life was almost wearied.

And in this prison there grew a tree,
 It grew so stout, and grew so strong;
 Where he was chained by the middle,
 Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
 The fairest creature my eyes did see;
 She stole the keys of her father's prison,
 And swore Lord Bateman she would
 set free.

"Have you got houses? have you got
 lands?
 Or does Northumberland belong to
 thee?
 What would you give to the fair young
 lady,
 That out of prison would set you
 free?"

"I have got houses, I have got lands,
 And half Northumberland belongs
 to me;
 I'll give it all to the fair young lady
 That out of prison would set me free."

Oh! then she took him to her father's
 hall,
 And gave to him the best of wine;
 And every health she drunk unto him,
 "I wish Lord Bateman that you
 were mine!"

Now in seven years I'll make a vow
 And seven years I'll keep it strong,
 If you'll wed with no other woman,
 I will wed with no other man."

Oh! then she took him to her father's
 harbour,
 And gave to him a ship of fame,
 "Farewell, farewell to you, Lord
 Bateman,
 I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
 And fourteen days well known to
 thee;
 She packed up all her gay clothing,
 And swore Lord Bateman she would
 go see.

But when she came to Lord Bateman's
 castle,
 So boldly she rang the bell;
 "Who's there? who's there?" cried
 the proud porter;
 "Who's there? unto me come tell."

"Oh is this Lord Bateman's castle?
 Or is his lordship here within?"
 "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" cried the young
 porter,
 "He's just now taken his new bride
 in."

"Oh, tell him to send me a slice of
 bread,
 And a bottle of the best wine;
 And not forgetting the fair young
 lady
 Who did release him when close
 confine."

Away, away went this proud young
 porter,
 Away, away, and away went he,
 Until he came to Lord Bateman's
 chamber—
 Down on his bended knees fell he.

"What news, what news, my proud
 young porter?
 What news hast thou brought unto
 me?"
 "There is the fairest of all young
 creatures
 That ever my two eyes did see!"

"She has got rings on every finger,
 And round one of them she has got
 three,
 And as much gay clothing round
 her middle
 As would buy all Northumberlea.

"She bids you send her a slice of
 bread,
 And a bottle of the best wine;
 And not forgetting the fair young
 lady
 Who did release you when close
 confine."

Lord Bateman he then in a passion
 flew,
 And broke his sword in splinters
 three;

Saying, "I will give all my father's
riches
If Sophia has crossed the sea."

Then up spoke the young bride's
mother,
Who never was heard to speak so
free :

"You'll not forget my only daughter,
If Sophia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your
daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse
for me ;
She came to me with her horse and
saddle,
She may go back in her coach and
three."

Lord Bateman prepared another mar-
riage,
And sang, with heart so full of
glee,
"I'll range no more in foreign
countries
Now, since Sophia has crossed the
sea."

**THE RAREST BALLAD THAT
EVER WAS SEEN, OF THE
BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER
OF BETHNAL GREEN.**

PART I.

It was a blind beggar had long lost
his sight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty
most bright ;
And many a gallant brave suitor
had she,
For none was so comely as pretty
Bessie.

And though she was of favour most
fair,
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's
heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was
she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty
Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie
did say,
"Good father and mother, let me
go away
To seek out my fortune, whatever
it be."
This suit then they granted to pretty
Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so
bright,
All clad in gray russet, and late in the
night,
From father and mother alone parted
she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty
Bessie.

She went till she came to Stratford-
le-Bow ;
Then knew she not whither, nor which
way to go :
With tears she lamented her hard
destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty
Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was
day,
And went unto Romford along the
high way ;
Where at the Queen's Arms enter-
tained was she,
So fair and well favoured was pretty
Bessie.

She had not been there a month to
an end
But master and mistress and all was
her friend :
And every brave gallant that once did
her see,
Was straightway enamoured of pretty
Bessie.

Great gifts did they send her of silver
and gold
And in their songs daily her love
was extolled ;
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty
Bessie.

The young men of Romford in her
had their joy ;
She showed herself courteous, and
modestly coy ;

And at her commandment still would
they be,
So fair and so comely was pretty
Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;
They craved her favour, but still she
said " No ;
I would not wish gentles to marry
with me ;"
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young
knight,
And he came unto her disguised in
the night :
The second a gentleman of good degree.
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth
was not small,
He was the third suitor, and proper
withal :
Her master's own son the fourth man
must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty
Bessie.

" And if thou wilt marry me," quoth
the knight,
" I'll make thee a lady with joy and
delight ;
My heart's so enthralled by thy
beauty,
That soon I shall die for pretty Bessie."

The gentleman said, " Come, marry
with me,
As fine as a lady my Bessie shall be ;
My life is distressed : oh, hear me,"
quoth he ;
" And grant me thy love, my pretty
Bessie."

" Let me be thy husband," the merchant
did say,
" Thou shalt live in London, both
gallant and gay ;
My ships shall bring home rich jewels
for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessie."

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she
did say :
" My father and mother I mean to
obey ;

First get their good will and be faithful
to me,
And you shall then marry your pretty
Bessie."

To every one this answer she made ;
Wherefore unto her they joyfully
said :
" This thing we fulfil we all do agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my
pretty Bessie ? "

" My father," she said, " is soon to
be seen ;
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal
Green,
That daily sits begging there for
charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessie.

" His marks and his tokens are known
full well ;
He always is led with a dog and a
bell :
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessie."

" Nay, then," quoth the merchant,
" thou art not for me " :
" Not yet," said the innholder, " my
wife shalt thou be : "
" I loathe," said the gentle, " a beggar's
degree,
And therefore adieu, my pretty
Bessie ! "

" Why, then," quoth the knight, " hap
better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight
of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;
Then welcome to me, my pretty
Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I
will go."
" Nay, soft," said his kinsmen, " it
must not be so ;
A poor beggar's daughter no lady
shall be,
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie."

But soon after this by break of the
day,
The knight had from Romford stole
Bessie away.

The young men of Romford, as thick
as might be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty
Bessie.

As swift as the wind to ride they
were seen,
Until they came near until Bethnal
Green;
And as the knight lighted most
courteously,
They all fought against him for pretty
Bessie.

But rescue came speedily over the
plain,
Or else the young knight for his love
had been slain.
This fray being ended, then straightway
d'ye see,
His kinsmen came railing at pretty
Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar, "Although
I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my
door;
Though she be not decked in velvet
and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels* with you for
my girl.

"And then if my gold may better
her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the
earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you
to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady
to be.

"But first you shall promise, and have
it well known,
The gold that you drop shall all be
your own."
With that they replied, "Contented
be we."
"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for
pretty Bessie."

With that an angel he cast on the
ground,
And dropped in angels full three
thousand pound;

And oftentimes it was proved most
plain,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar
dropped twain:

So that the place wherein they did
sit,
With gold it was covered every whit:
The gentlemen then having dropped
all their store,
Said, "Now, beggar, hold, for we have
no more.

"Well hast thou fulfilled thy promise
aright."
"Then marry," quoth he, "my girl
to this knight;
And here," added he, "I will throw
you down
A hundred pounds more to buy her a
gown."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure
had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bethnal Green;
And all those that were her suitors
before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the
knight,
And then made a lady in others'
despite:
A fairer lady there never was seen,
Than the blind beggar's daughter of
Bethnal Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and
feast,
What brave lords and knights thither
were prest,
The second part shall set forth to
your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished
delight.

PART II.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair
and most bright.
That late was betrothed to a young
knight,
The discourse thereof you lately did
see,
But now comes the wedding of pretty
Bessie.

* *Angel*—An old English coin.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could
have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kinds of dainties and delicates
sweet
Were brought to the banquet, as it was
most meet;
Partridge and plover, and venison
most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty
Bessie.

This wedding through England was
spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did
resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young
knight;
His bride followed after, a lady most
bright,
With troops of fair ladies, the like ne'er
was seen,
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal
Green.

This marriage being solemnised then,
With music performed by the skilfullest
men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at
that tide,
Each one admiring the beautiful
bride.

Now after the sumptuous dinner was
done,
To talk and to reason a number
began;
They talked of the blind beggar's
daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave
to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marvel
have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot
here see."
"My Lords," said the bride, "my
father's so base,
He is loathe with his presence these
states to disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question
to bring,
Before her own face were a flattering
thing;
But we think thy father's baseness,"
said they,
"Might by thy beauty be clean put
away."

They had no sooner these pleasant
words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk
cloak;
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he;
And now a musician forsooth he
would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touched the strings, which made
such a charm,
Said, "Please you to hear any music
of me,
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessie."

With that his lute he twanged straight
away,
And thereupon began most sweetly to
play;
And after that lessons were played
two or three,
He strained out this song most
delicately:

"A poor beggar's daughter did dwell
on the green,
Who for her fairness might well be a
queen,
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty
was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

"And if anyone here her birth do
disdain,
Her father is ready with might and
with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree;
Therefore never flout at pretty
Bessie."

With that the lords and the company
round
With hearty laughter were ready
to swoond;
At last said the lords, "Full well may
we see
The bride and the beggar's beholden
to thee."

On this the bride all blushing did
rise,
The pearly drops standing within her
fair eyes,
"Oh pardon my father, brave nobles,"
saith she,
"That through blind affection thus
doteth on me."

"If this be thy father," the nobles
did say,
"Well may he be proud of this happy
day;
Yet by his countenance well may we
see,
His birth and his fortune did never
agree;

"And therefore, blind man, we pray
thee take care
(And look that the truth thou to us
do declare),
Thy birth and thy parentage, what
it may be,
For the love that thou bearest to
pretty Bessie."

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles
each one,
One song more to sing, and then I
have done;
And if that it may not win good
report,
Then do not give me a groat for my
sport:

"Sir Simon de Montfort my subject
shall be,
Once chief of all the great barons
was he;
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did
abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his
race.

"When the barons in arms did King
Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader
did chose;
A leader of courage, undaunted was
he,
And oftimes he made their enemies flee.

"At length in the battle on Eversham
plain,
The barons were routed, and Montfort
was slain;

Most fatal that battle did prove unto
thee,
Though thou was not born then, my
pretty Bessie!

"Along with the nobles that fell at
that tide,
His elder son Henry, who fought by
his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the
fight,
A blow that deprived him for ever
of sight.

"Among the dead bodies all lifeless
he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following
day,
When by a young lady discovered was
he,
And this was thy mother, my pretty
Bessie.

"A baron's fair daughter stepped forth
in the night,
To search for her father, who fell in
the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where
gasping he lay,
Was moved with pity, and brought
him away.

"In secret she nursed him, and 'snaged
his pain,
While he through the realm was be-
lieved to be slain:
At length his fair bride she consented
to be,
And made him glad father of pretty
Bessie.

"And now lest our foes our lives
should betray,
We clothed ourselves in beggar's
array;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came
we,
All our comfort and care was our
pretty Bessie.

"And here have we lived in fortune's
despite,
Though poor, yet contented with
humble delight;
Full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal
Green."

"And here, noble lords, is ended the song,
Of one that once to your own rank did belong;
And thus have you learned a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie."

Now when the fair company every one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown.
They all were amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace
Saying, "Since thou art come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to be."

Then was the feast ended with joy and delight;
A bridegroom most happy was then the young knight;
In joy and felicity long lived he,
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE King sits in Dunfermline Town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O where will I get a skeely skipper,*
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spak' an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea."

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem,
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her haem."

The first word that Sir Patrick read
Sae loud, loud laugh'd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

* Skilful mariner.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it wet, be it hail,
be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her haem."

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may:
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wednèsday,

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud,
And a' our Queen's fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I heard ye lie;

"For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea with me.

"Make ready, make ready, my men,
men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm."

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the old moon in her arm,
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bont flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam in.

"Gae, fetch a web of the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in!"

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them round the gude
ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots
lords,
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
And they wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
That fluttered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam haem.

The ladies wrang their fingers white.
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand;

O lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair!

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering
eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened
wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard
loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour
cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his
breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall.
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the
blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and
snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clift
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross :
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up
behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

" God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee
thus !—
Why look'st thou so ? "—With my
cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew
behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch ! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free :
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assur'd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter
drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day, what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each
throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld,
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we
stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;

Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove sud-
denly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was decked with
bars
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he
peered,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat
loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done; I've, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp
gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horn'd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly
pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan).
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !.

PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-
Guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony

The many men, so beautiful ;
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea
and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :

The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh, sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more
loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one
black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and
still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all
uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes:
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved
on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless
tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee!

The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their coorses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped
their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound ;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned.
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the
man ?

By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, “ The man hath penance
done,
And penance more will do.”

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the Ocean doing ?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was
high ;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they
died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once
more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this my own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—

O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bar was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent
light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light :

This seraph-band, each waved his hand
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast ;
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.
He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump ;
It is the moss that wholly hides
That rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them
talk,
“ Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are these lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

“ Strange, by my faith ! ” the Hermit
said—
“ And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see
those sails
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young ”

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared ”—“ Push on, push on ! ”
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread ;
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful
sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars ; the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
" Ha ! ha ! " quoth he, " full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat
And scarcely he could stand.

" O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! "
The Hermit crossed his brow,
" Say quick," quoth he, " I bid thee
say—
What manner of man art thou ? "

Forthwith this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that
door !
The wedding guests are there :
But in the garden bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vespers bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small :
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been
stunned,
And is of sense forlorn ;
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

S. T. Coleridge.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed ;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

" Where are you going, Lord Lovel ? "
she said,

" Oh ! where are you going ? " said
she ;

" I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see ! "

" When will you be back, Lord Lovel ? "
said she ;

" Oh ! when will you come back ? "
said she ;

"In a year or two—or three at the
most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy—cÿ,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and
a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into
his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see,
see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-
white steed.
Till he came to London-town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round,
round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord
Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said
he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman
replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy—cÿ
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened
wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down,
down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be
to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure
grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow,
sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in Saint Pancras'
church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red
rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew and they grew, to the
church steeple too,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's
knot,
For all lovers true to admire—mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

THE NORMAN BARON.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Domesday Book

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee,

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells come faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring
kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas
wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
 Figures on the casement painted,
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
 "Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
 He beheld, with clearer vision,
 Through all outward show and fashion,
 Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spoke more loud than passion,
 And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
 Every serf born to his manor,
 All those wronged and wretched
 creatures,
 By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
 He recorded their dismissal,
 Death relaxed his iron features,
 And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have since been
 numbered
 Since in death the baron slumbered
 By the convent's sculptured portal,
 Mingling with the common dust.

But the good deed, through the ages
 Living in historic pages,
 Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
 Unconsumed by moth or rust.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

Young Romilly through Barden Woods
 Is ranging high and low,
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip on buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful
 chasm,
 How tempting to bestride!
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called "the Strid,"
 A name which it took of yore;

A thousand years hath it borne that
 name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come;
 And what may not forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth
 time,
 Should bound across the Strid?

He sprang in glee—for what cared he
 That the river was strong, and the
 rocks were steep?
 But the greyhound in the leash hung
 back,
 And checked him in his leap!

The boy is in the arms of Wharf!
 And strangled with a merciless force—
 For never more was young Romilly
 seen
 Till he rose a lifeless corse!

Now there is a stillness in the vale,
 And long unspeaking sorrow;
 Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
 A solace she might borrow
 From death, and from the passion of
 death,
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
 Which was to be to-morrow;
 Her hope was a further-looking hope,
 And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
 And proudly did its branches wave;
 And the root of this delightful tree
 Was in her husband's grave.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
 And her first words were, "Let
 there be
 In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
 A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared,
 And Wharf, as he moved along,
 To matins joined a mournful voice,
 Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
 That looked not for relief;

Put slowly did her succour come,
And patience to her grief.

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our Friend.

William Wordsworth.

MARY AMBREE.

WHEN captains courageous, whom
death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of
Gaunt,

They mustered their soldiers by two
and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary
Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain
in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and
delight,

Because he was slain most treacher-
ously,

Then vowed to revenge him, Mary
Ambree.

She clothèd herself from top to the
toe

In buff of the bravest, most seemly to
show ;

A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on
she ;

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

A helmet of proof she straight did
provide,

A strong arming sword she girt by her
side,

On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put
she ;

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

" My soldiers," she saith, " so valiant
and bold,

Now follow your captain, whom you
do behold ;

Still foremost in battle myself will I
be ! "

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud
did they say,

" So well thou becomest this gallant
array,

Thy heart and thy weapons so well do
agree,

There was none ever like Mary
Ambree ! "

She cheer'd her soldiers, that foughten
for life,

With ancient and standard, with drum
and with life,

With brave clanging trumpets, that
sounded so free ;

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

" Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of
thrall,

This hand and this life I will venture
so free ; "

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number, by
break of the day ;

Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

She fillèd the skies with smoke of her
shot,

And her enemies' bodies with bullets
so hot ;

For one of her own men a score killèd
she ;

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

And when a false gunner, to spoil her
intent,

Away with her pellets and powder had
sent,

Straight with her keen weapons she
slashed him in three ;

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

Being falsely betrayèd for luere of hire,
At length she was forcèd to make a
retire ;

Then her soldiers into a strong castle
drew she ;

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree ?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never
abide;
To beat down the walls they all did
decree;
But stoutly defied them brave Mary
Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target
in hand,
And mounting the walls undaunted did
stand,
There daring their captains to match
any three.
O, what a brave captain was Mary
Ambree!

"Now say, English captain, what
would'st thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must
not live?
'Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain
thou must be."
Then smiled sweetly brave Mary
Ambree.

"Ye captains courageous, of valour so
bold,
Whom thinkest you before you now
do behold?"

"A knight, sir, of England, and captain
so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

"No captain of England; behold in
your sight,
Though attired as a soldier, I am truly
no knight;
No Knight, sirs of England, nor cap-
tain you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary
Ambree."

"But art thou a woman as thou dost
declare,
Whose valour hath proved so un-
daunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave lasses
as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary
Ambree!"

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;

His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day:
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed—old manners
gone—

A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne.
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art—a crime
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.
He passed, where Newark's stately
tower

Looks out from Yarrow's birchen
bower:

The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed;
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face;
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man
well;—

For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody
tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk, anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter—rest him God!--
A braver ne'er to battle rode:
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleugh;
And, would the noble Duchess deign

To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though
 weak,
 He thought, even yet,—the sooth to
 speak,—
 That if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.
 The humble boon was soon obtained ;
 The aged Minstrel audience gained ;
 But when he reached the room of
 state,

Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied ;
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease
 Which marks security to please ;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain ;—
 He tried to tune his harp, in vain.
 Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
 And an uncertain warbling made ;
 And, oft, he shook his hoary head.
 But when he caught the measure
 wild,

The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
 And lighted up his faded eye,
 With all a poet's ecstacy !

In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along ;
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost.
 In the full tide of soul were lost ;
 Each blank in faithless memory's void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung :—
 "Breathes there the man, with soul
 so dead,—

Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !—
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him
 burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go—mark him
 well ;

For him, no minstrel raptures swell :
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung !

Sir Walter Scott.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the
 west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed
 was the best,
 And save his good broadsword he
 weapons had none ;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
 alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
 war,
 There never was knight like the young
 Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he
 stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford
 there was none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant
 came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
 war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
 Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and
 brothers and all :
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
 on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said
 never a word),
 "O come ye in peace here, or come
 ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
 Lochinvar ?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit
 you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
 like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love
 of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one
 cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more
 lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young
 Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight
 took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw
 down the cup,

She looked down to blush, and she
looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in
her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said
young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,
That never a hall such a galliard did
grace;
While her mother did fret, and her
father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered,
“’Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with
young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word
in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and
the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,
So light to the saddle before her he
sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,”
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting among Græmes of
the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on
Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er
did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in
war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar’s work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;

And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and
round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
“’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.

“I find them in my garden, for
There’s many hereabout;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in that great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for?”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill’d each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“That ’twas a famous victory!

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn’d his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head!

“With fire and sword the country
round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died!
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;

For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun !
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough
won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory !"

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

THE PALMER.

"OPEN the door, some pity to show !
Keen blows the northern wind !
The glen is white with drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin.
O, open, for Our Lady's sake !
A pilgrim's blessing win !

"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind ;
An aged man amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain ;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell ! and Heaven grant,
When old and frail you be,

You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me !"

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain ;
But oft, amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again.

For lo, when through the vapours dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer weltered there.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no
motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their
shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape
Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape
Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and
swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's
swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell :
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay
All things were joyful on that day :
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd
around,
And there was joyance in their sound

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green :
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eyes were on the Incheape float :
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Incheape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Incheape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Incheape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound—
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away :
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And, now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Incheape bell."

They hear no sound—the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
" Mercy ! it is the Inch ape Rock ! "

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair :
The waves rush in on every side,
And the ship sinks down beneath the tide.

Robert Southey.

FATHER WILLIAM.

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried ;
" The few locks that are left you are gray :
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
" I remembered that youth would fly fast ;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
" And pleasures with youth pass away ;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
" I remembered that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
" And life must be hastening away :
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied ;
" Let the cause thy attention engage ;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age ! "

Robert Southey

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn
buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth ;
And he watched how the veering flaw
did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailör,
Had sailed the Spanish Main :
" I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

" Last night, the moon had a golden
ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! "
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a
frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

" Come hither ! come hither ! my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale.
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

" O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ? "
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound
coast ! "—
And he steered for the open sea.

" O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ? "
" Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! "

" O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ? "
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies ;
The lantern gleamed through the gleam-
ing snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands,
and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled
the waves,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark
and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land :
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun,
On each side like pennons wide
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with a silver rain,
But where passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed,
Three days or more eastward he bore,
Then alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night,
And never more on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand,
" Do not fear ! heaven is as near,"
He said, " by water as by land."

In the first watch of the night
Without a signal' sound
Out of the sea mysteriously,
The fleet of death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds.
Every mast as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize
At midnight black and cold,
As of a rock was the shock,
Heavily the ground swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain to the Spanish
Main,
Yet there seems no change of place

Southward for ever southward
They drift through dark and day,
And like a dream in the Gulf Stream
Sinking vanish all away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his
dreams
The lordly Niger flowed,
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his
cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard
of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream :
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
Till at he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BETH GELERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
" Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

" Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race.
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
The hase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood :
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert, too),
And still where'er his eyes were cast,
Flesh blood-gouts shocked his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The bloodstained cover rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child !

" Hell-hound ! by thee my child's
devoured ! "
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear :
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe ;
 " Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue ! "

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
 With costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles storied with his praise
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved,
 Here oft the tear besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
 And oft, as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

Hon. William Robert Spencer.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.*

A WELL there is in the west-country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the west-country
 But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
 And behind does an ash-tree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne :
 Pleasant it was to his eye,
 For from cock-crow he had been travel-
 ling
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
 For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank,
 Under the willow tree.

* I know not whether it be worth reporting that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—*Thos. Fuller.*

There came a man from the neigh-
 bouring town
 At the well to fill his pail,
 On the well-side he rested it,
 And bade the stranger hail.

" Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? "
 quoth he,
 " For an if thou hast a wife,
 The happiest draught thou hast drank
 this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

" Or has your good woman, if one you
 have,
 In Cornwall ever been ?
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life
 She has drank of the well of St.
 Keyne."

" I have left a good woman who never
 was here,"
 The stranger he made reply ;
 " But that my draught should be better
 for that,
 I pray you answer me why."

" St. Keyne," quoth the countryman,
 " many a time
 Drank of this crystal well,
 And before the angel summoned her
 She laid on the water a spell.

" If the husband of this gifted well
 Shall drink before his wife,
 A happy man thenceforth is he,
 For he shall be master for life.

" But if the wife should drink of it first,
 God help the husband then ! "
 The stranger stoop'd to the well of St.
 Keyne,
 And drank of the waters again.

" You drank of the well, I warrant,
 betimes ? "
 He to the countryman said ;
 But the countryman smiled as the
 strange spake,
 And sheepishly shook his head.

" I hastened as soon as the wedding
 was done,
 And left my wife in the porch,
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
 For she took a bottle to church."

Robert Southey.

LUCY AND COLIN.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay:
I see a hand, you cannot see
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know fond maid, and know, false
man,
That Lucy will be there.

Then bear my corse; ye comrades,
bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;

He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died;—her corse was
borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's
thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy
dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swelt.
The damps of death bedew'd his brow.
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no
more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Of at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain, forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Thomas Tickell.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

—"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom,
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom."

"Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still;
 And though my portion is but scant
 I give it with goodwill."

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
 What'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose."

"No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn;
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them:"

"But from the mountain's grassy
 side
 A guiltless feast I bring:
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring."

"Then, pilgrim! turn; thy cares
 forego;
 All earth-born cares are wrong:
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
 His gentle accents fell:
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell."

Far in the wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray."

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a master's care,
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair."

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:"

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily press'd and smiled:

And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled."

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
 The crackling fagot flies."

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow."

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 And "Whence, unhappy youth," he
 cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they."

"And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair-one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest."

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows
 hush;
 And spurn the sex," he said;
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd!"

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too."

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
 A maid in all her charms."

And "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,—
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet, unhallow'd, thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside!

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Amongst the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simple habit clad,
No wealth, nor power had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride:
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the
fault!
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit
cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to
chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant
heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

THERE was a youth, a well-belov'd
youth,
And he was a squire's son,
He loved the bayliff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
 His fond and foolish mind,
 They sent him up to faire London
 An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long
 years,
 And never his love could see :
 Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
 When she little thought of me.

Then all the maids of Islington
 Went forth to sport and play,
 All but the bayliffe's daughter dear ;
 She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
 And put on ragged attire,
 And to faire London she would go
 Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
 The weather being hot and dry,
 She sat her down upon a green bank,
 And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour so redd,
 Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;
 One penny, one penny, kind sir, she
 said,
 Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-
 heart,
 Pray tell me where you were born.
 At Islington, kind sir, said she,
 Where I have had many a scorn.

I prythe, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
 O tell me, whether you know.
 The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.
 She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and bridle also ;
 For I will unto some far country,
 Where no man shall me know.

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
 She standeth by thy side :
 She is here alive, she is not dead,
 And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
 Ten thousand times therefore ;
 For now I have found mine own true
 love,
 Whom I thought I should never see
 more.

ALLAN WATER.

ON the banks of Allan Water,
 When the sweet spring time did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,
 Fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he,
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When brown autumn spread his store,
 There I saw the miller's daughter,
 But she smiled no more.

For the summer grief had brought her,
 And the soldier false was he,
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter,
 Chilling blew the blast.

But the miller's lovely daughter,
 Both from cold and care was free,
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 There a corse lay she

Matthew Gregory Lewis.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
 By a stream-side on the grass ;
 And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow
 On the shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by ;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow waters' flow—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smiles she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech :
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth—"I will have a lover
Riding on a steed of steeds !
He shall love me without guile ;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed it shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath ;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind,
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his
deeds ;
And, when soul tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily—
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops and stops :
So ! the wild swan has deserted,
And a rat had gnaw'd the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not ! but I know
She could never show him—never—
That swan's nest among the reeds.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

WHERE shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever ?

Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow :—
Eleu loro
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day
Cool streams are laving :
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never !
Eleu loro
Never, O never !

—Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying ;
Eleu loro
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the falsehearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted :
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never !
Eleu loro
Never, O never !

Sir Walter Scott.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some
that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and
read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that
book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook:
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?"

Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is the death of Abel."

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain:
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again:
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod:
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walked the
earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for
truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night I
wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged
stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

"And lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name ;

"Oh, God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price :
A dozen times I groaned, the dead
Had never groaned but twice ;

"And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice,
Of the blood-avenging Sprite ;
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight.'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corpse with a hollow
plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school !

"Oh Heaven ! to think of their white
souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim !

"And peace went with them one and
all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dare not close,
But stared aghast at sleep ;
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that
made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

"Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul
in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began ;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of
leaves,
I hid the murdered man ;

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where !
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there

And a mighty wind had swept the
leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep ;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones.
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

"Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with a dizzy brain
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless elay,
Will wave or mould allow.
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now !"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrists.

Thomas Hood.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And aye he tirmed at the pin,
But answer she made none.

"Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John ?
Or is't my true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home ?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John :
But 'tis thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me :
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Of me shalt never win,
Till that thou come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man :
And should I kiss thy rosy lips
Thy days would not be lang.

"O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me :
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Of me shalt never win,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margaret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best :
"Have there your faith and troth,
Willy,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And all the live-long winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willy,
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep ?"

"There's no room at my head,
Margaret,
There's no room at my feet ;
There's no room at my side, Margaret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the grey ;
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margaret,
That you were going away.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

EARL MARCH look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover;
And he look'd up to Ellen's bower
And she look'd on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwell-
ing—
And am I then forgot—forgot?
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those
eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

Thomas Campbell.

ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career.
For threatening clouds the moon had
drowned:
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and
more;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out:
He stopped his horses at the word;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the
rain;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith, alighting on the ground,
"Whence comes," said I, "this
piteous moan?"

And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?"—she sobbed,
"Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

'Twas twisted between nave and spoke:
It hung, nor could at once be freed,
But our joint palms unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome
ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half
wild—
"Then come with me into the
chaise."

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong:"
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong:
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on, our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post
Of Alice and her grief I told,
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

William Wordsworth.

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew :
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father ! will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band :
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor :
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward,
cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet ;”
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill’s
edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn
hedge,
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed ;
The marks were still the same :
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And farther there were none !—

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child :
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

*William Wordsworth.***THE SEVEN SISTERS, OR THE
SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.**

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother :
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland, of seven lilies wrought !
Seven sisters that together dwell ;
But he, bold knight as ever fought.
Their father took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering :
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne ;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark ! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Beside a grotto of their own,
 With boughs above them closing,
 The seven are laid, and in the shade
 They lie like fawns reposing.
 But now upstarting with alright
 At noise of man and steed,
 Away they fly, to left, to right—
 Of your fair household, father-knight,
 Methinks you take small heed!
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the seven fair Campbells fly;
 And, over hill and hollow,
 With menace proud, and insult loud,
 The youthful rovers follow.
 Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
 Enough for him to find
 The empty house when he comes home;
 For us your yellow ringlets come,
 For us be fair and kind!"
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side by side,
 Like clouds in stormy weather,
 They run and cry, "Nay let us die,
 And let us die together."
 A lake was near; the shore was steep;
 There foot had never been;
 They ran, and with a desperate leap
 Together plunged into the deep.
 Nor ever more were seen.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,
 As through the glen it rambles,
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone
 For those seven lovely Campbells.
 Seven little islands, green and bare,
 Have risen from out the deep:
 The fishers say those sisters fair
 By fairies are all buried there,
 And there together sleep.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

William Wordsworth.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jades, fling by your wheel!

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think of wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Reach down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and make a clean fireside,
 Put on the mickle pot;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat.

Mak' a' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockins white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
 Hae fed this month or mair;
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
 My bishop's sattin gown,
 For I maun tell the ballie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.

My turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockins pearly blue—
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his
 tongue,
 His breath's like caller air;
 His very fit hae music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.*

William Julius Mickle.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride:

* "Greet" = weep.

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-Hale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a'
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the
bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it all with lily flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went his way,
And brought the king that very night
Who broke my bower and slew my
knight.

He slew my knight to me so dear;
He slew my knight and pour'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my moan;
I watched his corpse, myself alone;

I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my baek,
And whiles I gae'd and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod so green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow
hair;
Think nae ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

No living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
With one lock of his yellow hair,
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gaily,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.

"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers.
Park? with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,

Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer ;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their
days.

O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before ;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wanders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
" All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free.
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin ;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove :
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank ;
Shaped her heart with woman's meek
ness
To all duties of her rank ;
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, " Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me ! "

So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side ;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
" Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

Lord Tennyson.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the road runs by
To many tower'd Camelot.
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow,
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever.
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot,
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unbail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay,
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot :
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot :

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed
" I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his brazen'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bulge hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trod ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
" Tirra, lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
" The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in its banks complaining,

Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot ;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot ;
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;

And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot ;
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Lord Tennyson.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of
men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure ;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and
fly,
The horse and rider reel ;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and
shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and
thrill ;
So keep I fear thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The silver bell rings, the censers swings,
And solemn chants resound between

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars.
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas
 morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and
 mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of Heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease.
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and
 eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls.
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 " O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and
 pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

Lord Tennyson.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee !

Curst be the heart that thought the
 thought
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropt down and spak nae
 mair !
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
 I hack'd him in pieces sma'
 I hack'd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
 I'll make a garland for thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise
 Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
 If I were with thee, I were blest,
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy
 rest
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet drawn ower my een,
 And I by my fair Helen lying,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me.

**"THE LINNET IN THE ROCKY
DELLS."**

The linnet in the rocky dell,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells,
That hide my lady fair :

The wild deer browse above her breast ;
The wild birds raise their brood ;
And they, her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude !

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er
recall,
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would
flow,
Unchecked through future years ;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears ?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue—
The dweller in the land of Death,
Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not in her tranquil sleep
Return a single sigh !

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer streams—
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

Emily Brontë.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

In Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry "Well-away!"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed
lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling;
"You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing ;
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen."

"Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Yet little better shall he be,
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him ;
And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing,
"O lovely maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're telling ;
I cannot keep you from your death ;
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in ;
"Adieu ! Adieu ! Adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bell a-knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen !"

She turn'd her body round about,
And spied the corpse a-coming,
"Lay down, lay down, the corpse," she
said,
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked down,
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen !"

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow."

Hard-hearted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearly ;

O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me ! ”

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him ;
And sore repented of the day,
That she did ere deny him.

“ Farewell,” she said, “ ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in ;
Henceforth, take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.”

ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant
crew,
And gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravenheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with
white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck
is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady
gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ? ”
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindsay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”

—O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’Twas broader than the watch-fires’ light
And redder than the bright moon-
beam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from cavern’d Haw-
thornden.

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath’d in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s
mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress
fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin’s barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with
knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild
winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir Walter Scott.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

(SCOTCH DIALECT.)

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and
the kye at hame,
And all the world to sleep are gane,
The woes of my heart fall in showers
frae my e’e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo’ed me weel, and sought
me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething
mair beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie
gaed to sea ;
And the crown and the pound were
baith for me !

He hadna been gane a week but only
 twa,
 When my father brak his arm, and
 our cow was stown awa ;
 My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie
 at the sea ;
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting
 me !

My father couldna work, my mother
 couldna spin ;
 I toiled day and night, but their bread
 I couldna win ;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and,
 wi' tears in his ee,
 Said ; " Jeanie, for their sakes, will you
 no marry me ? "

My heart it said na—I look'd for
 Jamie back ;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship
 it was a wrack ;
 His ship it was a wrack—why didna
 Jeanie dee ?
 Oh ! why do I live to say " Wae's me ? "

My father argued sair ; my mother
 didna speak,
 But she looked in my face, till my heart
 was like to break ;
 So they gi'ed him my hand, though my
 heart was at sea ;
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only
 four,
 When, mournful as I sat on the stane
 at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, I couldna
 think it he,
 Till he said, " I'm come hame, my love,
 to marry thee."

Oh sair did we greet, and mickle did
 we say ;
 We took but ae kiss and we tore our-
 selves away.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no
 like to dee ;
 Oh ! why was I born to say, " Wae's
 me ! "

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to
 spin,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that would
 be a sin :

But I will do my best a gude wife aye
 to be,
 For auld Robin Gray, is a kind gudeman
 to me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder
 town,
 Met we walking on yonder way,
 " And have you lost your heart ? " she
 said ;
 " And are you married yet, Edward
 Gray ? "

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me :
 Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
 " Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
 Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

" Ellen Adair she loved me well,
 Against her father's and mother's
 will ;
 To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
 By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

" Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;
 Thought her proud and fled over the
 sea ;
 Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
 When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

" Cruel, cruel the words I said !
 Cruelly came they back to-day :
 " You're too slight and fickle," I said
 To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.

" There I put my face in the grass—
 Whisper'd, ' Listen to my despair :
 I repent me of all I did
 Speak a little, Ellen Adair ! "

" Then I took a pencil, and wrote
 On the mossy stone as I lay,
 " Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;
 And here the heart of Edward Gray ! "

" Love may come, and love may go
 And fly like a bird, from tree to tree :
 But I will love no more, no more,
 Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

" Bitterly wept I over the stone :
 Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :

There lies the body of Ellen Adair !
And there the heart of Edward
Gray ! ”

Lord Tennyson.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERC.

O WHAT can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withered too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong she would bend and sing,
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
“ I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full
sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With Kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe
betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they
all ;
They cried—“ La Belle Dame sans
Merei
Hath thee in thrall ! ”

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the
lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And its there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on :
And dark blue is her e'e ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet ;
And she's a' the world to me ;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

William Douglas of Fingland.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, “ Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry ! ”

—“Now, who be ye, would cross
Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water ?”
—“O I’m the chief of Ulva’s isle,
And this, Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

“And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking :
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father !”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, O ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay’d, through storm and
shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried
in grief,
Acro’s this stormy water :
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief :—
My daughter !—O my daughter !”

’Twas vain : the loud waves lash’d the
shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man’s hope, the friend
without a peer.

Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom
unjust ;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mis-
trust

Of what the good, and e’en the bad
might say,
Ordain’d that no man living from that
day
Should dare to speak his name on pain
of death.

All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He,
proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could
go,

And facing death for very scorn and
grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great
relief.)

Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the
square

Where once had stood a happy house,
and there

Harangued the tremblers at the
scymitar

On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried :
the man

Was brought, was gazed upon. The
mutes began

To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave
cords,” cried he ;

“From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver’d
me ;

From wants, from shames, from love-
less household fears ;
Made a man's eyes friends with
delicious tears ;
Restor'd me, loved me, put me on a
par
With his great self. How can I pay
Jaffar ? ”

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like
this
The mightiest vengeance could but
fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great
lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as
great.
He said, “ Let worth grow frenzied if
it will ;
The caliph's judgment shall be master
still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take
this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem.
And hold the giver as thou deemest
fit.”
“ Gifts ! ” cried the friend. He took ;
and holding it
High towards the heaven, as though
to meet his star
Exclaimed, “ This, too, I owe to thee,
Jaffar ! ”

Leigh Hunt.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and
loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat
looking on the court ;
The nobles fill'd the benches, and the
ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de
Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd ;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see
that crowning show—
Valour and love, and a king above,
and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with
horrid, laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like
beams, a wind went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar
they rolled one on another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane,
was in a thundrous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came
whisking through the air ;
Said Francis, then, “ Faith, gentlemen,
we're better here than there ! ”

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a
beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright
eyes, which always seemed the same :
She thought, “ the Count my lover, is
as brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things
to show his love of me !
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the
occasion is divine ;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love,
great glory will be mine ! ”

She dropped her glove to prove his
love, then looked at him and smiled ;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped
among the lions wild ;
The leap was quick ; return was quick ;
he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love,
right in the lady's face !
“ In truth ! ” cried Francis, “ rightly
done ! ” and he rose from where he
sat ;
“ No love,” quoth he, “ but vanity
sets love a task like that.”

Leigh Hunt.

THE OUTLAW'S SONG.

THE chough and crow to rest are gone,
The owl sits in the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray ;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men !
It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower ;
Bewildered hinds with shortened ken
Shrink on their murky way ;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men !
It is our opening day

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store;
 Noon hurls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may."

Joanna Baillie.

THE OUTLAW.

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer-queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A Maiden on the castle-wall
 Was singing merrily:
 "O Brignall Banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with
 me,
 To leave both bower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we
 That dwell by dale and down.
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as Queen o' May."
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen."

"I read you by your bugle-horn
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a ranger sworn
 To keep the king's greenwood."
 "A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light;
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night."
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay;
 I would I were with Edmund there
 To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoön
 So gallantly you come.
 I read you for a bold dragoon
 That lists the tuck of drum."
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum
 My comrades take the spear.
 And O! though Brignall banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare
 Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die!
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I!
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now."

CHORUS.

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer-queen.

Sir Walter Scott.

GIRLHOOD.

THE NAMES.

IN Christian world MARY the garland wears !

REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear ;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear ;

And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.

Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines !

What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws around !

How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound !

Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few lines

Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff

Should homely JOAN be fashioned.
But can

You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN ?

And is not CLARE for love excuse enough ?

Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

Charles Lamb.

TO A CHILD OF NOBLE BIRTH.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer :
Our Father first, then *Notre Père*.

And, dearest child, along the day,
In everything you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

Matthew Prior.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy
If so be you ask me where
These do grow ?—I answer : There
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Robert Herrick.

WINNY.

HER blue eyes they beam and they
twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more
fair ;
On cheek and on brow there's no
wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little,—you don't wish her
taller ;
Just half through her teens is her
age ;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage !

Her walk is far better than dancing ;
She speaks as another might sing ;
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace ;
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom ;
And O ! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

* * * * *

William Allingham.

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair and symboling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope !
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope !
Gentle nursing, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite or winds that blow !

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place ;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

I LOVE IN ISA'S BED TO LIE.*

" I LOVE in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh ! such a joy and luxury,
At the bottom of the bed I sleep,

* Marjorie Fleming died at the age of eight years. Isa was her cousin Isabelle.

And with great care I myself keep ;
Oft I embrace her feet of lilies
But she has gotten all the *pillies* !
Her neck I never can embrace
But I do hug her feet in place,
Yet I am sure I'd rather be
In a small bed at liberty ! "

Marjorie Fleming.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in your brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy land.

Edgar Allan Poe.

ROSE AYLMEY.

AN ! what avails the sceptred Race
And what the form divine ?
What every virtue, every grace ?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine !

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

HAVE YOU SEEN A BRIGHT LILY GROW.

HAVE you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall of the
snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it ?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
 Or swan's down ever ?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier ?
 Or the nard i' the fire ?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
 Oh, so white ! oh, so soft ! oh, so sweet,
 is she !

Ben Jonson.

TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close ;
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.

WHO IS SILVIA?

WHO is Silvia ? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
 To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid ;
 She was more fair than words can
 say :
 Bare-footed came the beggar maid
 Before the king Cophetua.
 In robe and crown the king stept down,
 To meet and greet her on her way ;
 " It is no wonder," said the lords,
 " She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
 She in her poor attire was seen :
 One praised her ankles, one her eyes
 One her dark hair and lonesome mien.
 So sweet a face, such angel grace,
 In all that land had never been :
 Cophetua sware a royal oath :
 " This beggar maid shall be my
 queen !"

Lord Tennyson.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.
 I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
 smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveller between life and death :
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and
 skill ;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !—
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
know
When Lucy ceased to be :
But she is in her grave, and, oh !
The difference to me !

William Wordsworth.

MAUD.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud ? in our wood ;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our woods sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately ;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour ;
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud ?
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

Lord Tennyson.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas,
Amongst the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending :
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
all the glad New-year ;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the
maddest merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a blaek black eye, they
say, but none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's
Kate and Caroline :
But none so fair as little Alice in all
the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break :
But I must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye
should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge be-
neath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother,
I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for
I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking,
like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care
not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but
that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother
—what is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me
any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow
to the green,
And you will be there, too, mother, to
see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side
will come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines
like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother,
upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem
to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the
whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh
and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are
over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will
merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
all the glad New-year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the
maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Lord Tennyson.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me
early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever
see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould
and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and
left behind
The good old year, the dear old time,
and all my peace of mind :
And the New-year's coming up, mother,
but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the
leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers :
we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they
made me Queen of May ;
And we danced about the may-pole
and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above
the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills :
the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops
come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the
sun come out on high :
I long to see a flower so before the
day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the
windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the
fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again
with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within
the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon
that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer
sun will shine,
Before the red cock crows from the
farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother,
and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother,
beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long
gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the
summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass,
and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just be-
neath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see
me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall
hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the
long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but
you'll forgive me now ;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and
forgive me ere I go ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let
your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother,
you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from
out my resting-place ;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I
shall look upon your face :
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall
hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when
you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have
said good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the
threshold of the door ;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my
grave be growing green :
She'll be a better child to you than ever
I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the
granary floor :
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I
shall never garden more :
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train
the rose-bush that I set,
About the parlour window and the box
of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ; call me
before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep
at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me
early, mother dear.

Lord Tennyson.

CONCLUSION TO THE MAY
QUEEN AND NEW YEAR'S
EVE.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and
yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the
bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morn-
ing of the year !
To die before the snow-drop came, and
now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes
beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all
the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to
me that long to go

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to
leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and
yet His will be done !
But still I think it can't be long before
I find release :
And that good man, the clergyman,
has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and
on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long,
until he meet me there !
O, blessings on his kindly heart, and
on his silver head !
A thousand times I blest him, as he
knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he
showed me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late,
there's One will let me in :
Nor would I now be well, mother, again
if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him
that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or
the dead-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the
night and morning meet :
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put
your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will
tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard
the angels call ;
It was when the moon was setting, and
the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the
wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I
heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of
you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I
no longer here ;
With all my strength I prayed for
both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of
music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I lis-
tened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—
I know not what was said ;
For great delight and shuddering took
hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the
music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said,
" It's not for them, it's mine ; "
And if it comes three times, I thought,
I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close
beside the window-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to Heaven
and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I
trust it is, I know
The blessed music went that way my
soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if
I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when
I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and
tell him not to fret ;
There's many worthier than I, would
make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might
have been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be,
with my desire of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the
heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and
all of them I know ;

And there I move no longer now, and
there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other
hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me,
that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may
be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just
souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan ?
why make we such ado ?

For ever and for ever, all in a b'essed
home—
And there to wait a little while till
you and Effie come—
To be within the light of God, as I lie
upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

Lord Tennyson.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning ?

Charles Lamb.

A PORTRAIT.

I WILL paint her as I see her :
Ten times have the lilies blown,
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear—
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oral cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air :

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child—simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient—waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things—
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure—
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures (for the rest)
Which come softly—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more fair
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una!"

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
"Tis my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger—when he sees her
In the street even—smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her,
Softened, sleeten every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes
With the thymy scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love
her!"
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"

The western tide came wild and dank
with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide came up along the
sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The rolling mist came down and hid the
land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling
foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Charles Kingsley.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betroth'd were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from
thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the
nurse,
"That all comes round so just and
fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse,
my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so
wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my
breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the
nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the
nurse.
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the
nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady
replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by
down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had
brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his
tower,
"O Lady Clare, you shame your
worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in words and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she
stood
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Lord Tennyson.

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.

"Who makes the bridal bed
Birdie, say truly?"

"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady."

Sir Walter Scott.

ANNABELLE LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you
may know
By the name of Annabelle Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought,
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more
than love,
I and my Annabelle Lee:
With a love that the winged seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabelle Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

* * * * *

But the moon never beams without
bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life
and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In the tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

MY PEGGY.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

* * * * *

My Peggy sings sae softly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae softly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

Allan Ramsay.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when
daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud—it has
sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot,
And has heard
In the silence of morning the song of
the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment: what ails
her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of
trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through
Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale
of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst
of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped
with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like
a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that
she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and
the shade;

The stream will not flow, and the hill
will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away
from her eyes!

William Wordsworth.

"Sure," I said, "Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home."

Thomas Hood

THE UGLY PRINCESS.

My parents bow, and lead me forth,
For all the crowd to see—
Ah, well! the people might not care
To cheer a dwarf like me.

They little know how I could love,
How I could plan and toil,
To swell those drudges' scanty gains,
Their mites of rye and oil.

They little know what dreams have been
My playmates, night and day;
Of equal kindness, helpful care,
A mother's perfect sway.

Now earth to earth in convents walls,
To earth in churchyard sod:
I was not good enough for man,
And so am given to God.

Charles Kingsley.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd: such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

THEY met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And, "Won't you take my peg-top,
dear?"

Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came;
She whispered, "No! no, thank you,
Tom,"

But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone.

And won't you take my heart?" he
said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed, and said, "No, thank
you, Tom,"

But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.

"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," said
he;

"I've never brought you fame";
She whispers, "No! no, thank you,
Tom,

You've loved me all the same."

Fred. E. Weatherly.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and
shower;

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:

This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself wilt to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The girl in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the healing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall
lend

To her : for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's
form

By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was
done—

How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

William Wordsworth.

CHLOE.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe

From peaceful slumbers she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose.
And o'er her flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feathered people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody

They hail the charming Chloe ;
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun begins to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Robert Burns.

MY NANNIES AWA'.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature
arrays,
An' listens the lambkins that bleat
o'er the braes ;
While birds warble welcome in ilka
green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's
awa'.

The snaw-drap an' primrose our wood-
lands adorn,
An' violets bathe in the weat o' the
morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly
they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—an Nannie's
awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the
dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-
breaking dawn,
An' thou mellow mavis that hails the
night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow
an' gray,

An' soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's
decay ;
The dark, dreary winter, an' wild-
driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's
awa'.

Robert Burns.

Go, thou sweet one, all day long,
Like a glad bird pour thy song ;
And let thy young, graceful head,
Be with sea-flowers garlanded ;
For all outward signs of glee,
Well befit thee, Marien Lee !

Mary Howitt.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best ;
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnier flower that
springs
By fountain shaw or green ;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

MARIEN LEE.

Not a care hath Marien Lee,
Dwelling by the sounding sea !
Her young life's a flowery way :—
Without toil from day to day.
Without bodings for the morrow—
Marien was not made for sorrow !
Like the summer-billows wild,
Leaps the happy-hearted child ;
Sees her father's fishing-boat
O'er the waters gaily float ;
Hears her brother's fishing-song
On the light gale borne along ;
Half a league she hears the lay,
Ere they turn into the bay,
And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by man and boy is heard,
Like the carol of a bird.
Look, she sitteth laughing there,
Wreathing sea-weed in her hair ;
Saw ye e'er a thing so fair ?

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."

—*Measure for Measure.*

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all ;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-
wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and
strange :

Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch ;
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !"

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the
sky,

She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl
crow ;

The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed
morn,

About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !"

About a stone-cast from the wall

A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark ;
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and
away,

In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.

But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their
cell,

The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed across her brow.
She only said, " The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fire sung on the pane ; the
mouse

Behind the mouldering wainscot
shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peer'd about,
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

The sparrows chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloft
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loath'd the
hour

When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping towards his western bower.
Then said she, " I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said ;
She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead ! "

Tennyson.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies :
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless
grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear, their dwelling
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that
glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the little elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Robert Herrick.

LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a gallant story ;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sigh'd for Love, and he for Glory !

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story ;
Till war, their coming joys to blight,
Call'd him away from Love to Glory !

Young Henry met the foe with pride ;
Jane followed, fought ! ah, hapless
story !

In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for Love, and he for Glory.

Thomas Dibdin.

JULIA.

SOME asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and
where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek ;
But forthwith made my Julia shew
A bud on either cheek.

Robert Herrick.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A
YOUNG LADY.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

OLD creeping time, with silent tread,
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's head :
The rosebud opens on her cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to speak ;
And in each smiling look is seen
The innocence which plays within.
Nor is the faltering tongue confined
To lisp the dawning of the mind,
But firm and full her words convey
The little all they have to say,
And each fond parent, as they fall,
Finds volumes in that little all.

May every charm which now appears
Increase and brighten with her years !
And may that same old creeping time
Go on till she has reached her prime,
Then, like a master of his trade,
Stand still, nor hurt the work he made.

William Whitehead.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give
you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull
and grey :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave
you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all
day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast
for-ever

One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a lamb.”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again ” ;
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ” :
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—”
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs, where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday :
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh,
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now :
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees, dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance :
But now, 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn :
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,

THE BOY IN THE WILDER- NESS.

ENCINCTURED with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress—
A lovely boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree ;
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare !
It was a climate where, they say,

The night is more beloved than day,
 But who that beauteous boy beguiled,
 That beauteous boy, to linger here,
 Alone by night, a little child,
 In place so silent and so wild ?—
 Has he no friend, no loving mother
 near ?

S. T. Coleridge.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old
 town,

And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

remember the black wharves and the
 slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free :
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill :
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide !
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil
 bay,

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful
 song
 Goes through me with a thrill :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Derring's Woods ;
 And the friendships old and the early
 loves

Come back with a Sabbath sound as of
 doves

In quiet neighbourhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song
 It flutters and murmurs still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
 dart

Across the schoolboy's brain :
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
 speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ;
 There are thoughts that make the
 strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town :
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each
 well-known street,
 As they balance up and down.

Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that
 were,

I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PET-NAME.

I HAVE a name, a little name,
 Uncadenced for the ear,
 Unhonoured by ancestral elain,
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm,
 The solemn font anear.

It never did to pages wove
 Nor gay romance belong;
 It never dedicate did move
 As "Sacharissa" unto love,
 "Orinda" unto song.

My brother gave that name to me
 When we were children twain,
 When names acquired baptismally
 Were hard to utter, as to see
 That life had any pain.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the green woods laugh with the
 voice of joy,
 And the dimpling stream runs laughing
 by,
 When the air does laugh with our merry
 wit,
 And the green hill laughs with the
 noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively
 green,

And the grasshopper laughs in the
 merry scene,
 When Mary and Susan and Emily
 With their sweet round mouths sing
 Ha, ha, he!

When the painted birds laugh in the
 shade,
 When our table with cherries and nuts
 is spread,
 Come live and be happy and join with
 me
 To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, ha, he!

William Blake.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very
 young,
 And my father sold me while yet my
 tongue
 Could scarcely cry, "'weep, 'weep,
 'weep, 'weep!"
 So your chimneys I sweep and in soot
 I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried
 when his head,
 That curl'd like a lamb's back, was
 shav'd: so I said:
 "Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when
 your head's bare
 You know that the soot cannot spoil
 your white hair."

And so he was quiet; and that very
 night,
 As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a
 sight;
 That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe,
 Ned and Jack,
 Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of
 black.

And by came an angel who had a bright
 key,
 And he open'd the coffins and set them
 all free;
 Then down a green plain, leaping,
 laughing they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine in the
 sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags
 left behind,

They rise upon clouds and sport in the
wind ;
And the angel told Tom if he'd be a
good boy,
He'd have God for his father and never
want joy.

And so Tom awoke ; and we rose in
the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes
to work.
Though the morning was cold Tom was
happy and warm :
So if all do their duty they need not
fear harm.

William Blake.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh ! my soul is
white ;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a
tree,
And sitting down before the heat of
day,
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
And, pointing to the east, began to
say :—

“ Look on the rising sun—there God
does live
And gives His light, and gives His
heat away ;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and
men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-
day.

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams
of love ;
And these black bodies, and this sun-
burnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady
grove.

“ For when our souls have learnt the
heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear
his voice,

Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my
love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs
rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed
me :

And thus I say to little English boy,—
“ When I from black, and he from
white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like
lambs we joy.

“ I'll shade him from the heat, till he
can bear

To lean in joy upon our Father's
knee ;

And then I'll stand, and stroke his
silver hair,

And be like him, and he will then
love me.”

William Blake.

THE LITTLE BOY LOST.

FATHER ! father, where are you going ?
O, do not walk so fast.
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark, no father was
there ;

The child was wet with dew ;

The mire was deep and the child did
weep,

And away the vapour flew.

William Blake.

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND.

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry ; but God, ever nigh,
Appear'd like his father in white ;

He kiss'd the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,

Who, in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely
dale,

Her little boy, weeping, sought.

William Blake.

NURSE'S SONG.

WHEN the voices of children are heard
on the green

And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun
is gone down,

And the dews of night arise :
Come, come, leave off play, and let us
away

Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep ;

Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with
sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light
fades away,

And then go home to bed.
The little ones leap'd and shouted and
laugh'd,
And all the hills echoed.

William Blake.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie
Rins through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs
In his nicht-gown ;
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
“ Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock ? ”

Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye coming ben ?
The cat's singing grey thrums,
To the sleeping hen ;
The dog's spelder'd on the floor,
And doesna' gie a ch ep.
But here's a waukrife laddie
That winna' fa' asleep.

Anything but sleep, you rogue !
Glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon :
Rumblin', tumbly, round about,
Crawling like a cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna—what,
Wauk'nin' sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie—
The wean's in a creel !
Wamblin's aff a body's knee
Like a very eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
Rav'llin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—
See, there he comes !

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
That canna rin his lane.
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
Before he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips,
Gies strength anew to me.

William Miller.

GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE.

THE moon has rowed her in a cloud,
Stravaging win's begin
To shuggle and daud the window-brods,
Like loons that wad be in !
Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
Or craik in saughen tree !
We're thankfu' for a cozie hame—
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Though gurgling blasts may doubly
blaw,
A rousing fire will throw
A straggler's taes, and keep fu' cosh
My tousie taps o'-tow.
O wha would cule your kail, my bairns,
Or bake your bread like me ?
Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Oh, never fling the warmsome boon
O' bairnhood's love awa' ;
Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek,
Between me and the wa' ;
How ae kind arm was owre ye baith :
But, if ye disagree,
Think on the saft and kindly r um'
O' “ Gree, my bairnies, gree.”

William Miller.

THE SLEEPY LADDIE.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken the day,
ye rogue ?
Your parritch is ready and cool in the
cog.

Auld baudrons sae gaucy, and Tam o'
that ilk

Would fain hae a drap o' my wee
laddie's milk.

There's a wee birdie singing, get up,
get up !

And listen, it says, " tak' a waup. tak'
a waup ; "

But I kittle his bosie—a far better
plan—

Or pouther his pow wi' a watering can.

There's claes to wash, and the house
to redd,

And I canna begin till I mak' the bed ;
For I count it nae brag to be clever
as some,

Wha while thrang at a bakin', can scop
the lum.

It's far i' the day now, and brawly ye
ken,

Your father has scarcely a minute to
spen' ;

But ae blink o' his wife wi' the bairn
on her knee.

He says lichens his toil, though sair it
may be.

So up to your parritch, and on wi'
your claes ;

There's a fire that might warm the
cauld Norlan braes ;

For a coggie weel till'd and a clean
fire en'

Should mak' ye jump up, and go
skelping ben.

William Miller.

MEG MERRILIES.

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,

And lived upon the moors :

Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,

Her currants, pods o' broom ;

Her wine was dew o' the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,

Her Sisters larchen trees ;

Alone with her great family,

She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,

No dinner many a noon,

And, 'stead of supper, she would stare

Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh,

She made her garlanding,

And every night the dark glen Yew,

She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers, old and brown,

She plaited Mats of Rushes,

And gave them to the Cottagers

She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,

And tall as Amazon ;

An old red blanket cloak she wore,

A chip hat had she on.

God rest her aged bones somewhere :

She died full long ago.

John Keats.

THE SONGS OF AUTOLYCUS**I.**

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,—

With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,—

Why then comes in the sweet o' the
year ;

For the red blood reigns in the
winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the
hedge,—

With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how
they sing !—

Doth set my pugging* tooth on edge

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—

With heigh ! with hey ! the thrush
and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

* Pugging—thieving.

II.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent* the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

III.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
And toys for your head,
Of the newest and finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar,
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

IV.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come, buy of me, come; come buy,
come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.

William Shakespeare.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut
their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

* Hent—seize hold of.

A great while ago the world begun,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

William Shakespeare.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
(The wild waves, whist),
Foot it feately here and there;
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden, Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch dogs bark:
Burden, Bowgh, wowgh.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chancellere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

William Shakespeare.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!
Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!

One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy
shore ;

Then come down !

She will not come though you call all
day ;

Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell ?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep ;

Where the spent lights quiver and
gleam,

Where the salt weed sways in the
stream,

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-
ground

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;

Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye ?

When did music come this way ?

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away ?

Once she sate with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the
sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she
tended it well,

When down swung the sound of a far-off
bell.

She sigh'd, she look'd up through the
clear green sea ;

She said, " I must go, for my kinsfolk
pray

In the little grey church on the shore
to-day.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—
ah me !

And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here
with thee."

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through
the waves ;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the
kind sea-caves ! "

She smiled, she went up through the
surf in the bay,

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone

" The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan ;

Long prayers," I said, " in the world
they say ;

Come ! " I said ; and we rose through
the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy
down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
white-wall'd town ;

Through the narrow paved streets,
where all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy
hill.

From the church came a murmur of
folk at their prayers.

But we stood without in the cold
blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the
stones worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the
small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her
clear :

" Margaret hist ! come quick, we are
here !

Dear heart," I said, " we are long
alone ;

The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy
book !

Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the
door.

Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming
town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child
with its toy !

For the priest, and the bell, and the
holy well ;

For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun ! "

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at
the sand,

And over the sand at the sea ;
 And her eyes are set in a stare ;
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh ;
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mer-
 maiden,
 And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
 Come, children, come down !
 The hoarse wind blows colder ;
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door ;
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar.
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl.
 Singing : " Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she !
 And alone dwell for ever
 The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow,
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring-tides are low ;
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starr'd with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanch'd sands a gloom,
 Up the still, glistening beaches
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town,
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing : " There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she !
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

Matthew Arnold.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume
 of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, sud-
 denly there came a tapping,
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping
 at my chamber door—
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tap-
 ping at my chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in
 the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember
 wrought its ghost upon the floor ;
 Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly
 I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—
 sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling
 of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
 terrors never felt before ;
 So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating,
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance
 at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance
 at my chamber door :
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesi-
 tating then no longer,
 " Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your
 forgiveness I implore ;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so
 gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tap-
 ping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you."
 Here I opened wide the door :
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long
 I stood there, wondering, fearing.
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
 ever dared to dream before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the
 whispered word, " Lenore !"
 This I whispered, and an echo mur-
 mured back the word, " Lenore !"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my
soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a rapping, some-
thing louder than before :
"Surely," said I, "surely that is some-
thing at my window lattice ;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and
this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and
this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when,
with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of
the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a
minute stopped or stayed he ;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber door—
Perched above a bust of Pallas, just
above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore :
"Though thy crest be shorn and
shaven, thou," I said, "art sure, no
craven ;
"Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,
wandering from the nightly shore
Tell me what thy lordly name is on
the night's Plutonian shore ?"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl
to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little
relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no
living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door
With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that
placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one
word he did outpour :
Nothing further then he uttered, not a
feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered—
"Other friends have flown before,

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as
my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled by the stillness broken by
reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is
its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master,
whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till
his song's one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope this melan-
choly burden bore—
Of 'Never, never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my
sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird, and bust, and door ;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook
myself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this
ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Never more."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no
syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my
head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the
lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with
the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more !

Then methought the air grew denser,
perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls
tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath
lent thee—by these angels he hath
sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from
my memories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and
forget this lost Lenore !"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil—
prophet still, if bird or devil !
Whether tempter sent, or whether
tempest tossed thee here ashore

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this
 desert land enchanted,
 On this home by horror haunted—tell
 me truly, I implore,
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—
 tell me, tell me, I implore!“
 Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

“Prophet,” said I, “thing of evil!—
 prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us—
 by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if,
 within the distant Aiden
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom
 the angels name Lenore!
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom
 the angels name Lenore?”
 Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

“Be that word our sign of parting,
 bird or fiend,” I shrieked upstarting—
 “Get thee back into the tempest and
 the night’s Plutonian shore;
 Leave no black plume as a token of that
 lie thy soul hath spoken,
 Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit
 the bust above my door,
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and
 take thy form from off my door!”
 Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
 sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above
 my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a
 demon’s that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o’er him streaming,
 throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow,
 that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—never more!

Edgar Allan Poe.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid
 o’er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the
 friend that’s fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
 him.

’Tis the tear, through many a long day
 wept,
 ’Tis life’s whole path o’ershaded;
 ’Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus, his memory, like some holy light
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve
 them,
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth
 more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to
 love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume,
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening
 bloom,
 From the image he left there in dying!

Thomas Moore.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the
 West,
 Away to the West as the sun went
 down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved
 him the best,
 And the children stood watching
 them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women
 must weep,
 And there’s little to earn, and many
 to keep,
 Though the harbour-bar be moan-
 ing.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
 tower,
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun
 went down,
 And they looked at the squall, and they
 looked at the shower,
 And the night rack came rolling up,
 ragged and brown;
 But men must work, and women
 must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters
 deep,
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
 sands,

In the morning gleam as the tide
 went down,
 And the women are watching and wring-
 ing their hands,
 For those who will never come home
 to the town.
 For men must work, and women must
 weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner
 to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its
 moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

THE HIDDEN MERMAIDS.

SAND, sand, hills of sand,
 And the wind where nothing is
 Green and sweet of the land—
 No grass, no trees,
 No birds, no butterfly
 But hills, hills of sand,
 And a burning sky.

Sea, sea mounds of the sea,
 Hollow and dark and blue,
 Flashing incessantly
 The whole sea through;
 No flower, no jutting root,
 Only the floor of the sea
 With foam afloat.

Blow, blow windy shells!
 And the watery fish,
 Deaf to the hidden bells
 In the waters plash:
 No streaming gold, no eyes
 Watching along the waves,
 But far-blown shells, faint bells,
 From the darkling caves.

Walter Ramal.

"HOW SWEET I ROAMED."*

How sweet I roam'd from field to field
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 Till I the Prince of Love beheld
 Who in the sunny beams did glide!

* Said to have been written when the Author
 was under fourteen years old.

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
 And blushing roses for my brow;
 He led me through his gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were
 wet,
 And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with
 me;
 Then stretches out my golden wing
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

William Blake.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
 And not be in sorrow too?
 Can I see another's grief,
 And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
 And not feel my sorrow's share?
 Can a father see his child,
 Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
 An infant groan, an infant fear?
 No, no! never can it be!
 Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,
 Hear the small bird's grief and care;
 Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity in their breast,
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
 Wiping all our tears away;
 Oh no! never can it be!
 Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
 He becomes an infant small,
 He becomes a man of woe,
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou cans't sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by :
Think not thou cans't weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh, He who gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy :
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

William Blake.

THE LOST PLAYMATE

THERE is wind where the rose was,
Cold rain where sweet grass was,
And clouds like sheep
Stream o'er the steep
Grey sky where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was ;
Nought warm where your hand was ;
But phantom, forlorn,
Beneath the thorn
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was ;
Tears, tears, where my heart was ;
And ever with me,
Child, ever with me
Silence where hope was.

Walter Ramal.

HOLY THURSDAY.

'TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their
innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in
red and blue and green,
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before
with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they
like Thames' waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seem'd,
these flowers of London town ;
Seated in companies, they sit with
radiancy all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but
multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls
raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to
heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the
seats of heaven among.
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise
guardians of the poor ;
Then cherish pity lest you drive an
angel from your door.

William Blake.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE is like the wild rose-briar ;
Friendship like the holly-tree.
The holly is dark when the rose-briar
blooms,
But which will bloom most con-
stantly ?

The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,
Its summer blossoms scent the air ;
Yet wait till winter comes again,
And who will call the wild briar
fair ?

Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now,
And deck thee with the holly's
sheen,
That when December blights thy brow,
He still may leave thy garland green.

Emily Brontë.

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither.
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

Robert Burns.

**"I WANDERED BY THE
BROOK-SIDE."**

I WANDER'D by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
Tho' noisy wheels were still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a foot-fall,
I listen'd for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not;
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When someone stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer;
We did not speak a word,—
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Lord Houghton.

**ANSWER TO A CHILD'S
QUESTION.**

Do you ask what the birds say? The
sparrow and the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and
I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind
is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it
sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and
sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back
together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness
and love,
The green fields below him, the blue
sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for
ever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves
me."

S. T. Coleridge.

**"AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE
WE WENT."**

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
And kiss'd again with tears:
And blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child,
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave.
We kiss'd again with tears.

Lord Tennyson.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the healthy
leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard
wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with
golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a grey
church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-
blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and
bred;
So runs the round of life from hour
to hour.

Lord Tennyson.

**CHARACTER OF A HAPPY
LIFE.**

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;

Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

THE DAWNING DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eyes ever did :
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Thomas Carlyle.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand ;
A pearly shell was in my hand :
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast ;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me ;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track, nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the
sands

And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought ;
Of all this thinking soul has thought ;
And from their fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"O stay !" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered
branch !

Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good-night !
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PROCRASTINATION.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force ;
Fly thy fault, lest thou repent thee ;
Good is best when soonest wrought ;
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last ;
Tide and wind wait no man's
pleasure ;
Seek not time when time is past ;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure ;
Afterwards are dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked :
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Robert Southwell.

RUB OR RUST.

IDLER, why lie down to die ?
 Better rub than rust.
 Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—
 "Die when die thou must!
 Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
 Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
 "Better rub than rust.
 Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
 Die when die thou must ;
 Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
 Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want ;
 Nought for nought is just,
 Won't do *must* do, when he *can't*,—
 "Better rub than rust."
 Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
 Better rub than rust."

Ebenezer Elliott.

CONTENTMENT.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That world affords, or grows by kind :
 Though much I want what most men
 have,
 Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice—
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look—what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers oft do fall ;
 I see how those that sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
 They get—they toil—they spend with
 care :
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
 I brook that is another's pain.
 I fear no foe—I scorn no friend :
 I dread no death—I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they
 crave ;

I little have, yet seek no more :
 They are but poor, though much they
 have,

And I am rich—with little store.
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give :
 They lack, I lend : they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will :
 I wander not to seek for more :
 I like the plain ; I climb no hill :
 In greatest storm I sit on shore,
 And laugh at those that toil in vain,
 To gain what must be lost again.
 This is my choice ; for why—I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

Sir E. Dyer.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
 "Praise God," sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
 By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
 Over his work the boy's curls fell :

But ever, at each period,
 He stopped and sang, "Praise God."

Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well
 done ;
 I doubt not thou art heard, my son."

"As well as if thy voice to-day
 Were praising God, the Pope's great
 way."

"This Easter Day the Pope at Rome
 Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
 Might praise Him, that great way, and
 die !"

Night passed, day shone
 And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures away,
 A thousand years are but a day.

God said in Heaven, "Nor day nor
night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there and played the craftsman
well :

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew ;
The man put off the stripling's hue ;

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay ;

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in My ear :
There is no doubt in it, no fear ;

"So sing, old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings ; off
fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his right the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell
And set thee here ; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel's sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it
dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again
The early way—while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy !"

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

Robert Browning.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe
(increase

Awoke one night from a deep dream of
peace,

And saw, within the moonlight of the
room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in
bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
hold,

And to the presence in the room he
said,

"What writest thou ?" The vision
rais'd his head,

And with a look made of all sweet
accord,

Answer'd, "The names of those who
love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou.
 "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
 low,
 But cheerly still; and said: "I pray
 thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow
 men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The
 next night
 It came again with a great wakening
 light,
 And show'd the names whom love of
 God had bless'd
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the
 rest.

Leigh Hunt.

WOLSEY.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a
 tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast
 forced me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the
 woman.
 Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear
 me, Cromwell;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall
 be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where
 no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I
 taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways
 of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals
 of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to
 rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy
 master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd
 me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away
 ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can
 man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win
 by't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts
 that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still to thy right hand carry gentle
 peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just
 and fear not;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou
 fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

William Shakespeare.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from
 heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice
 blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him
 that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it
 becomes
 The throned monarch better than his
 crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal
 power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear
 of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 An earthly power doth then show
 likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Think
 of this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for
 mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us
 all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

William Shakespeare.

"PACK CLOUDS AWAY."

PACK, clouds, away! and welcome,
 day!
 With night we banish sorrow:
 Sweet air, blow soft! mount, lark,
 aloft!
 To give my Love good-morrow;

Wings from the wind, to please her
mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale,
sing!
To give my Love good-morrow.
To give my Love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush—
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves—amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

Thomas Heywood.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior slept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

Lord Tennyson.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life
has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet
smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced
me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they
say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy
fears away!"

* * * * *

My Mother! when I learned that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears
I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing
son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just
begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen,
a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in
bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—
Yes.

I heard thy bell tolled on thy burial
day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow
away;
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last
adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where
thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound
unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no
more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at
my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long be-
lieved,
And, disappointed still, was still
deceived.

By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child,
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is
heard no more,

Children not thine have trod my
nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day
by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet
capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house
our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record
fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness
there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has
effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply
traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber
made,
That thou mightest know me safe and
warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my
home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum :
The fragrant waters on my cheeks
bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone
and glowed ;
All this, and more endearing still than
all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew
no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks,
That humour interposed too often
makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers
may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little
noticed here.
Could time, his flight reversed, restore
the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's
tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself
the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my
head, and smile),

Could those few pleasant hours again
appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I
wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear
delight
Seems to be so desired, perhaps I
might.—
But no—what here we call our life is
such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to
constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

* * * * *

William Cowper.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"AND wherefore do the poor com-
plain ?"

The rich man asked of me ;—
"Come walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white,
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold ;
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,

She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there,
When the night-wind was so chill ;—
She turned her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind be still.

She told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,—
“You ask'd me why the poor com-
plain,
And these have answered thee !”

Robert Southey.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay ! for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale !
Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so
pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child—how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame !

To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy ;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her
ears ;
“Rejoice ! rejoice !” still cried the
crowd ;
My mother answered with her tears.

“Why are you crying so ?” said I.
“While others laugh and shout with
joy ?”

She kissed me—and with such a sigh !
She called me her poor orphan boy.

“What is an orphan boy ?” I cried,
As in her face I looked, and smiled ;
My mother through her tears, replied,
“You'll know too soon, ill-fated
child !”

And now they've tolled my mother's
knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy ;
O lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy !

Amelia Opie.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

I HAD a little bird,
I took it from the nest ;
I prest it and blest it,
And nurst it in my breast.

I set it on the ground,
I danced round and round,
And sang about it so cheerly,
With “Hey, my little bird, and ho !
my little bird,
And oh ! but I love thee dearly !”

I make a little feast
Of food soft and sweet,
I hold it in my breast,
And coax it to eat ;

I pit, and I pat,
I call this and that,
And I sing about so cheerly,
With “Hey, my little bird, and ho !
my little bird,
And ho ! but I love thee dearly.”

Sydney Dobell.

AH ! BLEAK AND BARREN WAS THE MOOR.

AH ! bleak and barren was the moor.
Ah ! loud and piercing was the
storm ;
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,
The cottage hearth was bright and
warm.

An orphan-boy the lattice pass'd,
And, as he marked its cheerful glow,
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They marked him as he onward press'd,
With fainting heart and weary limb;
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
And gentle faces welcomed him.
The dawn is up—the guest is gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still:
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!
Hark to the wind upon the hill.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE PILGRIM.

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His flint-avow'd intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor friend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall Life inherit:—
Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

John Bunyan.

THE DREAMER.

Bring not bright candles, for her eyes
In twilight have sweet company;
Bring not bright candles else they fly,
Her phantoms fly,
Gazing aggrieved on thee.

Bring not bright candles; startle not
The phantoms of a vacant room
Flocking above a child that dreams—
Deep, deep, in dreams,
Hid in the gathering gloom.

Bring not bright candles to those eyes
That between earth and stars descry,
Lovelier for the shadows there,
Children of air,
Palaces in the sky.

Walter Ramal.

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS.

If I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

"AWAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle
sleep?
O wake! thy father does thee keep."

"O what land is thy Land of Dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are
its streams?
O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

"Among the lambs, clothéd in white,
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet
delight;
I wept for joy; like a dove I mourn:
O when shall I again return!"

"Dear Child! I also by pleasant
streams
Have wander'd all night by the Land of
Dreams:
But though calm and warm the waters
wide,
I could not get to the other side."

"Father, O father! what do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star."

William Blake.

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

William Blake.

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo,
From our discordant life,

It linked all perplexéd meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away in silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel,
Will speak in that chord again—
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne Procter

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their
melody foretells!
How they, tinkle tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so
musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling
of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their
harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—

From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens,
 while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony volu-
 minously wells!

How it swells

How it dwells

On the Future; how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of
 the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror now, their
 turbulency tells;

In the startled air of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the mercy
 of the fire,

In the mad expostulation with the
 deaf and frantic fire.

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon,

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their tenor tells

of Despair!

How they clang and crash and roar!

What a horror they out pour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the air it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the air distinctly tells,

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the
 anger of the bells—

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the
 bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought
 their melody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone.

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in the rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls.

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan from the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning
 of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

MUSIC.

For do but note a wild and wanton
 herd

Or race of youthful and unhandled
 colts,

Fetch'ing mad bounds, bellowing and
neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their
blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet
sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a
mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest
gaze
By the sweet power of music ; there-
fore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees,
stones and flood ;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and
full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his
nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of
sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and
spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as
night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

William Shakespeare.

POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus !—yet, Faith
may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of
old ;
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet
with the same
In the street that from Oxford hath
borrowed its name.

His station is there :—and he works on
the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry
and loud ;
He fills with his power all their hearts
to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his Fiddle
and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an
empire is this !
The weary have life, and the hungry
have bliss ;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious
have rest ;

And the guilt-burthened soul is no
longer oppress.

As the moon brightens round her the
clouds of the night,
So he, where he stands, is a centre of
light ;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusty-
browed Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with
basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was pass-
ing in haste—
What matter ! he's caught—and his
time runs to waste—
The Newsman is stopped, though he
stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—
he's in the net !

The Porter sits down on the weight
which he bore ;
The Lass with her barrow wheels
hither her store ;
If a thief could be here he might pilfer
at ease ;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she
sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ;—he
abates not his din ;
His hat gives him vigour, with boons
dropping in,
From the old and the young, from the
poorest ; and there
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to
spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be
the hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through
so thankful a band ;
I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all
the while
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they
praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in
height
Not an inch of his body is free from
delight ;
Can he keep himself still, if he would ?
oh, not he !
The music stirs in him like wind through
a tree.
Mark that Cripple who leans on his
crutch ; like a tower

That long has leaned forward, leans
hour after hour !
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is
bound,
While she dandles the Babe in her arms
to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on
like a stream ;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls
in a dream :
They are deaf to your murmurs—they
care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye
pursue !

William Wordsworth.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled
round :
And there were gardens bright with
sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-
bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the
hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm
which slanted
Down the green hill : thwart a cedarn
cover !

A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was
haunted

By woman passing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless
turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
breathing :

A mighty fountain momentarily was
forced :

Amid whose swift half-intermitted
burst

Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding
hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's
flail :

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once
and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river,
Five miles meandering with a mazy
motion

Through wood and dale the sacred
river ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless
to man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard

from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled
measure

From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of
ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw :

It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould
win me

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them
there,

And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

IN the greenest of our valleys,

By good angels tenanted,

Once a fair and stately palace—

Radiant palace—reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there !

Never scrapp spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair

Banner yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow ;
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To the lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne were sitting
 (Porphyrogene !)
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing,
 flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate ;
 (Ah ! let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
 And round about his home, the glory
 That blushed and bloomed
 Is but a dim remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows, see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody ;
 While like a rapid gh sty river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out forever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

Edgar Allan Poe.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And with a sorrowful deep sound,
 The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
 No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
 The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
 As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
 Proclaim'd the morning prayer,
 The wild pavilions rose and fell,
 On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far,
 The troubled army fled ;
 Up rose the glorious morning star,
 The ghastly host was dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD WAS DROWNED.

SMILING river, smiling river,
 On thy bosom sunbeams play :
 Though they're fleeting and retreating,
 Thou hast more deceit than they.

In thy channel, in thy channel,
 Choked with ooze and gravelly stones,
 Help immersed and unheard,
 Lies young Edward's corse : his
 bones.

Ever whitening, ever whitening,
 As thy waves against them dash ;
 What thy torrent in the current
 Swallowed, now it helps to wash.

As if senseless, as if senseless
 Things had feeling in this case ;
 What so blindly, and unkindly.
 It destroyed, it now does grace.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BESIDE the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 The army of the dead.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

" THE rivers rush into the sea,
 By castle and by town they go ;
 The winds behind them merrily
 Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything that can sing and fly
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither
or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?"—
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide
sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast
tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the
mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still
at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my
voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen
may,
God bless them, every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life
long,
Neither poet nor printer may know."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

**"SWEET IS THE DEW THAT
FALLS BETIMES."**

SWEET is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes:
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:

Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers swell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love
intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of
sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat of Faith assign'd,
Where ask is, have; where seek is,
find;
Where knock is, open wide.

Christopher Smart.

WISHES.

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as
I were,
I saw within my troubled head a
heap of thoughts appear,
And every thought did show so lively
in mine eyes.
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
as cause of thoughts did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how
oft that he
Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod, a
tall young man to be:
The young man eke that feels his bones
with pain oppress,
How he would be a rich old man, to
live and lie at rest!

The rich old man, that sees his end
draw on so sore,
How would he be a boy again to live
so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled to see how
all those three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
would chop and change degree.

Earl of Surrey.

BLOW, BLOW. THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the
green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! etc.

William Shakespeare.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.*

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft
away.

* Written when the Author was about twelve years old.

In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Alexander Pope.

O FOR A MOON TO LIGHT ME HOME.

O FOR a moon to light me home!
O for a lanthorn green!
For those sweet stars the Pleiades,
That glitter in the twilight trees;
O for a lovelorn taper! O
For a lanthorn green!

O for a frock of tartan!
O for clear, wild, grey eyes!
For fingers light as violets,
'Neath branches that the blackbird
frets;
O for a thistly meadow! O
For clear, wild grey eyes.

O for a heart like almond boughs!
O for sweet thoughts like rain!
O for first-love like fields of grey.
Shut April—buds at break of day!
O for sleep like music!
For still dreams like rain!

Walter Ramal.

"A WEARY LOT IS THINE."

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew
My Love!
No more of me you knew.

"The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fair;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridal-reins a shake,
Said "Adieu for evermore
My Love!
And adieu for evermore."

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou
rov'st;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that
thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,

Like spring-flowers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more
brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower be-
neath.

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy
glances!

Thomas Moore.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening
bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet
time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening
bells!

Thomas Moore.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone.
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them—ding, dong,
dell.

Burden, Ding-dong.

William Shakespeare.

FRIENDS DEPARTED.

THEY are all gone into the world of
light !
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy
breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill
is drest

After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my
days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and
hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !
High as the Heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have
show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ; the jewel of
the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's
nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in
now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter
dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend
our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

Henry Vaughan.

MAN'S LIFE.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-
morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out,
brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor
player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

William Shakespeare

DEATH'S CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
field,

And plant fresh laurels where they
kill :

But their strong nerves at last must
yield ;

They tame but one another still :

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring
breath

When they, pale captives, creep to
death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty
deeds ;

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim bleeds !

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb :—

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country,

Afar beyond the stars,

Where stands a wingéd sentry,

All skilful in the wars.

There above noise and danger,

Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,

And One born in a manger

Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,

And (O my soul, awake !)

Did in pure love descend

To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,

There grows the flower of peace,

The rose that cannot wither,

Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;

For none can thee secure,

But One who never changes,

Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan.

A WIDOW BIRD.

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love

Upon a wintry bough,

The frozen wind crept on above,

The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,

No flower upon the ground,

And little motion in the air

Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

COME AWAY, DEATH.

Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid ;

Fly away, fly away, breath ;

I am slain by a cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O prepare it ;

My part of death no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown ;

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall
be thrown.

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O where

Sad true lover ne'er find my grave

To weep there.

William Shakspeare.

MINSTREL'S SONG IN

“ ELLA.”

O SING unto my roundelay ;

O drop the briny tear with me ;

Dance no more at holiday ;

Like a running river be.

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed,

All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,

White his neck as summer snow,

Ruddy his face as the morning light,

Cold he lies in the grave below.

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed,

All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
O, he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See, the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Thomas Chatterton.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine
despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no
more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on
a sail,
That brings our friends up from the
underworld.
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the
verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd
birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmer-
ing square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are
no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as
love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all
regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more.

Lord Tennyson.

DIRGE.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost inlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renown be thy grave.

William Shakespeare.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er
the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his
weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness
and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape
on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness
holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his
droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
tower,

The moping owl does to the moon
complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret
bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew
tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a
mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
morn,

The swallow twittering from the
straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,

No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening
care :

No children run to lisp their sire's
return,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss
to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle
yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
has broke ;

How jocund did they drive their team
a-field !

How bowed the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny
obscure ;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
smile

The short and simple annals of the
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth
ere gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the
grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these
the fault,

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle
and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note
of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath ?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear
of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with
celestial fire ;

Hands that the rod of empire might
have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page

Rich with the spoils of time did
ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the
soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the
desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with
dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields with-
stood ;

Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his
country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to
command,
The threats of pain and ruin to
despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's
eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed
alone
Their growing virtues, but their
crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to
a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on
mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and
Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife
Their sober wishes never learned to
stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

Yet even these bones from insult to
protect,
Some frail memorial still erected
nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture decked
Implores the passing tribute of a
sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the
unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she
strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to
die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er
resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye
requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of
nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted
fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the un-
honoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire
thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep
of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews
away,
To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,
His listless length at noontide would
he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that
babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he
would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one
forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in
hopeless love

"One morn I missed him on the 'cus-
tomed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite
tree;

Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood
was he ;

“ The next, with dirges due in sad
array
Slow through the church-way path
we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst
read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon
aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of
Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame
unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all
he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose.
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode
(There they alike in trembling hope
repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK,

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at
play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the
bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me.

Lord Tennyson.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver ;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river ;
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ;
And here by thee will hum the bee
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Lord Tennyson.

RING OUT—RING IN.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful
rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
'The civic slander and the spite ;

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Lord Tennyson

HYMNS.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and
ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the Eternal King.

Glory to thee ! who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew !
Scatter my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first spring of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

(Bishop) Thomas Ken.

MORNING HYMN.

Now the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun,
Crimson clouds, and silver white,
Wait upon his breaking light.

Glistening in the garden beds,
Flowers lift up their dewy heads,
And the shrill cock claps his wings,
And the merry lark upsprings.

When the eastern sky is red,
I, too, lift my little head.
When the lark sings loud and gay,
I, too, rise to praise and pray.

Saviour, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come ;
Thou hast oft-times seen it break
Brightly o'er that eastern lake.

* * * * *

With Thee, Lord, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes,
All the day be at my side,
Saviour, Pattern, King, and Guide

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

MORNING OR EVENING HYMN.

GREAT God ! how endless is Thy love
Thy gifts are every morning new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently dis'il, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for Thy care of me :
Oh ! let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by Thee.

Oh, let me love Thee ! kind thou art
To children such as I ;
Give me a gentle, holy heart,
Be Thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell ;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

PRAYERS.

WHEN I kneel down my prayers to say,
I must not think of toys or play ;
No ! I must think what I should be,
To please God who is good to me.

He loves to see a little child
Obedient—patient, too—and mild ;
Nor often angry, but inclined
Always to do what's good and kind.

And I must love my dear mamma,
And I must love my dear papa ;
And try to please them, and to do
Things that are right, and say what's true.

For God is always pleased to see
Even little children such as we,
Whose hearts (as angels' are above)
Are full of peace and full of love.

Lady Flora Hastings.

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smil'd,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known ;
And taught to pray a useless prayer,
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done !

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed ;
A gipsy baby ; taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

Jane Taylor.

A CHILD'S GRACE.

HERE a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand.
Cold as Paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

Robert Herrick.

THE CREATION.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made thir glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings ;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
 'The river running by,
 The sunset and the morning
 That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden—
 He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
 The meadows where we play,
 The rushes by the water
 We gather every day ;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty
 Who has made all things well !

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of nature and of Grace
 In all His works appears ;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

B hold this fair and fertile globe,
 By Him in wisdom planned ;
 'Twas He, who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye ;
 Thither His path pursue ;
 His glory boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wandering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains
 stand
 A highway for their God,
 He walks amidst the desert land
 —'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the Lord God's voice
 Is heard among the trees.

Here, on the hills, He feeds His herds,
 His flocks in yonder plains ;
 His praise is warbled by the birds ;
 —Oh, could we catch their strains.

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
 Up to the gates of light !
 Or, with the nightingale, prolong
 Our numbers through the night !

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
 Upon the lap of earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruits, and
 flowers,
 And rings with youthful mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound ;
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will Paradise be found !

James Montgomery.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unweary'd sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine !
 "The hand that made us is divine !"

Joseph Addison.

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."

Hush'd was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark ;

The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a Voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept ;
His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was seal'd,
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.

Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word ;
Like him to answer at Thy call
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,
A lovely heart, that waits
Where in thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
Be day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh ! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resign'd
To Thee in life and death ;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Rev. James Drummond Burns.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high !
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why ?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all
things made,
Through sight and sound of every place :

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,

Half-waking me at night and said,
" Who kissed you through the dark,
dear guesser ? "

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A LITTLE LAMB WENT STRAYING.

A LITTLE lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd
Because it loved to stray ;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew ;
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah ! the faithful shepherd,
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it
It home again to bring ;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed ;
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caressed ;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure ;
And happy, too, the shepherd,
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory
His little lambs to find ?
To make them, oh, so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Albert Midlane

**"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR
LITTLE CHILDREN."**

THERE'S a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And "Abba, Father," cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour,
And loved His name below.

There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane.

**GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND
MILD.**

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Teach me, Lord, to come to Thee.

Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Lamb of God, forbid it not;
In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

**"GLORIOUS THE SUN IN MID
CAREER."**

GLORIOUS the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear,
Glorious the comet's train
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched out
arm;
Glorious the enraptured main.

Glorious the northern lights a-stream;
Glorious the song when God's the
theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar;
Glorious Hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic Amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore.

Christopher Smart.

THE LORD IS MY PASTURE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
In fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

* * * * *

Joseph Addison.

"JUST AS I AM."

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings and fears within, without,"
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—Thy Love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Charlotte Elliott.

LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven ;
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy :
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow !

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns, nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow !

"One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny :
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers, lest they fall.
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;
God provideth for the morrow."

(Bishop) Reginald Heber.

**PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS
ABOVE.**

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace !

Happy birds, that sing and fly,
Round Thy altars, O Most High !
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast !

Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe :

Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.

Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
'Till travelling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are
free.

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is
broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid
and brave,
How vain was their boasting! The
Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horseman are sunk
in the wave;
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are
free!
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath
was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the
story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of
her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his
pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are
dash'd in the tide;
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are
free!

Thomas Moore.

THOU ART, O GOD, THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

THOU art, O Lord, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught of Thee;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with parting beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of ev'n;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heav'n;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume

Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us
breathes,

Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flow'r the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Thomas Moore.

THE SNOWDROP.

I LOVE the little snowdrop flower,
The first in all the year,
Without a stain upon its leaf
So snowy, white and clear.

I love a little modest child,
That speaketh quietly,
That blushes up to its blue eyes,
And hardly answers me.

I sometimes think the Church's Saints,
Are flowers so fair and bright,
And that her little children are.
Her snowdrops sweet and white.

Pure of heart, and innocent,
And teachable and mild.
And modest in its ways and words;
Should be a Christian child.
I do not like a loud rough tone,
A look too boldly set,
A greedy hand outstretched to seize
Whatever it can get.

I'd rather meet with downcast eyes,
Sweet voices low and faint ;
For gentleness and modesty
Become a little saint.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there !

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin.
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His work to do.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man :—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The Monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look.
And tremulous his voice :—
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill.
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the King's command,
He saw that writing's truth ;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;

He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true !

“ Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom pass’d away,
He, in the balance weigh’d,
Is light and worthless clay ;
The shroud, his robe of state ;
His canopy, the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne ! ”

Lord Byron.

THE HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.

Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises sing,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?

Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee !
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father’s hand
Love cannot die.

On then to Glory run ;
Be a crown and Kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

Andrew Young.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll ;
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadows of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within !
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

Rev. Charles Wesley.

HARK ! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

HARK ! the Herald angels sing—
“ Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled ! ”

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the Angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail, the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born, to raise the sons of earth,

Born, to give them second birth.
Hark! the Herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Rev. Charles Wesley.

**"WHILE SHEPHERDS
WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS
BY NIGHT."**

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty
dread

Had seized their troubled mind:
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall
find

To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
men
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

**BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF
THE SONS OF THE MORNING.**

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend
us thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining,

Low lies His head with the beasts
of the stall;

Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour
of all!

Offer Him gifts then, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and incense divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favour
secure:

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of
the poor.

(Bishop) Reginald Heber.

**A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS
DAY.***

ALMIGHTY Framer of the Skies!
Oh let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impell'd by His eternal Love
He left his Palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appear'd in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd salvation's morn!

* Written at the age of eleven.

A humble form of Godhead wore,
 The pains of poverty He bore,
 To gaudy pomp unknown :
 Though in a human walk He trode,
 Still was the Man Almighty God,
 In glory all His own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
 The torments of this vale of tears,
 Nor bade His vengeance rise ;
 He saw the creatures He had made
 Revile His power, His peace invade,—
 He saw with Mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His Name,
 Who groan'd beneath a life of shame,
 In all afflictions tried !
 The soul is raptured to conceive,
 A truth which Being must believe—
 The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers—adore ;
 Upon Devotion's plumage soar
 To celebrate the day ;
 The God from whom creation sprung
 Shall animate my grateful tongue ;
 From Him I'll catch the lay !

Thomas Chatterton.

AN ODE ON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

In numbers, and but these few,
 I sing thy birth, O Jesu !
 Thou pretty baby, born here
 With sup'rabundant scorn here :
 Who for thy princely post here,
 Hadst for thy place
 Of birth, abase
 Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
 Of interwoven osiers,
 Instead of fragrant posies
 Of daffodils and roses,
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As gospel tells,
 Was nothing else
 But here a homely manger.

But we with silks (not cruel),
 With sundry precious jewels,
 And lily-work will dress Thee ;
 And, as we dispossess Thee,

Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
 Sweet babe, for Thee
 Of ivory,
 And plaster'd round with amber.
Robert Herrick.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

BEHOLD a simple, tender Babe,
 In freezing winter night ;
 In homely manger trembling lies ;
 Alas ! a piteous sight.

The inns are full ; no man will yield
 This little Pilgrim bed ;
 But forced He is with silly beasts
 In crib to shroud His head.

Despise Him not for lying there
 First what He is inquire :
 An Orient pearl is often found
 In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
 Nor beasts that by Him feed ;
 Weigh not His mother's poor attire,
 Nor Joseph's simple weed.*

This stable is a Prince's court,
 The crib His chair of state ;
 The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
 The wooden dish His plate.

The person in that poor attire
 His royal liveries wear ;
 The Prince Himself is come from
 heaven ;
 This pomp is praised there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight !
 Do homage to thy King ;
 And highly praise this humble pomp,
 Which He from heaven doth bring.

Robert Southwell.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a Mother laid her baby
 In a manger for His bed ;
 Mary was that Mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

* Clothes.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall,
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feelth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and ev'n.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain ;

Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither :
Thou and I will sec him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together ;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page ;
Tread thou in them boldly :
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Old Carol.

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

* * * * *

Pray whither sailed those ships all
three
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ?
Pray whither sailed those ships all
three
On Christmas day, in the morning.

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day ;
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall
sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day;
And all the angels in heaven shall
sing,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, in the morning.

Old Carol.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shouts of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
Thus through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmey plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

(Bishop) *Reginald Heber.*

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate:
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
 Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unfled;
 Some little sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee;
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering
 hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one;
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
 Besides my faithful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine—
 All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me,—to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart.

Robert Herrick.

SAW YE NEVER IN THE MEADOWS.

Saw ye never in the meadows,
 Where your little feet did pass,
 Down, below the sweet white daisies,
 Growing in the long green grass?

They are like to little children,
 Children bred in lowly cot,
 Who are modest, meek, and quiet,
 And contented with their lot.

Saw you never lilac blossoms,
 Or acacia white and red,
 Waving brightly in the sunshine,
 On the tall trees overhead?

They are like to other children,
 Children of the high and great,
 Who are gracious, good, and gentle,
 Serving God in their estate.

* * * * *

Day by day the little daisy
 Looks up with its yellow eye,
 Never murmurs, never wishes
 It were hanging up on high.

* * * * *

And God loveth all His children,
 Rich and poor, and high and low,
 And they all shall meet in Heaven,
 Who have served Him here below.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE RAVEN BUILDS HER NEST ON HIGH.

The raven builds her nest on high,
The loud winds rock her craving
brood,
The forest echoes to their cry :
Who gives the ravens food ?

The lion goeth forth to roam
Wild sandy hills and plains among,
He leaves his little whelps at home :
Who feeds the lion's young ?

God hears the hungry lions howl,
He feeds the raven hoarse and grey :
Cares He alone for beast and fowl ?
Are we less dear than they ?

Nay, Christian Child, kneel down and
own
The Hand that feeds thee day by day,
Nor careless with thy lip alone,
For "all things needful" pray.

* * * * *

Then not alone for earthly food
Teach us with lisping tongue to
pray :—
The heavenly meat that makes us good,
Lord give us day by day.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let us languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend, your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

Alexander Pope.

WITHIN THE CHURCHYARD SIDE BY SIDE.

WITHIN the churchyard side by side,
Are many long low graves,
And some have stones set over them,—
On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,
Woman and man, lie there ;
And we pass by them every time
When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass,
They cannot feel the bright warm sun,
That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing over-head ;
They cannot rise and come to Church
With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a Day shall come,
When all the dead will rise,
When they who sleep down in the grave
Will open again their eyes.

For CHRIST our LORD was buried once,
He died and rose again,
He conquered death, He left the grave,
And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we love the best
Lie in their churchyard bed,
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead ;

Because for our dear Saviour's sake
Our sins are all forgiven,
And Christians only fall asleep,
To wake again in heaven.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou who changest not, abide with
me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings,
But kind and good, with healing in
Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst
smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left
thee :
On to the close, O Lord ! abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the Tem-
pter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave,
thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my
closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

EVENING SONG.

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the eover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,
All the summer night
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds ;

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker
As we shut our eyes.

And we play at evening
Round our father's knees ;
Birds are not so merry.
Singing on the trees ;

Lambs are not so happy,
'Mid the meadow flowers :
They have play and pleasure
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do ;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honour too.

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To His Mother dear.

And His little children
Must be good as He,
Gentle and submissive,
As He used to be.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep.
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thy own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids
close !
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

When restless in the night I lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

(Bishop) Thomas Ken.

EVENING HYMN.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest, the night ;

May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

(Bishop) Reginald Heber.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
 Thou hast cloth'd and warm'd and fed
 me ;
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven !
 Bless the friends I love so well !
 Take me, when I die, to Heaven ;
 Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

May Lundie Duncan.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God grant me grace my prayers to say !
 O God, preserve my mother dear
 In health and strength for many a year.
 And O preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due ;
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy !
 And O preserve my brothers both
 From evil doings and from sloth.
 And may we always love each other,
 Our friends, our father, and our mother !
 And still, O Lord, to me impart
 An innocent and grateful heart,
 That after my last sleep I may
 Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

S. T. Coleridge.

EVENING HYMN.

On the dark hill's western side
 The last purple gleam has died,
 Twilight to one solemn hue
 Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,
 Birds and lambs are gone to rest,
 Labour's weary task is o'er,
 Closely shut the cottage door.

SAVIOUR, ere in sweet repose
 I my weary eyelids close,
 While my mother through the gloom
 Singeth from the outer room ;

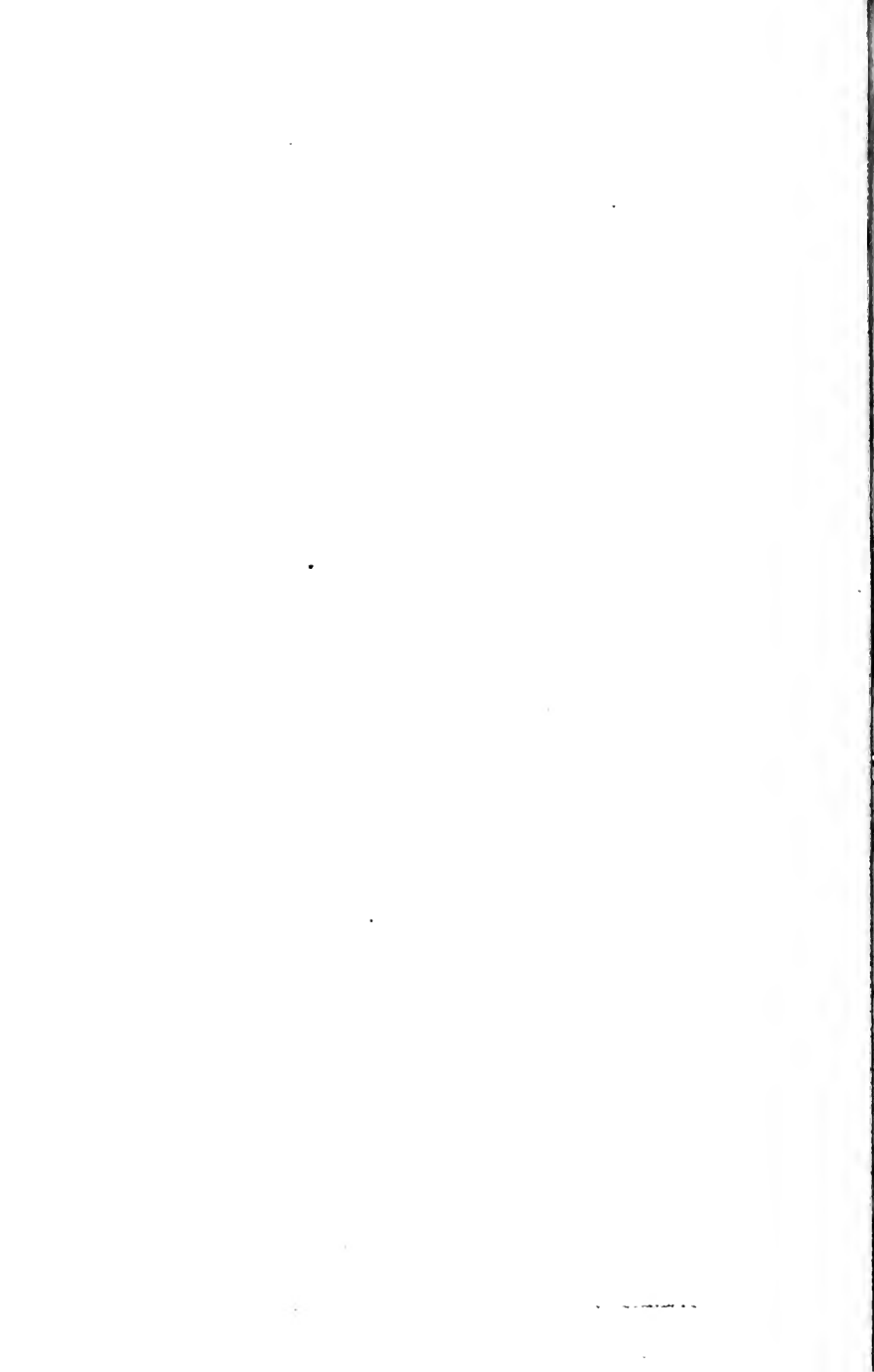
While across the curtain white,
 With a dim uncertain light,
 On the floor the faint stars shine,
 Let my latest thought be Thine.

* * * * *

If my slumbers broken be,
 Waking let me think of Thee ;
 Darkness cannot make me fear,
 If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep ;
 Thou wilt watch around me keep,
 Him no danger e'er can harm,
 Who lies cradled in Thine arm.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.



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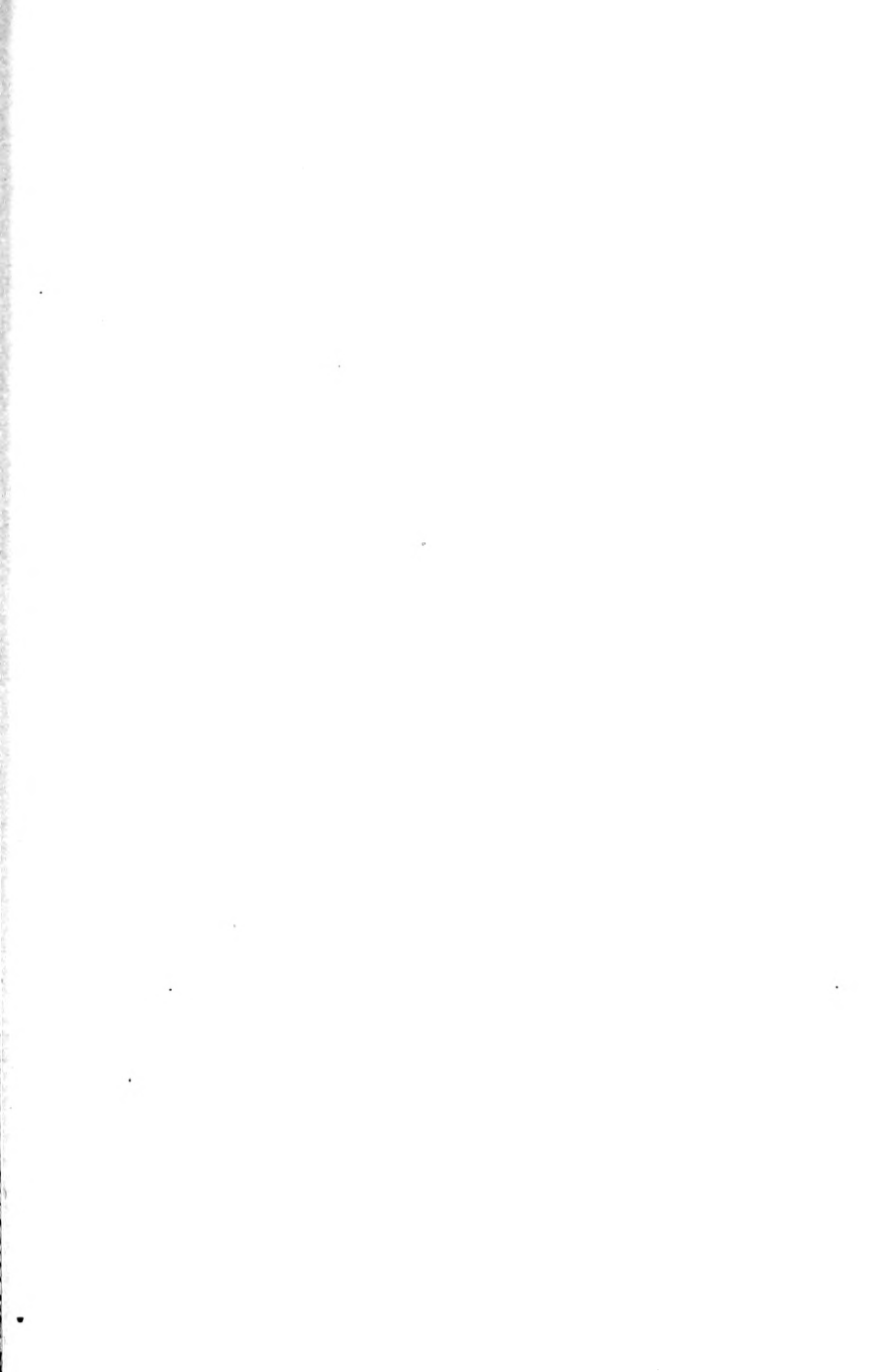
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